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THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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No. CCCXVII.

ART. I.—*Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*. Par
II. TAINÉ, de l'Académie Française. L'Ancien Régime—
La Révolution—La Conquête Jacobine. 3 tomes. 8vo.
Paris: 1880-1881.

NOTWITHSTANDING the countless histories and essays to which the inexhaustible annals of the French Revolution have given birth, this work by M. Taine, who now takes rank amongst the most distinguished members of the French Academy, is not deficient either in novel facts or in original ideas. It is in truth an important contribution to the literature of the present age, not only because it throws a clearer light on the dark and turbid events of the last century, but because it offers an instructive lesson to the present generation. This we infer from the general title of the book—‘*Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*’—to be M. Taine’s chief object in writing it. He casts his eyes not only over the past revolutions of his country, but over the present and future condition of society in Europe. The Revolution which broke out in France in 1789 is not over; it will not be over in the lifetime of any man now living; it is still changing the political and social institutions of every country in this hemisphere; for the inscrutable problems of government, of law, and of religious belief, which that explosion tore from the ruins of the past, are still unsolved. M. Taine deals with them in a philosophical spirit. He disclaims in his preface not only party prepossessions but political principles. His book is an enquiry into what political principles should be, and as yet he has found but one on which he can rest. It is simply this, that ‘human society, and especially modern society, is vast and complicated—difficult to know and to understand,

‘but more easily known and understood by the cultivated than by the uncultivated mind, and by him who has studied it than by him who has not.’

M. Taine proved by the first volume of his work on the ‘Ancien Régime’ that he had no prejudices in favour of the state of things existing in France before the Revolution, and no hostility to changes which had become inevitable. No writer has ever described and recorded the intolerable abuses of the Court, the Church, and the condition of the people of France in the last century with greater minuteness and power. M. de Tocqueville, indeed, had preceded him in that part of his subject with a depth of insight and a succinct vigour of expression to which M. Taine has no claim. But M. de Tocqueville, having completed and perfected a work of infinite research and reflection, swept away the traces of construction—the scaffolding of the edifice. M. Taine, on the contrary, retains in his text or in his notes a prodigious number of curious and forgotten incidents and circumstances, all drawn from original authorities, which reveal in detail the state of the government and the country. As he approaches more nearly to the sanguinary and terrible scenes of the Revolution, he follows the same course. Almost all the historians of these extraordinary events have fixed their attention, and the attention of their readers, on the central anarchy of the city of Paris—the crater of the volcano—the seat of the Legislative Assemblies, of the clubs, of ranks and parties mown down by the guillotine, of the visible fall and death of the monarchy. But M. Taine shows us that these well-known incidents are but a fraction of the Revolution; he traces the convulsion to the humblest commune in France; the spirit of destruction was everywhere; nay, the perils of the country were so much more terrible than the perils of the capital, that crowds fled to Paris, even in the Reign of Terror, as to a city of refuge, for there it might, men thought, be possible to find concealment in a crowd. This picture of the state of the provinces, as M. Taine has executed it, is to a great extent new. No one had a full conception of the awful condition of the rural districts and the utter demoralisation of the whole people; for no one had dragged to light as he has done the local records of those atrocious times.

If we take the trouble to compare any of the popular histories of the French Revolution with this work, the contrast is so striking that one can hardly believe they are records of the same time and the same people. In the facile pages of M. Thiers, for instance, the reader will not find a trace

of the universal anarchy which devoured the social life of France; his eyes are fixed on the vacillations of a feeble Court and the struggles of a factious Assembly; but he leaves absolutely untold the strife which penetrated the remotest communes of France, the glaring defects of the Constitution of 1791, and the political influences which enabled a small but violent faction to acquire by terror, even from an early period, supreme power over the nation. This is what M. Taine has accomplished. A history of the Revolution written nearly half a century ago, with imperfect materials, such as the memoirs of Busenval, Bertrand de Molleville, or Dumouriez, is a mere sketch of the leading events in the capital. More recent and far more profound researches enable the writers of our own time to complete the picture. Contemporary writers seldom tell, or even know, the whole truth about the events they witness; they cannot penetrate to the causes of them; contemporary *records* are the only unimpeachable, trustworthy materials of history.*

But whilst we acknowledge our obligation to M. Taine for an elaborate and instructive work, we cannot congratulate him on his style. It is open to the same criticisms which we felt compelled to apply some years ago to his book on English literature. He does not, indeed, attempt like Mr. Carlyle to present to the reader a lurid picture of the French Revolution, all smoke and flame; he relies on facts, and these he accumulates with amazing precision and abundance. But his language is strained and verbose. His sentences are laboured and wrought to excessive length. He altogether wants that crispness and ease which is the chief beauty of the French language, strong without effort, clear without repetition. We fear that the style of French composition has sensibly deteriorated under the pernicious influence of newspaper writers and bad novelists; for, if it were not presumptuous in a foreign critic to address such a remark to a member of the French Academy, we should say that we cannot discover in these redundant paragraphs the genuine traditions of French prose. They are disfigured by a straining after effect and an elaborate

* Thus Mr. Morley says in his remarkable Essay on Burke (p. 190): 'The spirit of insurrection that had *slumbered* since the fall of the Bastille and the march to Versailles in 1789, now (that is in 1792) 'awoke in formidable violence,' under the excitement produced by the Duke of Brunswick's insensate manifesto. Nothing can be more untrue. Every page of the work before us proves that the spirit of insurrection was raging throughout France in the years 1790 and 1791.

rhetoric which are unworthy of a countryman of Voltaire; and although they are an indictment of the Revolution, the style of them is not a little revolutionary.

Enough, however, of criticism. Every book has its faults, and we prefer to dwell on the substantial merits of M. Taine, which are of a very high order. Of these the chief appears to us to be that whilst no historian of the French Revolution has accumulated a larger amount of instructive details, none have drawn from them with more effect the general principles which recur in all the great perturbations of human society. This is the object of his work. He does not attempt a connected narrative of events already familiar to most readers. But he illustrates them with fresh incidents, and he lays bare the motive forces by which these extraordinary occurrences were brought about. The fundamental principle of the book is expressed in the following terms:—

‘In a disorganised society in which popular passions are the sole effective force, supreme power belongs to the party which knows how to flatter those passions and to use them. Hence, by the side of the legal government which can neither repress those passions nor satisfy them, an illegal government springs up which sanctions, excites, and directs them. Just as the former government breaks up and sinks, the latter grows in strength and organisation, until, becoming legal in its turn, it supersedes the power it has displaced.’

That is Revolution; that is what M. Taine calls ‘Jacobinism’—a phenomenon not confined to France in the worst and most convulsive period of her history, but recurring everywhere when a government is not strong and resolute enough to enforce the law, and when a people is daring and fierce enough to break it. The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, M. Taine continues, as preached by Rousseau and by the revolutionary leaders, implies an absolute and direct control of the people over the government it has itself created, over its own representatives, over its own laws, over its own executive. No delegated power has any real authority; no institution, however democratic, can control the popular will.

‘The people must act for itself, must meet, deliberate on public affairs, discuss, control, and censure the measures of its representatives, press them with remonstrances, correct their mistakes by its own good sense, stimulate their weakness by its energy, grasp the helm of the state, sometimes dismiss the pilot or throw him overboard, and save the ship he was steering on the rocks. Such was the doctrine of the popular party; and on July 14, 1789, and October 5 and 6, this doctrine was acted on. In their clubs, in their journals, it was incessantly proclaimed by Lousalot, Camille Desmoulins, Fréron, Danton, Marat,

Pétion, and Robespierre. To them every act of the government, whether local or central, was an intrusion. What profit have we if we have overthrown one despotism to establish another? We have vanquished the aristocracy of the privileged classes, but we are the servants of the aristocracy of our own representatives.'

If the principle be accepted that the popular will is over all persons and all institutions supreme, there is an end not only of what are called constitutional barriers, but of the very bases of civil society and the fundamental laws of morality. The popular will, or rather the will of popular leaders, in a revolutionary crisis, can, and will, and does overrule them all. This is no visionary terror of the red spectre: the fact has actually occurred in France three or four times in the last ninety years, and in some other countries besides. On this principle no government can exist at all, for government means the control of law. But, by a strange contradiction, the very men who hold this language sometimes succeed in establishing an arbitrary and absolute power of the most intolerant kind, and substitute for the authority of law and the will of the vast majority of the nation a tyranny which makes them infamous in history. We shall presently see by what means this usurpation may be accomplished, but before we proceed let us complete the picture.

'Exaggerated vanity and dogmatical arguments are not rare among mankind. In all countries these two roots of the Jacobinical creed subsist indestructibly, though beneath the surface. They are everywhere controlled by the institutions of society. They everywhere aim at undermining the old historical fabric which crushes them by its weight. Now as then, in the student's garret and the refuge of the outcast, amongst doctors without patients and advocates without briefs, there are the germs of a Brissot, a Danton, a Marat, a Robespierre, a Saint-Just, but for want of air and sunshine they come to nothing. . . .

"From the Château at Versailles and the antechambers of the palace, "authority has passed," exclaimed Mallet-du-Pan, "without a medium "and without control, into the hands of the populace and their flatterers. "Not only have all legal rights been levelled, but the natural ranks of "society have been inverted." France was transformed into a gaming-table—a vast lottery of popular fortunes, of promotion without claims, of success without talents, of applause without virtues, and of innumerable offices distributed wholesale and received retail by the people. Out of these elements the Jacobin arose, as toadstools spring from decomposed matter. He is a mixture of strange contrasts—a madman who reasons, a monster with a conscience. Under the influence of his dogmatism and his pride, he has contracted two deformities, one of the mind, the other of the moral sense. Nothing stops him, for, by inverting the order of nature, he has depraved the fundamental conceptions of right and wrong. No light reaches the eye which mistakes blindness

for second sight; no remorse can touch the soul which calls barbarity patriotism and places atrocities on the path of duty.'

We have taken the liberty to compress into a few lines some thirty-two pages of M. Taine's invective, which is of too rhetorical a character for our taste. But there are touches in his picture, which our readers will recognise, even in more recent times, and in countries nearer to Great Britain. The problem to be solved is this. How came it to pass that a small minority of a great nation, never consisting, as M. Taine calculates, of more than 300,000 persons, and these of the lowest rank and the worst character, could acquire an undisputed ascendancy over all the talent, all the property, all the classes in the country whose interests were identified with the maintenance of law and order? The answer is that this was the result of the audacity and organisation of one party, and of the weakness, vacillation, and disunion of the other, including the government itself. The minority terrorised the majority, and compelled the reluctant classes to join the movement, to submit to it, or to perish.

In M. Taine's second volume he has shown how incompetent the government of Louis XVI. was to deal with a desperate state of affairs; the army was never used with effect to put down sedition; the law was mute; all authority in the provinces and in Paris was subverted. The crown in France for nearly two centuries, since the Fronde, had never had to encounter any disturbance or attack more serious than a corn riot: it was utterly unprepared for civil war. The nation, trusting to its legal defenders, who were incapable of defence, took no steps for its own protection: on the contrary, it withdrew from public affairs. In December 1789 the new municipal law came into operation, and the municipal authorities were everywhere elected. People flattered themselves that, under the new *régime* inaugurated by the Constituent Assembly, the revolution was finished. M. Taine asserts that from July 14, 1790, the political ambition of the vast majority of the French people was satisfied. In fact their trials were about to begin. As every imaginable office was filled by election and held for a very short period, the recurrence of these elections became an intolerable nuisance. The consequence was that the electors stayed at home. At Chartres, in May 1790, out of 1,551 citizens 1,447 failed to attend. At Besançon, in January 1790, out of 3,200 electors 2,141 were absent, and in the following November 2,900. At Grenoble, four-fifths stood aloof. Paris, in August 1790, had 81,200 electors, but of these 67,200 failed to vote, and in November 71,408 were

absent. At the election of deputies for Paris in 1791 more than 74,000 declined to appear. Such was the use the orderly classes of the French people made of their newly acquired privileges. It came at last to this, that out of 7,000,000 electors, inscribed in the *Assemblées Primaires*, 6,003,000 neglected, refused, or feared to exercise the franchise.* The minority who voted consisted, of course, of the revolutionary party. They therefore succeeded in filling all the offices in the country, and once in possession of them they took care to exert and to retain their power. For this purpose they everywhere formed themselves into what they called Committees. At Mandre, Count Beugnot saw in the best room of the village inn twelve drunken peasants round a table with an inkstand and a register upon it. 'I don't know what they are doing,' said the landlady, 'but they are there from morning to night, drinking, swearing, and scolding, and they say they are a *Committee*.' The same farce was played in every town and every commune of France. By the end of September 1791 a thousand of these clubs had been formed; in June 1792, 1,200; and after the fall of the monarchy, 26,000. Every one of these village conventions claimed its share of sovereign authority, to inflame the passions of one class and to tyrannise by terror over the rest. To hold the language of an independent journalist like M. Mallet-du-Pan, the best and bravest of his profession, was to expose oneself to domiciliary visits from armed conspirators, who intimidated every conscientious citizen by the cry, 'Tremble, die, or think as I do!' At Marseilles the clubs compelled the municipal officers to resign. At Lyons they stopped a battery of artil-

* To some extent the history of the French Republic even now repeats itself. It is supposed that the general election of last summer was a decisive proof that the nation adhered to the Republican party; but in fact we believe that about three millions of electors neglected or declined to vote at all. The result is that an extraordinary number of unknown men, needy adventurers, and briefless lawyers has been returned; and the present Chamber, now entering upon its functions, contains scarcely a single man known for high character, talents, or political experience. Never was the Parliament of a great nation composed of such representatives. We shall see the result. The political intelligence of France has still a refuge in the Senate. But it is a significant fact that not one statesman of mark could be found to enter the Ministry of which M. Gambetta is the head. The whole official class has been ostracised, and the same treatment is to be applied to the judicial body and the subordinate members of the Administration.

lery. They denounced the upper classes and the clergy. They usurped authority, and already became 'a monster of despotism.' Yet the National Assembly continued to protect them. 'Il faut,' it was said, 'que le peuple se forme en petits pelotons.' These 'petits pelotons' were formed. All that was wanting was a central power to put them in motion and direct them; nor was this long absent.

'*Je fais de l'ordre avec du désordre,*' said M. Caussidière, one of the low-bred charlatans who attempted in 1848 to parody the scenes of the Great Revolution. His recipe for revolutions was laughed at, but, in fact, it was the true one. To spread disorder amongst the people, to excite them by agitation and enslave them by terror, to break down the barriers of the law by appeals to their baser passions, is the only mode by which a nation can be led to yield its destinies to such leaders, and to enable them to establish a false authority and an arbitrary power on the ruins of tradition and constitutional freedom. That is the Jacobin object and the Jacobin creed. Power in such hands is the child of anarchy. It has been put in practice more than once, even in our times, by the Commune of Paris, and it took its origin in that celebrated association or conspiracy which has given its name to the worst crimes and the most daring leaders of the revolutionary party.

On the eve of the Revolution, as early as April 30, 1789, a political association or league was formed in Versailles under the name of the 'Amis de la Constitution.' It comprised the most honourable and able of the Liberals of France, and when it removed to the library of the Jacobin Convent in Paris, after October 6, it consisted of a thousand members. Its sittings were regular, its proceedings decorous; and the high character it soon acquired made it the model and fruitful parent of all the political associations in France. Thus it became the centre which all these local bodies obeyed, for even in the tempest of the revolution the old habit of obedience to a central authority survived. But within a few months this society changed its character, whilst it retained its power. The revolutionary party triumphed over the true Liberals, and the Jacobin Club became 'an instrument admirably adapted to 'forge an artificial and violent state of opinion, to give that 'opinion the colour of the spontaneous will of the nation, to 'transfer to a noisy minority the rights of a mute majority, 'and exercise an irresistible pressure on the Government, and 'on the National Assembly itself.' In the lower chambers of that same Jacobin Convent, insurrections were organised from time to time to keep the citizens in perpetual terror. Thus,

when the confiscation of the property of the clergy was proposed on November 1, 1789, these conspirators convoked the ragged host which they called the 'coadjutors of the revolution.' The deputies, on their way to the spot where they were to meet, were surrounded by a mob of 20,000 to 25,000 ruffians armed with sticks, and for the most part without shoes or stockings. They insulted the clergy as they passed, and threatened to murder those who should refuse to vote for the bill. Nearly 300 members were afraid to take their seats. These voted at the risk of their lives; and the decree was carried by 578 to 346. The watchword of these scoundrels was '*Etes-vous sûr?*' and the reply, '*Un homme sûr.*' They were paid 12 francs a day, and the money was supplied (as M. Taine asserts on the authority of Malouet) by the Duke of Orleans and the Jacobin Club.

Nevertheless the number of the revolutionary party was still extremely small. At Besançon in November 1791, and even in the following year, out of 6,000 or 7,000 electors there were but 500 or 600 Jacobins. In Paris, out of 81,000 registered electors, they were but 6,700; at Troyes and at Strasburg, with 8,000 electors, they were 400 or 500. In general, not more than a tenth of the electoral body belonged to it, and, if the Girondins and semi-moderates are deducted, not half that. M. Taine is convinced that in the worst days of the 'fool-fury of the Seine' there were not more than 10,000 of these ruffians in Paris, and not more than 300,000 Jacobins in the whole of France.

'A small proportion to enslave six or seven millions of adult men, and to extend over a country containing 26,000,000 inhabitants a despotism more absolute than that of Asiatic sovereigns. But strength is not measured by numbers. They are a compact band in a crowd—a crowd disorganised and inert, but a band resolved to cleave the mass as a wedge of iron cleaves a mass of plaster. The truth is that a nation can only defend itself against usurpation from within, as well as against invasion and conquest from without, by the power of its government. Government is the indispensable weapon of common action; and if government fails or gives way, the majority, busied elsewhere, and always irresolute and lukewarm, ceases to be a body and crumbles into dust.'

In France the government of Louis XVI. was extinct, without an effort of self-preservation. The government of the National Assembly was so ill constructed as to be impossible. No hand was on the helm which commands the vessel; the Jacobins alone had the resolution and the force to grasp it. They alone, too, had faith in the Revolution—that

faith which removes mountains. They believed with Mohammedan fanaticism in the creed 'Religion is superstition; monarchy is a usurpation; all priests are impostors; all aristocrats are vampires; all kings are tyrants and monsters.' These sentiments rose to the height of insanity. When the Abbé Grégoire carried the decree for the abolition of royalty, he exclaimed, 'I confess that for several days the excess of my delight deprived me of sleep and appetite.' 'We shall be a people of gods!' was the boast of a Jacobin from the tribune of the Assembly. A *sans-culotte* was supposed to be invulnerable. A *sans-culotte* mother was said to be exempted from the pains of childbirth. 'Whenever I am convinced,' said Saint-Just, 'that it is impossible to give the French people des mœurs douces, énergiques, sensibles, inexorables à la tyrannie et à l'injustice, je me poignarderai.' Meanwhile, adds M. Taine, he guillotines other people. 'We will make France a burial-ground,' said Carrier, 'sooner than not regenerate the country in our fashion.' In presence of these maniacs, society in France was powerless and disarmed. Yet even Lafayette spoke of the Jacobins as 'a sect whose destruction was desired by nineteen-twentieths of Frenchmen;' and after June 28, 1792, Durand-Maillane declared that 'the communes of France were sick of popular assemblies and would gladly get rid of them.' Nevertheless the violent party continually prevailed over the less violent. Four successive times between 1789 and 1794, the Impartiaux, the Feuillants, the Girondins, and the Dantonists played the desperate game, and four successive times the majority was beaten. Why? Because the majority still clung to the forms of law and the dictates of experience and humanity, whilst the minority was resolved to win at any cost and by any means, and accordingly blew out the brains of its opponents and carried off the stakes. Such is the picture M. Taine draws of a struggle between a timid constituted authority, careful never to strain the law, and indulgent even to its worst enemies, and a party animated by the fury of a wild beast, and, like a wild beast, regardless of all restraint. The lesson is one which is not without utility. A government has always superior powers, it always commands what Mr. Gladstone calls 'the resources of civilisation,' but it must have the wisdom and the firmness to use them. Otherwise between a government, fettered by numerous scruples and obligations, and a revolution to which scruples and obligations are unknown, the odds are not in favour of the government, and its superior physical power is neutralised by superior moral

weakness. Organised lawlessness is more than a match for disorganised lawful authority. It has been said of late that 'force is no remedy'—a sentiment borrowed apparently from a declaration of Mr. Burke in his speech on conciliation with America, when he said that force was but a *temporary* remedy. But there seems to be a strange confusion of ideas in the application of this generous maxim. Force is no remedy for public wrongs. Public wrongs must be redressed. But force is the necessary remedy for disorder and crime. Justice herself is powerless, if she is disarmed. All law must have the sanction of force, or it ceases to command obedience, although in a well-ordered community the force is latent. But when the force of authority is displaced men transfer their obedience to the quarter from which force comes. The French Revolution ran its course until the Jacobin party encountered in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte a man as resolute and as unscrupulous as itself. The Sections of the Commune and the Thermidorians perished on the 13th Vendémiaire.

One of the causes of the decline of lawful authority and the ascendancy of the Jacobins was the frightful deterioration of the Legislative Assembly. The Constituent Assembly contained within its walls men of great talent, large property, and illustrious names. The Legislative Assembly, elected in 1791 under the constitution which its predecessor had framed, consisted of 745 members, of whom 400 were lawyers of the lowest rank. Nineteen-twentieths of this body had no equipage but an umbrella and a pair of goloshes. Most of them were under thirty years of age. It was calculated that the whole Assembly did not possess more than 300,000 francs a year in real property. The greater part of them had received no education. The pages of M. Taine are crowded with instances of their extravagance and their folly. These were the men elected under the influence of the Jacobin clubs scattered all over France. Their proceedings were as irregular as their origin was contemptible; and even when the majority were in favour of moderation and order they allowed themselves to be intimidated by the violent faction.

What was the state of the country when, on October 1, 1791, that Constitution for which such sacrifices had been made, and which was hailed with transports of enthusiasm, came into operation, being accepted by the King and confided to the protection of the Legislative Assembly? M. Taine shall tell us:—

'In the eight departments surrounding Paris, riots on every market day, farms attacked and farmers seized by bands of vagabonds, the

Mayor of Melun beaten and rescued bleeding from the populace; at Belfort an insurrection to seize a convoy of money and a commissioner of the Haut-Rhin at the peril of his life; at Bouxvillers, landowners attacked by the indigent national guard and the soldiers of Salm-Salm, houses broken open and cellars pillaged; at Mirecourt a riot of women who besieged the Hôtel de Ville with drums for three days; at Rochefort the workmen of the arsenal compelling the municipality to lower its flag; on October 16 Avignon was in the power of the savages who perpetrated the atrocious butchery of the Glacière; on November 14, at Montpellier, eight men and women killed in the street, and the moderate party disarmed or put to flight. At the end of October the terrific insurrection broke out in St. Domingo, which cost the lives of 1,000 white men and 15,000 negroes, and destroyed the colony. In Paris, out of 700,000 inhabitants, 100,000 were paupers, many of them from the country. Everywhere alike disobedience to every rank of authority; committees resisting the orders of ministers; municipalities resisting the orders of their chiefs; communes attacking their mayor sword in hand; soldiers and seamen arresting their officers; prisoners insulting the judges who tried them and compelling them to retract their sentence; mobs fixing the price of corn or plundering it; national guards seizing corn on the road or in the granaries; no security for property, life, or conscience; the majority of the nation deprived of the exercise of their religion and of their electoral rights; as for the upper classes, ecclesiastical and noble, officers of the army and navy, merchants or landowners, no safety by day or night, no access to the courts of justice, no rent, but denunciations, expulsion, domiciliary attacks, and no means of combining even in defence of the law, and under the protection of legal authority! And in the face of all this the privilege and the impunity of a sect which has formed itself into a political corporation, extending its branches throughout the kingdom and even to foreign countries, having its own treasury, its executive, its rules, governing the government and judging justice, and from the capital to the hamlet usurping and controlling the administration.' (Tome iii. p. 122.)

This picture of anarchy is a dark one. It may be taken as a specimen of M. Taine's style. But it is not over-coloured. It is composed of indisputable facts; and with some allowance for the change of times and situations it might pass for a picture of the state of Ireland in 1881, with this essential difference—that behind the anarchy of Ireland stands the power of England, capable, when the moment for action arrives, of controlling the crimes of a people governed by a League of Jacobins; and recent events have shown that in default of other means a private Defence Association will attempt the task.

It is a common opinion that the French Revolution became a reign of anarchy and bloodshed after the fall of the monarchy in August 1792, and that in its earlier years it was still an era of hope and progress. M. Taine in his former volume

and in these pages completely dispels that illusion. He shows by innumerable examples that at a much earlier period all law, authority, and order were overthrown, and that the boasted Constitution of 1791 did nothing to restore confidence and peace. Yet that epoch was hailed with rejoicings and enthusiasm scarcely less insane than the crimes and outrages which were devastating every part of France. The three years which followed the taking of the Bastille presented a singular contradiction: philanthropy in words and symmetry in legislation, but violence in action and disorder everywhere—a reign of philosophy seen from abroad, a Carlovingian disruption at home. Malouet described the state of France in the beginning of 1792 as ‘the Regency of Algiers without the ‘Dey.’ Even before the removal of the King to Paris on October 6, 1789, the government was destroyed; the successive decrees of the Assembly completed its extinction. The intendants of the provinces had fled; the military officers were not obeyed; the courts of justice were afraid to act; all effective power had devolved upon the *commune*. But in fact the paralysis of authority had begun much earlier, or else this change in the state of the country must have been brought about with extraordinary rapidity. M. de Tocqueville says in his admirable work on France before the Revolution, which we hold to be the most valuable and mature of all his writings, speaking of the year 1788, immediately before the Revolution: ‘No sign that I can discover from this distance ‘of time announced that the rural population was at all ‘agitated. The peasant plodded onwards in his wonted track. ‘That vast section of the nation was still neutral, and, as it ‘were, unseen.’ He adds, however, in a note, quoting a paper of the time: ‘In some provinces the inhabitants of the country ‘are persuaded that they are to pay no more taxes, and that ‘they will share among them the property of the landlords.’ M. Taine, however, produces evidence of a more positive kind. In the four months which preceded the fall of the Bastille, there were *three hundred* riots in France. He quotes the reports of many of them. The object of these disturbances was to obtain corn and to force the authorities to lower the price of bread. The proximate cause of this popular discontent was the frightful scarcity that prevailed in France after the bad harvest and the great hailstorm of the preceding year. The people were starving. Great sacrifices were made to relieve them, but in fact food was wanting. The disorder soon assumed a political character. The cry of ‘Vive la liberté!’ was heard, and the chief of a department reported: ‘In many places it has

'been proclaimed that this is a sort of war declared against landowners and property; in the towns as well as in the country, the people declare that they will pay nothing, no taxes, no dues, and no debts.' This was in March and April 1788.

The *commune* was suddenly invested with sovereign power. M. Taine quotes instances in which a *commune* proceeded to establish its own constitution as a sovereign state, and to apply its own laws, the first of which was a partition of communal property. Some years ago, when the ominous form of the Commune reappeared in French history, we endeavoured to examine and explain how it happened that the municipal institutions, which have proved in England and other countries the seed-plot and nursery of public liberty, had always degenerated in France into an instrument of sedition, disunion, and revolution. The cause to which we traced this phenomenon was that in France the communes have continually assumed political and even military powers. M. Taine has added very largely to what we knew on this subject, and has brought to light numerous examples which confirm our opinion. There still exist in the Archives of France ninety-four thick volumes of manuscript reports from the local authorities to the Government, which are filled with instances of the violence and illegality pervading the communes. M. Taine's pages teem with events borrowed from these authentic records. As early as September 1789 the commanding officers reported that the troops would only obey the municipalities. The King's forces could not move from one garrison to another. Arnay-le-Duc arrested the King's aunts on their way to Savoy; Arcis-sur-Aube stopped M. Necker; Montigny tried to detain a French ambassador. Corn could no longer be brought to market, but was seized by armed bands on the high road; the consequence was a recurrence of local famines. Yet, strange to say, no attempt was made, either by the Government or the upper classes or the peaceable part of the population, to resist and check these disorders. The nobles and the gentry appear tamely to have accepted their fate. M. Taine can discover but one man who seems to have imagined the possibility of resistance, one Froment, a bourgeois of Nîmes, and he perished in the attempt. The good and the bad, the generous and the extortionate, the liberal and the conservative, were denounced with equal fury, and robbed or slaughtered with equal atrocity. 'From the throne of the prince to the manse of the curé,' exclaimed Mallet-du-Pan, 'the whirlwind has swept away the resigned victims of the

' Revolution : no resistance has been attempted. Could it have been foreseen that within two years France would still be an arena in which wild beasts should prey on unarmed men ? ' It is impossible for us to follow in these pages the hideous details of this period which M. Taine has accumulated ; but no one can know what the Revolution really was in the provinces without having read them.

The most conspicuous and astonishing example of this provincial and communal Home Rule is that which occurred in the south-east of France. The cities of the Province (for Provence still retains its name derived from antiquity) trace their history to the foundation of the old Roman municipalities. They have always been distinguished by a spirit of local independence, and (as is too common among near neighbours) of mutual rivalry and hatred. Marseilles, Aix, Arles, and Avignon form a peculiar quadrilateral. The first effect of the Revolution was to throw them into a state of anarchy and civil war. As early as August 17, 1790, M. Lieutaud, the commander of the National Guard of Marseilles, a sort of *bourgeois* Lafayette, and the chief of the moderate party, was deposed by a horde of brigands, and Marseilles was abandoned to some 40,000 paupers and adventurers, many of them foreigners, for M. Blanc Gilly declared that Marseilles contained ' the froth of crimes thrown up from the prisons of ' Genoa, Piedmont, Sicily, Spain, the Greek islands, and the ' Barbary coast.' These ruffians mastered the Municipal Assembly, from which all the respectable inhabitants of the town withdrew, and under the guidance of the Jacobin Club they formed a league which assumed the functions of a sovereign state and scarcely acknowledged any authority in the King's Government. Three commissioners sent by the Assembly to restore order were maltreated and outraged. A Swiss regiment which alone remained faithful was compelled to decamp. And at last a thoroughly Jacobin town council threw off the yoke of France and established in Marseilles a republic of armed men and robbers, which taxed the people, and set about the armed conquest of the department. They first marched on Aix with six pieces of cannon, seized the forts and barracks, and installed a revolutionary council there. Thence they proceeded to attack Arles.

' On March 29 (1792), the Marseillais breached the undefended walls of Arles with cannon-balls, demolished the fortifications, and levied a contribution of 1,400,000 livres on the town. In defiance of the decree of the National Assembly, the Mounaidiers, the long-shore men, and the populace rushed to arms, and tyrannised over the defence-

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less population. The victorious party proceeded to imprison, to smite, to kill with impunity. Numbers of quiet citizens are cruelly beaten, dragged to prison, or mortally wounded. An old soldier of eighty, living in the country, is killed by a blow from a musket after lying twenty days in prison; women were flogged; all the citizens interested in the maintenance of law and order, to the number of 5,000 families, fled; their houses were pillaged, and all along the road from Arles to Marseilles, the ruffians who formed the bulk of the Marseillais army were gorged with spoil as in a conquered country. "On épic le moment favorable," says a letter from the village of Maussane, "pour dévaster toutes les propriétés et spécialement les maisons de campagne." * *

And then the examples follow in greater number than we can quote. But the fate of Aix and Arles was tolerable in comparison with the atrocities committed at Avignon. The government of the county of Avignon by the Popes had been mild but lax. The absence of taxation and the tolerance of the police had attracted to the city the worst characters of the neighbouring districts. The Jacobins easily recruited their army, and their first act was to drive away the Legate, to depose the magistrates who were called 'Consuls,' to hang the officers of the National Guard and the magistrates, and to take their places. Seven of these obnoxious persons, gentlemen, priests, and artisans, were hanged on June 11, 1790, by the mob.

'The band then formed an army, whose word of command was license and whose pay was pillage—an army like that of Tilly or Wallenstein—"a wandering Sodom, which the ancient Sodom would have abhorred." Of some 3,000 men, only 200 were natives of Avignon: the rest consisted of deserters, smugglers, convicts, foreign robbers and malefactors, who flocked from afar, even from Paris; and with them marched their women, more foul and sanguinary than themselves. Their first act was to murder their General Patrix, as a traitor, because he had released a prisoner, and to put in his place a highwayman who had been condemned to death by the court at Valence, but had escaped on the eve of his execution, one Jourdan, nicknamed Coupe-têtes, because he was said to have cut off the heads of two of the King's guards at Versailles on October 6.

'Under such a leader the troops soon rose to 5,000 or 6,000, called Mandrins, who infested the country. At Cavaillon they exacted 25,000 livres; at Baume, 12,000; at Aubignon, 15,000; Caumont was taxed at 2,000 livres a week. At Sarrians, where the mayor surrendered the keys of the town to them, the houses were sacked, thirty-six wagonloads of plunder were carried off, and the wretches burnt,

* *Mercure de France*, 18 février 1792.

ravished, and slaughtered with the ferocity of Red Indians; an old lady of eighty, paralysed, was shot and thrown bleeding into the flames; a child of five was cut in halves, its mother beheaded, its sister mutilated. They cut off the ears of the curé, stuck them on his forehead, then killed him and a pig at the same time, tore out their hearts, and danced upon them. For fifty days all round Carpentras these fiends gave way to the cannibal instincts of the worst criminals, nay of maniacs.'

For all this, and a great deal more which we shall not inflict on our readers, M. Taine produces complete authority in chapter and verse. Such was the state of the country of Petrarch, of the Colonnas, of the Popes of the fourteenth century! It would require another Dante to describe such an Inferno.

The city of Avignon trembled at the monsters to whom it had given an asylum, and not without reason. Three hundred and fifty assassins led by Jourdan, the Jacobin Mainville, and the apothecary Mende, terrorised a population of 30,000 souls. They fired cannon into a church, half evacuated. They seized citizens of every rank, and on October 16 and following days they massacred sixty-one victims, and threw the bodies down the tower of the Glacière in the old papal palace of Avignon, and covered them with quicklime. A hundred more, slaughtered in the streets, were thrown into the Sorgues—*belle, fresche, chiare acque*—five hundred families fled the city.

'These were the friends of the Jacobins of Arles and of Marseilles,' exclaims M. Taine, 'these were the honourable men whom M. d'Antonnelle (the mayor) harangued in the Cathedral of Avignon; these are the pure patriots, with their hand on the purse and their feet in blood, put down at last by a French army, and tried with scrupulous minuteness (for no fewer than 335 witnesses gave evidence on the trial), but who were nevertheless included by the Legislative Assembly in the amnesty which preceded their crimes, and eventually returned to Avignon in triumph! M. Jourdan went back to his business of robbing on the highway.

'Thus was the conquest of the Jacobins achieved. Already in April, 1792, by means almost as violent as those we have just described, it extended over twenty departments, and, with less ferocity, over the rest of France. The issue of the conflict was everywhere the same: the aggressive knot of unscrupulous fanatics, of resolute adventurers and greedy vagabonds, imposed its domination on the sheep-like majority, which, accustomed to the regularity of an old civilisation, dared not trouble order to put down disorder, and feared to rise against insurrection. The principle of the Jacobins was everywhere the same. Their system was to act imperturbably on all occasions, even after a constitution had been voted and the limits of power defined, as if the empire was still in revolt, as if they were clothed with a dictatorship necessary

to the safety of the commonwealth, as if they were invested with every power in the name of public safety. Everywhere their tactics were the same—to claim a monopoly of patriotism, until, by the brutal destruction of all other societies, they became the sole apparent organ of public opinion. The voice of their *coterie* became the voice of the people; their ascendancy was established over all legal authorities; they advanced by continual and irresistible encroachments, and impunity sanctioned their usurpation.' (P. 179.)

These are weighty words, not only because they denote the true spirit of the French Revolution, but because they are the life of all revolutionary movements and parties. The men who have lived through the present century have a large experience of revolutions. Scarcely twenty years have at any time elapsed without some fresh eruption of popular violence overturning thrones, trampling on laws, and establishing some short-lived sanguinary tyranny which perished by its own violence under military repression. These convulsions have swept away many abuses, though they have done but little to ensure the permanent freedom, progress, and happiness of mankind. But they have taught us two great lessons. The first, that political revolutions have almost always been caused by the folly and weakness of governments more than by the discontent of the people; the second, that these catastrophes have been brought about by small minorities of the population and by the least respectable portion of it. The great bulk of a nation is slow to adopt visionary and violent schemes which war against all the great social interests of a community; but they are incapable of self-defence; they look to the government and the law to protect them; and as the government of France failed to perform that duty, it signed its own destruction and abandoned the country to ruin. The chief merit of M. Taine's work appears to us to be that he has elicited and illustrated these general principles more clearly than any other writer who has dealt with the same evidence. He has pointed out with consummate ability that whenever a legal government and lawful authority fail a lawless government takes its place. Sovereignty must everywhere and at all times reside somewhere, and if it descends from the throne or the Parliament, it sinks into the club or the street. But there are never two sovereignties, and if one rises to supremacy, the other is extinct. It might be possible to illustrate this proposition by more recent examples, but we prefer to leave it to the sagacity and experience of our readers to find them out; and we return to the immediate subject of the work before us.

The Jacobin Club in Paris could never have acquired the

terrible power which it exercised over the Assembly and the Government, if it had not struck its roots in every part of the country. Most of the occurrences to which we have briefly referred, and which M. Taine relates with far greater detail, took place very early in the Revolution—in 1789, 1790, 1791—and soon after the establishment of the Constitution. The country was wholly demoralised and terrorised by the Jacobin party. Hence that party was enabled, when a system of elections was introduced for all offices, both political and municipal, to repel every candidate who leaned to the cause of order, and to carry every candidate who joined in the work of destruction. It was by this all-pervading influence throughout the kingdom that they acquired their power in the Legislative Assembly and in every municipal body. The government and the administration were alike at their mercy. The representatives of the nation were the representatives of the Jacobin Club. When a revolutionary party succeeds by its organisation in mastering the elections, by driving away the moderate candidates and electors, and by appointing its own candidates, it strikes at the heart of parliamentary government, and the liberties of the country are at the mercy of a faction. The representatives of the nation are not its true representatives, but its tyrants.

The influence of the Jacobins was great in the Legislative Assembly, but it was far greater in the Convention, whose members were returned after the fall of the monarchy on August 10, and the massacres in the prisons of Paris in the first days of September. In that climax of the Revolution, ‘Ce sont les sans-culottes, c’est la crapule et la canaille de Paris,’ said the patriot Palloy, ‘*et je me fais gloire d’être de cette classe, qui a vaincu les soi-disant honnêtes gens.*’ ‘Three thousand workmen,’ wrote the Girondin Soulavie, ‘made the revolution of August 10 against the reign of the Feuillants, against the majority of the capital and of the Legislative Assembly.’ The first days of September witnessed six days and five nights of uninterrupted slaughter—171 murders at the Abbaye, 169 at La Force, 223 at the Châtelet, 328 at the Conciergerie, 73 at the Tour St. Bernard, 120 at the Carmes, 79 at Saint-Firmin, 170 at Bicêtre, and 35 at the Salpêtrière; the prisons of Paris were emptied! Amongst the victims were 250 priests, three bishops or archbishops, several judges, an ex-Minister, a princess of the blood royal, the noblest names in France, and by their side a negro, a few women of humble life, boys, convicts, paupers—none were spared. The man whom M. Taine does not hesitate to charge with the chief part in these intolerable crimes is Danton

—Danton, who, by reason of his energy, is rather a favourite with the apologists of the Revolution. He was in fact a leader of men; Danton reigned, and might boast of September 2, as he boasted of August 10, 'I did it.' He said himself to the father of M. Philippe de Ségur, some weeks after these events, 'We are the dregs of the people, we have risen from the gutter, and with ordinary conduct we should be sent back there. We can only govern by fear. The Parisians are ———; a river of blood must flow between them and the emigration.' And then he added the well-known words: 'To conquer the enemies of France, il faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.'

It is not our purpose, however, to dwell on these horrors, which lose nothing in M. Taine's narrative. Our object is to show their political effect on the course of the Revolution. In the earlier years it was the disorganised state of the country which enabled the Jacobins to establish their power in the *communes* and to react on the Assembly in Paris. From August 10 their victory was complete; they were masters of Paris, of the Assembly, and of France. The nation would then have receded, if it had been possible, for it had learned the cost of a revolution. But it was too late. The tyranny of the Mountain and the Commune de Paris was established. It had entirely usurped the vacant seat of government. Yet, with the exception of Danton, there was scarcely a man among these rulers of ordinary talent. Danton himself described them 'as un tas de b—— ignorants, n'ayant pas le sens commun, et patriotes seulement quand ils sont soûls.' Of another order of minds was Saint-Just. This is what M. Taine says of him:—

'Yet among these energetic nullities, one young man, of a calm and handsome physiognomy, a sort of precocious Sylla, who coming late, and only twenty-five years of age, rose from the ranks and by sheer atrocity won a place. Six years before he had begun his career by a domestic robbery; whilst staying with his mother he carried off one night her plate and jewels, which he spent in a low house in the Rue Fromenteau, in the centre of Parisian debauchery; for this act he was shut up at the request of his family in a house of confinement. On his return home he employed his leisure in composing a filthy poem in the style of La Pucelle, and then with a convulsive spasm flung himself into the Revolution. To understand the character of Saint-Just read the letter addressed by him to Aubigny on July 20, 1792: "I am devoured," he said, "by a republican fever which consumes me. I feel that I have that within which will rise in this age. You are all cowards who cannot appreciate me. My palm will rise and will overshadow you. "Wretches that you are, I am a scoundrel and a cheat because I have no

"money to give you? Pluck out my heart and eat it; you will then become, what you are not, great men." (Tome iii. p. 421.)

It must be said that M. Taine's portraits of the revolutionary heroes are not wanting in force, or, we believe, in resemblance. History has no amnesty for such abominable beings; they are doomed to everlasting infamy. Yet there are those, even at the present day, who profess to admire, and would perhaps repeat, their crimes. We prefer, however, to revert to the political aspect of the Jacobin government, and to pass over the rest in silence.

The immediate effect of these acts of violence was to give the Jacobins the command of the elections which returned the National Convention. Terror had fallen upon the vast majority of the electors. The electoral colleges became clubs of the most furious description, and they expelled or proscribed their political opponents. In Paris, in the Aisne, in the Haute-Loire, in Ile-et-Vilaine, in Maine-et-Loire, the members of the moderate opposition were excluded. Vote by ballot was suppressed because it afforded a protection to the weaker brethren. At Meaux and at Reims, whilst the electors were convoked, the cries of priests who were being murdered were heard. At Lyons, two days after the massacre, the Jacobin commandant writes to the Minister: 'The catastrophe which has just taken place, and driven away the aristocrats, secures to us the majority in Lyons.' Even when a moderate candidate had the majority, he was not returned, but thrown into prison. In some places, in Franche-Comté for instance, numerous elections were annulled because the deputy chosen was a Catholic. The results of universal suffrage, thus tortured and perverted, were curiously at variance with the real sentiments of the population, as was shortly afterwards demonstrated. All Brittany sent to the Convention anti-Catholic republicans, yet those same departments soon proved themselves the nursery of the great Catholic and royalist insurrection. Three regicides, out of four members, represented La Lozère, where six months later 30,000 peasants were marching under the white flag. Six regicides, out of nine members, represented La Vendée, which was about to rise *en masse* in the name of the King.

Yet, in spite of this tremendous pressure which falsified the elections, the Convention was not originally as Jacobin as might be supposed. It contained out of 749 deputies only fifty or sixty who were declared supporters of the Commune. Seventy-seven members had sat in the Constituent Assembly; 186 in that which succeeded it. They were all republicans,

but they were not assassins. The Plaine, as it was called in contradistinction to the Mountain, counted no fewer than 500 deputies, including 180 Girondins who led it. Nevertheless this same Convention, within three months, voted the death of Louis XVI. They voted it, as is abundantly shown, under the influence of terror and in defiance of their own solemn declarations, to save their lives. On the eve of the judgment Vergniaud himself, the most eloquent of the Girondins, said to M. de Ségur, 'What! I vote for his execution! It is an insult to think me capable of so base an action.' He enlarged on the danger and iniquity of it, adding 'Though I were alone of my opinion, I would not vote his death.' On the morrow he threw his vote into the fatal urn! The Girondins were the type of sentimental and philosophical politicians. They were a sect rather than a party, believing that salvation lay in their own generous and elevated conception of public liberty. They had to learn, and the world learned through them, that high moral motives and purity of conduct are not the only weapons to be used against crime, conspiracy, and all the baser forms of popular violence. 'Nos philosophes,' said Schmidt, 'veulent tout gagner par la persuasion. Ces hommes-là n'ont été et ne sont encore que des sots à côté d'un coupe-tête muni d'un bon sabre.' In eloquence they were supreme. Finer language has never been addressed to a political assembly. But it is the curse of the gift of eloquence that it deceives those who possess it. They forget that words are but air. And so it came to pass that the noble sentiments and generous speeches of the Girondins were shattered like glass against the compact organisation of the Jacobin Club and the Commune de Paris, fearing nothing, believing nothing, daring all things.

It was not, however, by terror only that the Jacobins established their ascendancy over France; it was also by bribes, for the entire patronage of the country was in their hands, partly by popular election, and partly by government nomination. No sooner was the Convention installed than it decreed the absolute and complete renewal of the whole administrative and judicial service; all the local councils, all the judicial offices, were to be filled with its nominees. The profession of lawyers as a class was abolished, so that a man might become a judge, not only without knowledge of law, but without knowing how to read. The whole staff of the National Guard was re-elected. The employés of the post-office, the tax collectors, surveyors, notaries, municipal

officers, down to the chamber keepers and sweepers, were all to be pure Jacobins. The same rule was applied to the tradesmen and contractors who supplied the articles required by the Government, which was spending 200,000,000 francs a month on the war. Everything by which a centime could be gained was snatched as the spoil of war. M. Taine computes that one million three hundred thousand offices and appointments (*treize cent mille places* are his words) were thus disposed of. No wonder that this enormous patronage produced its effect at a time when every sort of place was eagerly coveted, and when every man who had previously held office could be removed by a denunciation. We have heard of something of the same kind in other countries and in less agitated times. This general renewal of offices in favour of a victorious faction is one of the most powerful incentives to party warfare, and one of the worst consequences of democratic revolution. It sacrifices men who have served their country; it inflames the bad passions of those who seek to profit by it; and in the end the public is worse served. Add to this the temptation to multiply places in order to gratify political supporters, and the fact that in France, during the Revolution, the deputies of the Mountain *sold them*.* Indeed, the corruption of the faction was equal to its ferocity. Four hundred places were given away by Pache, four hundred more by Chaumette, and the Commune of Paris drew 850,000 francs a month for its military police. Full pay was issued to regiments which were reduced to a skeleton. Madame Roland writes that the sums of money of which no account could be given amounted to 130 millions.

Nevertheless neither terror nor patronage, neither plunder nor massacre, could attach the population of Paris to this monstrous caricature of authority. There was no employment; the necessities of life were excessively dear; instead of 7,000 or 8,000 bullocks at the market of Poissy, there were 400. Paris besieged in 1870 was not much nearer starvation from the want of corn and meat than Paris under the Jacobin rule of 1792. M. Taine relates, which is new to us, that these sufferings had revived, not extinguished, the religious feelings of the people. When the Host was carried along the streets to the dying, multitudes of men, women, and children flung themselves on their knees to adore it. On the day of the

* M. Taine produces evidence in support of these statements (p. 369).

procession of the shrine of St. Leu, not a man but took off his hat, and the guard of the Section Mauconseil turned out under arms. Even the 'dames de la Halle' compelled the revolutionary committee to authorise the great procession of St. Eustache, and hung out their carpets. Everyone kneeled as it passed, some with tears in their eyes. Dutard records as his opinion, that if the question could be put to the vote whether all the members of the Convention should be guillotined, nineteen-twentieths of the population would support it. Meanwhile, by one of those strange contrasts which scarcely present themselves to the imagination, the number of persons belonging to the upper classes remaining in Paris was still reckoned at 40,000, and these might be seen on a fine day of spring, on the eve of the Reign of Terror in 1792, fluttering down the right-hand avenue of the Champs-Élysées in charming dresses, with the gaiety of their race, and an utter indifference to public affairs. 'Sheep for the shambles!' sternly exclaims M. Taine. Where were they in the following year?

Conscious of their unpopularity and of the precarious nature of a power resting on such foundations, the Jacobins had, at an earlier period of the Revolution, discovered that the essential condition of their success, as opposed to the Constitutional Party, lay in WAR. Brissot said in his address to the Republicans of France (October 4, 1792): 'The abolition of royalty was what I had in view when I framed the 'declaration of war.' And again: 'We were continually met 'by the Constitution, and the Constitution could only be overthrown by war. As long as peace lasted it was not possible 'to change the religion and the dynasty of France, or to 'retain the supreme power in our hands.' Once launched in a war against all the thrones of Europe, which compelled the nation to sustain a death-struggle for existence, and all retreat was cut off. Yet, strangely enough, the Girondins contributed as much as, or more than, the pure Jacobins to this desperate enterprise. Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, Danton, Robespierre, for once hesitated. It was Brissot * who declared war; it was Vergniaud who defended it. The great bulk of the revolutionary party demanded it—men ignorant alike of foreign politics, of international law, and of military affairs. The

* Brissot was not a minister, but he was a leading member of the Committee of the Convention for Foreign Affairs. The declaration of war against Germany was notoriously forced upon the King and his ministers by the Convention.

King was but a cipher in their hands, for he, at least, foresaw no good results from such a contest. The guide and governor of the foreign relations of France at that moment was Brissot, who became for a few months, by the ignorance and obscurity of his colleagues, the most notorious personage in Europe. As far as any European calamity can be attributed to an individual, this lies at his door. We will quote M. Taine's description of this personage in the original, as a specimen of the vituperative style of this writer, for which we confess that we cannot easily find adequate expressions in our own language.

' C'est ce malheureux, né dans une boutique de pâtissier, à l'âge de 17 ans une boutique de procureur, ancien agent de police à 150 francs par an, ancien associé des marchands de diffamation et des entrepreneurs de chantage, aventurier de plume, brouillon et touche-à-tout, qui, avec ses demi-renseignements de nomade, ses quarts d'idée de gazettier, son érudition de cabinet littéraire, son barbouillage de mauvais écrivain, ses déclamations de clubbiste, décide des destinées de la France, et déclenche sur l'Europe une guerre qui détruira six millions de vies. Du fond du galetas où sa femme blanchit ses chemises, il est bien aise de gourmander les potentats, et pour commencer, le 20 octobre, il insulte trente souverains étrangers à la tribune. "La guerre," s'écria-t-il, "est actuellement un bienfait national, et la seule calamité qu'il y ait à redouter, c'est de n'avoir pas la guerre."

But this shall be the last of M. Taine's portraits, which have somewhat the air of vulgar exaggeration. M. de Saint-Simon could paint men in colours as dark, but without contortions.

The real value of M. Taine's work, as we said at the commencement of this article, lies, not in the vivid pictures he draws here and there of events and characters, but in the lesson which this survey of the French Revolution holds up to mankind for all time. Whenever a compact, truculent, and lawless minority, having for its leaders the worst, and for its followers the lowest, of the community, succeeds in overriding the true canons and representatives of authority by inflaming the passions of one set of men and by acting on the fears of others, by securing a sanction to acts of violence and impunity to crime, by concealing the gripe of tyranny under the mask of patriotism, there is an end of law, of freedom, and of peace. Men are tossed about like atoms in the surge of the ocean; they are no longer free to follow their inclinations, to protect their interests, or even to discharge their duties. They are therefore profoundly demoralised, for the landmarks of right and wrong are removed; the prophets prophesy false things; and the path along which the masses are lured or driven ends in an abyss. To such a state of things there is, we fear, but one remedy, which

is to restore the authority of the law and the Constitution by military power. That is what the ministers of Louis XVI. totally failed to do, and it would seem, from the numerous defections and desertions of the troops, that no reliance could be placed on the discipline of the King's army. The terrible lesson therefore lasted for several years, and was at last brought to a close by other hands. In France the Jacobins triumphed. But in the freest State the world has ever seen, the Union of the North American commonwealths, a direct attack on the supreme sovereignty of the nation was held to be treason, more clearly than it was ever defined by the laws of mediæval England, and it was repressed by the combined forces of a million of armed citizens. The Americans preferred the enormous evil of civil war to the greater evil of allowing the authority of the State to be overthrown by a factious minority in any part of it. They judged rightly; for a State which allows its laws to be broken, its authority defied, and its regular forces to be insulted and attacked with impunity, deserves to perish.

ART. II.—1. *Nerone*. Commedia in cinque atti ed in versi. Di PIETRO COSSA. Milano: 1878.

2. *Plauto e il suo Secolo*. Commedia in versi. Di PIETRO COSSA. Milano: 1876.

3. *Teatro in Versi*. Di PIETRO COSSA. Torino: 1877–81.

4. *Poesie Liriche*. Di PIETRO COSSA. Milano: 1876.

5. *Poesie*. Di GIOSUÉ CARDUCCI ('ENOTRIO ROMANO'). Terza edizione preceduta da una biografia. Firenze: 1878.

6. *Il Canto dell' Amore*. Di GIOSUÉ CARDUCCI. Bologna: 1878.

7. *Odi Barbare*. Di GIOSUÉ CARDUCCI. Terza edizione. Bologna: 1880.

SINCE Italy has recovered her freedom and her independence, she presents to the world another Renaissance of literary power, not altogether unworthy of the beauty of her language and the genius of the nation. But like the Renaissance which marked with so much lustre the close of the fifteenth century, this revival of Italian letters has an essentially pagan character. Her modern poets are *umanisti*, like those who adorned the Courts of the Medici. It would seem as if, wherever the light of Christian faith and Christian morality is obscured, the Latin race lapses into classical forms, with something of classical elegance

and classical philosophy, but tintured with pagan vices and pagan ferocity. Of late years this tendency of literary thought and sentiment in Italy towards classic paganism has been markedly increasing, especially since the establishment of the capital at Rome. The chief glories connected with the Eternal City in an Italian mind are not the confessors and apostles, not the Christian martyrs, not even the splendour and supremacy of the Papacy, the last inheritance of the old universal empire of Italy. The traditional glories of Rome which now attract their imagination and fire their patriotism are all pagan. Paganism represents to them growth, grandeur, power, fame: Christianity (inextricably associated in their minds with the Papacy) typifies decay, defeat, dissolution. It is difficult for an Englishman to realise how completely Catholicism, as a political institution, stands for religion in the Italian mind. The pious and the non-pious alike accept the two things as identical and synonymous. It is not our present business to examine into the causes of this fact, which is rooted in the fundamental conditions of the national character. But it deserves notice that in Italy some of the most daring innovators, the most revolutionary radicals in politics and sociology, are at the same time inflexible purists in literature, and ardent worshippers of classic correctness of form and diction. An instinctive affinity of mental temperament has, perhaps, something to do with this predilection. The study of the Latin authors has for them an interest beyond that of philology or archæology, and even beyond the artistic delight in masterpieces of language. There is a subtle bond of kindred between the modern Italian and his classic forefathers which does not exist between them and men of northern race. And this consideration may help us to comprehend the passionate paganism of some Italian writers of the present day, who to the intelligent appreciation of scholarship add the inherited instincts of race.

Of the writers whose works we are about to consider, Pietro Cossa is the poet to whom this passionate paganism can with least justice be attributed. He is attracted by classical subjects, and by the greatness of ancient Rome; but he is at the same time fully conscious of her monstrous corruption and her inhuman tyranny. His earlier poems are filled with allusions to the liberating force of Christianity; and even in the play of 'Messalina,' which was written in the meridian of his powers, the pure figure of the Christian slave-girl in the Suburra is introduced in vivid contrast with the careless materialism of her pagan companions, and the coarse brutality of

her pagan master. But the truth is that Cossa's genius, essentially dramatic, does not concern itself with philosophic theories. Philosophic theories may, no doubt, be deduced from his plays, as they may be deduced from the facts of life. But they form no part of the author's design : at most they are tacitly involved in the concrete picture which he presents to us.

In judging of contemporary Italian writers foreigners very generally mistrust the praise of native critics, who are reproached with facile enthusiasm, and the indiscriminate application of big words to small things. Allowance must, of course, be made for national temperament and the nature of the national language. Common usage—'quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi'—everywhere stamps the market value on the current coins of speech. But when all this has been allowed for, there still remains considerable truth in the accusation. Yet Italian writers are not exempt from the general law which makes the survival of the fittest a matter of struggle and difficulty ; the unfittest, it is true, are often hailed by a chorus of eulogistic epithets ending in *issimo*. But any talent marked by originality has to contend with that instinctive hostility towards the new and unaccustomed, which is common to the mass of mankind in Italy as elsewhere. Pietro Cossa's success, when once achieved, was brilliant, and was still increasing when he died, in the August of 1880 ; but it had been long waited for and stoutly contested.

Cossa was born in Rome in the year 1830. His father was a native of Arpino, the birthplace of Marius and Cicero, and the Cossa family counts among its ancestors Pope John XXIII., who built a splendid palace at Arpino, which is still inhabited by some of the poet's kinsfolk. Pope John XXIII. was deposed by the Council of Constance, and does not seem to have shone by the possession of many Christian virtues—indeed, the profession of a pirate, which he followed in his youth, would appear to have been his true vocation. But it is worth noting, as a matter of curiosity, that this Pontiff was an author, and wrote Latin verses which are said to have had considerable merit. Cossa was an ardent patriot from his youth upwards. When quite a lad he was expelled from the Collegio Romano, then conducted by Jesuits, on the score of heresy and excessive 'Italianism.' From that time forward he studied alone. After the fall of the Roman Republic and the entry of the French in 1849 he escaped to South America, but soon returned to Italy even poorer than he went. His

lyric poems, collected and republished in one volume in 1874, bear various dates from 1856 to 1870; and the same volume contains 'Mario e i Cimbri,' a dramatic poem in five acts. This latter work was favourably received by the press, but the author's own opinion was that it would not stand the test of representation on the stage. In 1870 he emancipated himself from 'the Aristotelian trammels'—to use his own phrase—and wrote the 'Nero.' This was the first of the series of dramas on classical subjects which have established his fame in Italy; but on its first production in Rome it was 'damned 'with faint praise,' and met with a similar fate in other cities. Discouraged and disgusted by the fate of 'Nero,' he was about to give up writing for the stage, when the unexpected tidings reached him that the play had been received with enthusiasm in Milan. From that time his hold on the public became assured. As he himself modestly says in a letter to Herr Siegfried Samosch of Berlin, 'Da quel momento comincio in 'Italia la mia piccola fama.' To the end of his days COSSA was distinguished by a manly self-respecting modesty. He was by habit and temperament averse from general society, and lived with the utmost simplicity; he was, in one sense, a literary Bohemian, but it was rather after the fashion of Oliver Goldsmith than of Alfred de Musset. He never struck attitudes nor talked for effect. With strangers he was somewhat shy and silent; even with friends he was seldom loquacious; but occasionally, among a few intimate companions, he would talk freely and fluently, eloquent above all in speaking of the great writers of antiquity with whom his intellectual life had been chiefly passed, and full of shrewd humour in discussing contemporary men and things. Authorship of all kinds is very poorly paid in Italy, and although Cossa's plays drew large audiences whenever they were represented, he was very far from making a fortune by them—how far may be judged by the following anecdote, for the authenticity of which we can vouch. For some time past Cossa had been in the habit of producing one drama a year, the proceeds of which sufficed him to live, and to send constant assistance to his aged mother, who survives him. But he was accustomed to tell his friends that he kept by him about two hundred pounds as a provision for the year in which he should not be able to write a play, whenever it might arrive. This was thought by most persons to be a jest, as Cossa was remarkably careless of money. But after his death his intimate friend and literary executor, Federigo Napoli, found between the leaves of the MS. of his unfinished play, 'Silla,' bank

notes for the precise sum of five thousand francs roughly screwed up in paper! The story is at once characteristic of the man, and of the pecuniary conditions on which highly successful literary work still has to be performed in Italy.

'Nero' is the only one of Cossa's acted dramas to which he has affixed historical notes. He seems to have felt the need of justifying his treatment of Nero's character by the authority of Tacitus and Suetonius. But his subsequent dramas he left to speak for themselves, having acquired confidence in his own reputation, or possibly more faith in the erudition of his critics. The student will recognise in all his classical plays how thorough was his knowledge of the Latin historians and biographers. Even his adversaries were forced to admit that his classicism was no superficial smattering, but the result of serious and enthusiastic study. A Roman born and bred, he was familiar with the topography and the monuments of his native city. He did not view them with an eye to scientific analysis, but to artistic reconstruction, and nothing in his works is more remarkable than their absolute freedom from pedantry. There is no ostentation of antiquarian learning; indeed he is always admirably unaffected, and his style has the simplicity of strength. It has been said of his versification that it is '*Michelangiololescamente scolpito*.' The parallel will, at least, hold thus far: that Cossa, when the alternative is forced on him, always prefers even rough truth to smooth insincerity. The form of his phrase is a means, and not an end. In the prologue to 'Nero' he says of his own style :—

'L'autor s'attenne
A quella scola che piglia le leggi
Dal verismo; e stimando che in ogn' arte
Sia bello il vero, bandì dalla scena
Il verso ch' ha romore e non idea.' *

His diction is concise, energetic, and—in the plays written during the last decade—clear. Only in one or two of his earlier works, notably in the play of '*Sordello*,' do we find occasional obscurities, and an artificially involved collocation of words. Like greater poets, Cossa has had no scruple in laying preceding writers under contribution. Not merely inci-

* The language in which poetry is written is so essential and inseparable a part of it, that we shall not attempt to translate the specimens of the style of these writers which we are about to produce. It would be an injustice to them to do so; for their chief merit consists in the peculiar elegance and vigour of their diction in the Italian tongue.

dents and situations, but ideas and phrases, are boldly taken from Plutarch, Tacitus, Livy, Suetonius, and occasionally, but more rarely, from the Latin poets. Some of the happiest strokes in the 'Nero,' the 'Messalina,' and the 'Cleopatra' are simply translations from classic writers.

It would be out of the question to criticise in detail the dozen or more of Cossa's published plays; and we must content ourselves with an examination of one or two which are more peculiarly marked by the author's special qualities. The play of 'Nero,' which he chooses to style 'a comedy,' is as good a representative specimen as can be found of Cossa's method. It was the first in which he entirely broke away from tradition, and trusted to his own inspiration, and it has certain characteristics which, more or less, belong to all his subsequent productions. To the criticism that his Nero is always an artist, and never an Emperor, Cossa replies that it has been answered by Nero himself, who when dying exclaimed, '*Qualis artifex pereo*,' and not '*Qualis imperator*;' and he observes that Nero never knew what was meant by personal dignity. 'The Emperor, therefore,' he writes in his brief preface to the play, 'the grave politician wrapped from head to foot in the majestic folds of his purple, may exist in the imagination of many, but is not to be found in history. . . . Much less cruel than Caligula, because in the latter cruelty was innate—a delight—whilst in Nero it arose from fear; more cowardly than a child, superstitious as a woman of the populace, a good poet, a good painter, a better sculptor, magnificent in building, vainglorious to the point of wishing to give his name to Rome, in lewdness lower than the beasts—that is Nero!' In the prologue Cossa thus excuses himself for giving the title of 'comedy' to a play in which blood is shed and poison administered:—

'Nerone si mostra
Comico stranamente nella sua
Ferocia, e i suoi compagni sono quali
Potè vederli Roma imperiale
In una età corrotta, senza fede,
Allegra ne' suoi vizi.'

This a little reminds one of Mercury's proposal to the audience, in the prologue to Plautus's 'Amphitryon':—

'Quid contraxistis frontem, quia tragoediam
Dixi futuram hanc? Deus sum; conmutavero
Eandem hanc si voltis; faciam ex tragoedia
Comœdia ut sit, *omnibus isdem versibus*.'

The spectacle has been seen since Plautus of a so-called

tragedy turning out to be exquisitely comic without changing a word—'omnibus isdem versibus!' But if Nero's sayings and doings as represented by Cossa be comedy, they are comedy of a terribly grim sort. The author had better have followed Mercury a step further, and declared :—

'Faciam ut commista sit tragico-comœdia.'

The prologue to 'Nero' at once strikes the keynote of the work. It is spoken in the character of Menecrates the *citharædus*, whom Cossa calls the Emperor's buffoon. After a word or two of introduction the speaker proceeds :—

'Il personaggio dalla rea memoria
Che comparir vedrete inanzi a voi
Non è già quel Nerone delle vecchie
Tragedio, una figura che spaventa
Con gli occhi, e lento incede sopra l'alto
Coturno, e fatti a suono di misura
Tre passi, dice una parola anch' essa
Misurata, e prescelta sea le truci
Di nostra lingua. Il mio Nerone,—io dissi
Mio, perchè sono il suo buffone,—è un' altra
Cosa ; egli è lieto sempre, e buono mai.'

The action of the play is comprised within brief limits. In the first scene the revolt of Julius Vindex in Gaul is announced, and the play ends with the flight and death of Nero after hearing of the proclamation of Galba. The Emperor is first introduced in the act of dictating verses to a freedman, when Menecrates enters and announces that two persons wait without to be admitted to Cæsar's presence—Cluvius Rufus, the chief of the senators, and Ecloge, a Greek dancing girl whom Nero has seen and admired in the theatre on the previous day. To the surprise of Menecrates, Nero chooses to receive the senator first, saying ironically, 'The 'business of the Empire before all!' But the true reason of his haste to see Cluvius Rufus is soon apparent. Before the senator can narrate his errand, and in answer to his first greeting, 'Il Senato a Nerone invia salute!' Nero replies :—

'Grazie agl' Iddii l' abbiamo, e vigorosa.

Però t' insegneremo uno che langue
In periglio di vita, e ch' ha bisogno
Di tutte le cure dei Padri Coscritti :
Il nostro erario.'

Urged on by the hints of Menecrates that whilst the Imperial treasury is empty, there are many rich patricians who possess

magnificent villas, Nero suggests to Rufus that Cassius Longinus is an enemy to Cæsar and the State. The Senate, he declares,

‘E il custode
Delle leggi, e accusar deve i nemici
Dell’ imperio, e punirli ;—io non pretendo
Che i diritti del fisco.
Menecrate. I più odiati !’

Cossa represents Nero as having ordered the death of Cassius Longinus, accused of no other crime than preserving in his house a statue of Brutus the tyrannicide. This is not quite historically accurate. Cassius Longinus appears to have been merely banished, not killed ; and the crime attributed to him, according to Suetonius, was keeping in a genealogical record of his family the image of his ancestor Cassius, the murderer of Julius Cæsar. The latter circumstance, indeed, Cossa mentions in a footnote. At any rate, no injustice is done to the Emperor’s character by attributing to him the death of Cassius Longinus, who stands in the play as a typical example of the frivolous pretences which sufficed to Nero for the most ferocious deeds.

Rufus at length is able to announce his news : there is a tumult among the legions in Gaul, and one cohort has dared to salute Vindex Emperor. Nero’s tone instantly changes to one of anxiety and even terror. There are two chords which, however lightly touched, inevitably draw from him an earnest utterance : one of these is his artistic talent ; the other, his personal safety. Alternately careless, ironical, indolent, amorous, or ferocious, his moods succeed each other with the rapidity of cloud-shadows in a gale. But there is one thing intense and real in this unstable nature—its egotism. On hearing Rufus’s tidings, he bursts out :—

‘Il vero
Narri ? . . . Per tutti i numi dell’ Olimpo
E dello Stige, io quì dichiaro Vindice
Nemico della patria ! Ei ceda tosto
L’ esercito, e ritorni a render conto
Di sua perduellione.* . . . Ma fidarmi
Posso di te ? . . . Via, parla ! Io sono ancora
L’ imperatore ?’

Rufus assures him of his own and the Senate’s fidelity ; and, in the name of the Patres Conscripti, implores the Emperor

* This word *perduellione*, for treason, is a pure Latinism. It is not to be found in the ‘Vocabolario Della Crusca.’

graciously to consent that the month of April be thenceforward called after the imperial name *Neroniano*. Nero not only accedes to this flattering request, but adds that it would be very fitting to call Rome by his name also. From this he takes occasion to vaunt the splendid edifices with which he has enriched the city; and finally dismisses Rufus in the following characteristic manner:—

‘Va dunque,
 Buon Rufo; e sappia il popolo ch’ io stesso
 Oggi darò spettacolo cantando
 Nel pubblico teatro. Ammireranno
 L’ Edipo Rè. Che artista sovrumano
 Quel Sofocle! Che limpida armonia
 Di concetti e di versi!

[*Correndo dietro a Rufo, che fu per uscire.*

Una parola

Ancor, buon Rufo: Vindice sia tosto
 Richiamato. . . M’ intendi?—Il traditore
 Troverà la sua croce.’

Immediately on the departure of Rufus, Nero commands Menecrates to introduce the dancing girl, and then to withdraw; observing cynically that the buffoon harmonises well enough with the chief of ‘our good Senate,’ but that his grotesque countenance would be as much out of keeping in the presence of youthful beauty as a barbarian’s cithern accompanying a verse of Homer. The rest of the act is chiefly occupied with the introduction of Ecloge into the Golden House, as paramount favourite, and with the jealousy thus aroused in the breast of Acte, Nero’s freedwoman and whilom mistress. History says but little of this woman; and the author, therefore, has free scope for his imagination in depicting her. Cossa represents Acte’s influence over Nero as being based partly on old habit, partly on his superstitious terrors, and partly on her native force of character. She is the only human being who really loves the tyrant. She remembers the promise of his early youth, and endeavours to incite him to great deeds worthy of Cæsar and of Rome. The objection to these attempts is their obvious hopelessness. Such appeals, we are sure, must be made in vain to such a being, and Acte’s long, reproachful speeches have not merely the result of boring Nero, but, which is far more important, they occasionally bore the reader. Yet her passionate jealousy of the dancing girl, and her fidelity and devotion to Nero in his deepest adversity, are naturally and powerfully drawn. The character of Ecloge is well contrasted with that of Acte. A fine point is made in the scene where Acte endeavours to persuade her

rival to fly from Nero's blood-stained house before his fickle fancy change. She cannot terrify Ecloge. The two women, so dissimilar in all else, have one trait in common: neither fears the much-feared tyrant. Acte braves him by her strength, Ecloge by her weakness. She is but a brilliant, thoughtless insect, but for that reason as impervious to apprehension as Acte herself. You may crush her in a moment; but while she lives, she will flutter and enjoy the sunshine. Acte at length, in a paroxysm of jealous fury, rushes on her rival with a dagger; but the dancing girl is saved by the unexpected entrance of the Emperor, and Acte withdraws muttering threateningly 'Sempre salvar non la potrai.' The brief remainder of the act is worth giving, as a specimen of Cossa's power of concentration, and the unfaltering strength with which he can add line to line, and touch to touch, each producing precisely the effect aimed at, without penury or redundancy.

' Nerone (solo). Fatal possanza
Ha quell' Atte su me; sovente ardisce
Gelosa opporsi alle mie voglie, ed io
Che potrei con un cenno l' eloquente
Gola troncar di tutti i Senatori,
Mi trovo inerme in faccia a questa sola
Femmina! non è caso naturale.
Costei per certo ottenne un incantato
Filtro da qualche maga di Tessaglia
E a me lo porse. Ma l' incanto infame
Romperò. . . . L' improvviso impeto d' ira
Ecco toglie la dolce linipidezza
Alla mia voce,—e in tal momento! Vieni
Menecrate. Quai nuove?

Menecrate. Immensa folla
Si mostra per le vie; corre a bearsi
Nell' artista divino.

Ne. Oggi son rauco;
E i pretoriani?

Me. Armati hanno accerchiato
Tutto il teatro. Avrai sonanti applausi
E spontanei.

Ne. Mi siegui.
Me. Un' altra nuova:
Cassio Longino è morto.

Ne. Così presto!
Me. Appena udì l' accusa del Senato,
Sorse dal desco, salutò gli amici,
E stoicamente si tagliò le vene.

Ne. (sorridendo). I Romani han coraggio.
Me. E il morto avea
Quattro ville. . . . tel dissi.

<i>Ne.</i>	Ebbene ?	
<i>Me.</i>		Ebbene !
Io non ho ville.		
<i>Nc.</i>	Intendo ; ne avrai una.	
Ora al teatro !		
<i>Me.</i>	I lauri al gran cantore ! *	

The second act passes at night in a tavern of the Suburra. On its threshold the host stands gazing at the portentous comet * blazing with sinister presage in the sky, and laments the famine which threatens the city. 'Brutto mestiere è quello del taverniere quando manca il pane !' He is presently joined by a veteran gladiator, a slave merchant, and a player (*pantomimo*), who discuss the miserable condition of the people. Nævius, the player, has studied the ancient chronicles of Roman liberty, and utters a good deal of treason against the Emperor ; whereupon the slave-dealer bids him hold his peace, for his rash talk 'smells of the executioner a mile off.' To this group there enters a woman breathlessly crying for help. She is pursued by two drunken slaves who have chased her through the streets, and, seeing the door of the tavern open, she runs in for shelter. The drunken slaves prove to be Nero and Menecrates disguised, who have been rushing wildly through Rome, terrifying and assaulting all who came in their way, and who follow the fugitive into the tavern. Here, however, Nero meets with unexpected resistance. The old gladiator, little guessing who is his antagonist, wrestles with and overthrows him. At this moment the Captain of the Prætorian Guard enters, accompanied by an escort of soldiers and guided by Acte, who has traced Nero in his mad career, and provided for his safety. The discovery of the Emperor causes general consternation. The gladiator, the tavern-keeper, and the slave merchant prostrate themselves. Only Nævius the player, roused to irrepressible indignation, dares to brave Cæsar's anger, and to reproach him with his tyranny and the infamies daily committed in his name. Nero, at first struck dumb by the man's audacity, listens with gradually increasing attention and interest, and at the conclusion of Nævius's violent philippic, turns complacently to Menecrates, exclaiming 'E un' artista costui ! Declama bene e ha bella voce,' and invites the player to his house 'as a brother artist.' Then being, as he phrases it, 'Assalito nel cor da furiosi impeti di clemenza,' he pardons the gladiator ; and to the fugitive woman, who proves to be

* During Nero's reign two comets appeared : one about A.D. 61, and the other four years later.

the orphan daughter of Cassius Longinus, he promises the restoration of her father's confiscated property. But his benevolent mood does not extend to Acte, to whom he owes his safety. Whilst she endeavours to awaken him to a sense of the dangers that threaten the Empire, he calls for wine, derisively bids her not lecture him as Seneca did, and irritates her jealousy by maudlin praises of Ecloge's beauty. The act terminates by his reeling from the tavern to his litter, supported by the arm of Menecrates, who turns to Acte as they depart, with a sneer at his Imperial master.

The third act is the weakest, the dramatic action making no progress until its conclusion. The scene is in a chamber of the palace used by Nero as a sculptor's studio. He has been carving a marble statue of Ecloge, which he resolves on forcing some rich senator to buy at an enormous price; the imperial exchequer still suffering from that chronic malady which he lamented in the beginning of the play. Cluvius Rufus is the luckless purchaser selected, and arrives opportunely just as Vinicius (*Præfectus Prætorio*) announces that the troops are clamouring for arrears of pay, and threaten to mutiny if they be not satisfied. Nero assures the Prefect of the Guard that Rufus will furnish him with the necessary sums; and, enchanted with this stroke, he refuses to attend to letters from Gaul and Spain which Rufus submits to him. Acte takes the despatches and reads them whilst Nero is idly toying with Ecloge. The first letter announces the death of Vindex: the second, that the army of Spain has hailed Galba Emperor. Startled for an instant by these tidings, Nero almost immediately throws off the painful impression, and, embracing the Greek girl, cries recklessly, 'Amiamoci, mia bella! . . . *Galba è ancor lontano!*'

The fourth act contains some of the finest writing in the play, and is full of tragic interest. It opens with a banquet in the Golden House, at which are assembled, besides other guests, Rufus, Vinicius, Menecrates, and Acte. Ecloge, as queen of the feast, is placed beside the Emperor. During the orgy Nero improvises an Epicurean hymn to Venus, which is, perhaps, the author's best bit of lyric poetry. The conclusion has an unexpected turn given to it by a thoroughly Neronian trait of sceptical irony. Apostrophising the fair-haired goddess, he terminates thus:—

• Sorridi, o bionda Iddia; di noi più degno
È il tuo femineo regno.
Tu sei nostra speranza,—
Giove è omai troppo vecchio, e muti stanza!'

The piece is, of course, received with enthusiasm by the adulators of the *Divo Nerone*, especially by Menecrates, who 'gives his vote for the exile of Jupiter.' Acte alone remains gloomy and silent. Reproached by Nero, she seizes a wine-cup and drinks to the youth and beauty of her rival, challenging Ecloge to respond. There is no answer; the dancing girl droops her head on the Emperor's breast; she is dying—by poison! The feast is broken up amidst dismay and horror. Acte has disappeared, and Nero, in a frenzy of grief and rage, commands that she be sought for and dragged before him. The most refined tortures shall punish the murderess of Ecloge. But suddenly a new terror invades the palace. Galba has been proclaimed in Rome; rebellion riots through the streets; and the populace is rising against Nero. Rufus is despatched to make a desperate appeal to the Senate; Vinicius to assemble his cohorts. The rest fly from the presence of the doomed Emperor, who is left alone with the overturned wine-cups, the trampled garlands, and the dead body of Ecloge. The situation is powerfully dramatic, and Nero's soliloquy, when he finds himself thus abandoned, is extremely fine. The Greek girl lies in a dreamless sleep—'sonno fatal che non aspetta l'alba.' The Prætorian Guard have deserted the palace, and left it exposed to the incursion of the angry mob. Without, the streets in the neighbourhood of the palace are deserted and silent save for the rain and thunder of a gathering storm. Agitated by abject terrors, alternately despondent and furious, Nero rapidly reviews what possibilities of safety may yet remain to him. At one moment he nurses the hope that Vinicius may have succeeded in quelling the insurrection, and 'chasing back the populace to 'their lairs';' at another, he thinks of throwing himself at the feet of his enemies and imploring mercy:—

'Mi lascin la vita,
 La prefettura d' Egitto, o d' altra
 Provincia, ed io saluto il fortunato
 Mio successore Galba . . . Galba! E ad esso
 Vilmente cederò? Non mi rimane
 Salvezza alcuna?—Se con un mio cenno
 Io potessi di furto per le vie
 Sparger tutte le feroci belve
 Che stan chiuse nei circhi . . . qual paura
 Nella città!'

The effect on the audience of this hideous suggestion, lurid with maniacal ferocity, is indescribably terrible. And, indeed, the whole scene is a masterpiece of stage effect. The act

terminates with Nero's flight from Rome, accompanied by Phaon and Epaphroditus, two freedmen who have remained faithful to him, and by Acte, who returns in the hour of peril to exhort him to die as becomes a Roman. But he has not yet abandoned all hope, and he chooses flight. As he is about to quit the banquet hall, urged by his attendants to hasten, he exclaims, 'E che mi resta più?' but his eye lighting on the lute which had fallen from his hand after Eclogé's death, he adds, 'Che resta? . . . Faonte, la mia cetra!' and signs to the freedman to carry it with him.

The last act, in Phaon's farmhouse outside Rome, is almost wholly occupied with the single figure of Nero. Wary, terrified, and parched with thirst, he enters this last refuge with a word of profound egotism and ingratitude:—

'Ed è questa il ricovero che m' offri?
Faonte, la tua casa suburbana
È molto brutta!'

They bring him water, which he refuses to drink, despite his thirst:—'Quest' acqua è fango, io non la bevo.' He then asks if his attendants are armed, and Phaon and Epaphroditus, the two faithful freedmen, hand him their daggers. Nero tries them by lightly touching his throat; but almost instantly desisting, cries out that they are sharper than is needful. Phaon is sent back to Rome to gather news of the insurrection, and Epaphroditus is bidden to keep watch at the door of the cottage, and give warning if he hear any sound of horses on the road. Then Nero, overcome by fatigue and excitement, throws himself to rest on a miserable pallet, over which Acte has previously spread the mantle from her own shoulders. Before lying down he places the two daggers beneath his head; and as he stretches himself to rest, he begins to declaim fragments of Horace's Ode, 'Justum et tenacem propositi virum.' Then with a bitter smile:—

'Un gran buffone è quel poeta Orazio!
Vorrei vederlo qui, lui che a Filippi
Per fuggir meglio buttò via lo scudo!
E poi quei versi son proprio noiosi . . .
E la noia . . . dà sonno . . .'

[Falls asleep.]

From a feverish slumber, disturbed by frightful dreams,* he

* All the historians agree that Nero was tormented by frightful visions, among which the image of his mother frequently pursued him. The resemblance between the dreams conjured up by Nero's guilty conscience and those which Shakespeare attributes to Richard III. will strike the English reader.

wakes delirious, crying, 'Galba è quì!' Then he fancies himself in the theatre, and calls for his cithern: 'Io vò cantare, . . . io poeta maggior di quanti illustri ebbe il mondo Latino!' The next moment he orders the lictors to make way for him through a crowd of phantoms that press around him:—

'È vano; i morti
Uccider non si ponno un' altra volta . . .
Sei tu mia madre? . . . E tu, Cassio Longino,
Da me che chiedi? E come puoi guardarmi?
Nella vita eri cieco!'

This last touch is magnificent. Gradually he recovers his senses, but falls into a new paroxysm of rage and terror at the tidings brought back by Phaon from the city. Rome has confirmed the election of Galba, and the deposed Emperor, declared an enemy to the State, is condemned to be scourged to death with rods. Urged by Acte to die as becomes a Roman, Nero passionately exclaims with the colossal egotism of cowardice:—

'Muori! Ecco un consiglio
Che si dà facilmente, ma l' esempio
Avrebbe più efficacia! E alcun di voi,
O vigliacchi, per darmi un po' di core
Non sa ferire il suo?'

On this Acte seizes a dagger and stabs herself, murmuring as she dies (in a phrase borrowed, of course, from the story of Arria, wife of Cæcina Pætus), 'Posso dirti per prova, o mio 'Nerone, che non duole.' Nero is bending anxiously over her corpse, actuated neither by pity nor regret, but solely by his desire to verify her assurance that dying is not painful, when the gallop of horses is heard without. He tries to plunge the dagger into his throat, but his coward hand fails, and he cries to Phaon to aid him. The soldiers are rapidly approaching; in a moment he will be in the hands of his enemies; Phaon clutches the dagger which Nero still holds, and presses it into his throat. As he falls the Emperor exclaims, 'Che grande 'artefice perisce! . . . Ahi!' At this moment a centurion rushes in, and, seeing Nero wounded, tries to staunch the blood. But Nero, endeavouring to raise himself and glaring horribly upon the centurion, stammers, 'Tardi, soldato! . . . E questa la tua fede?' and falls dead.

One weak point of the play is its lack of female interest. Ecloge is delicately drawn, but she fails to enlist our sympathies; and Acte, as has been said, is occasionally a bore. Another defect with which it has been charged—and which has been more or less charged on all Cossa's plays—is the

want of dramatic construction; and in truth 'Nero' is the development of a character, not of a plot. But the most effective answer to this objection is that in performance the play captivates the attention of the spectators, and excites them to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Even when represented by mediocre performers, it is always a theatrical success. And, indeed, if we will consider it, our chief pleasure in the great dramatic masterpieces is not derived from the gratification of childish curiosity as to how it will all end, and what is to happen next, but from the play of human character in certain given situations, of which the issue may be already well known to us. Now, Cossa is a great master of situation. The crowd of imitators whom his example induced to flood the Italian theatre with 'historical dramas' which, for the most part, died in the first glare of the footlights, must have convinced themselves by this time that to write a classical play which shall please in the closet, and triumph on the stage, is not quite 'as easy as lying;' and that some stock-in-trade beyond a translation of Plutarch's 'Lives' and a copy of the 'Biographie Universelle' is necessary for the achievement.

The next, in order of their production, of the plays on classical subjects, is the 'Plautus;' Cossa himself considered this play his most perfect work of art. Viewed as a reconstruction of ancient manners, customs, and tones of thought, it is undoubtedly a marvel of accuracy and completeness, and is at the same time written with great ease and vivacity. But it has never produced the same degree of enthusiasm in the theatre as 'Nero,' 'Messalina,' or 'Cleopatra:' nor was it possible that it should do so. The great tragic passions deal with the perennial springs of human nature, and appeal to all mankind. Transform Cossa's 'Nero' into a mediæval tyrant, or his 'Messalina' into the heroine of a modern *cause célèbre*, and they would still be personages of intense dramatic interest. But in witnessing 'Plauto e il suo secolo,' one main source of enjoyment is cut off from those spectators who have no tincture of classical culture. Here there is scarcely one figure which could be removed from its social surroundings and atmosphere, without growing comparatively dull and dry. Like seaweed, they lose colour when seen through any other than their natural medium. Among the *dramatis personæ* are many of the familiar types of ancient comedy: we have Ballio, an avaricious usurer; Grumio, a braggart Campanian soldier; Davus, a roguish slave; a group of Greek courtesans, slaves of Ballio; &c. There are also Lucilla, a wealthy matron who tyrannises over her husband Cæcilius—'dotata regit virum

‘conjux,’ as Horace has it—and the husband himself, a spend-thrift dissipated knight. The historical personages are Plautus, Cato the Elder, Sempronius Gracchus and Petilius, Tribunes of the People, and Scipio Africanus with his wife and daughter. Of all these Cato the Censor is on the whole the most lifelike creation, and the most thoroughly imbued with the genuine spirit of comedy. Cato’s imperviousness to ridicule, his rough, narrow-minded energy, the slight strain of puritanical self-delusion which persuades him that his personal hostility to Scipio is pure, unmingled patriotism, and the solemn persistency with which he bores all and sundry, in season and out of season, with the proverbial ‘*Delenda est Carthago*,’ are inimitably depicted. It need scarcely be said that Plutarch has been largely put under contribution for this delineation of Cato; but a distinguishing mark of a great artist is the use he makes of his materials. The main outline of the plot may be given in a few words: Plautus, who is introduced as a poor player, manager, and author, just arrived from Umbria with a strolling company to seek his fortune in Rome, rapidly acquires the favour of the Quirites, gains money, and gives banquets, which are frequented by such fine gentlemen as the knight Cæcilius. But falling violently in love with Imnidis, a Greek slave belonging to Ballio the usurer, in order to obtain the sum necessary to buy the girl from her avaricious master Plautus enters into trade speculations with Ballio, whereby he is utterly ruined. Cossa adopts the somewhat apocryphal legend of Plautus being sold to a miller by his creditors. And the play ends with Cato’s coming to the mill to announce to the slave Plautus that the *Ædiles* have need of him. They will obtain his liberty on condition that he write some comedies to combat the immoral influence of the ‘*Atellanæ Fabulæ*,’ which, says Cato, have resumed their ancient empire on the Roman scene, ‘*Scandalo dei buoni, e insegnamento ai tristi*.’ There is an underplot concerning the banishment of Scipio Africanus; and a comic *imbroglio* arising from a pearl necklace which Cæcilius has, in plain words, stolen from his rich wife to give to Imnidis, whom he is assiduously courting. The play is very long. It consists of five acts, and an introduction as long as any of them. But thanks to the variety of the characters, the curious traits of manners, and the general excellence of the writing, it is amusing throughout. Grumio, the braggart soldier, with his monstrous boasts, his cowardice, and his gluttony, never fails to excite the mirth of the ‘groundlings.’ And in fact he is entertaining enough. But if we except—truly a considerable exception, however—the minute know-

ledge of ancient Roman manners evidenced by this Campanian's utterances and allusions, there is nothing in Grumio which a score of contemporary Italian playwrights might not have written. We cannot name one who could have given us Cato the Elder. Scipio's description of the rigid censor is admirable; though we doubt if it be not an anachronism to attribute to him so much of the tolerant fairness of a gentleman:—

‘In lui rispetto
Il cittadino sobrio, severo :
La sua virtù mi piace, ma . . .
Gracco. Comprendo.
Invidio è troppo.
Scipione. No; è troppo antico.
Ei tiene del macigno della rocca
Capitolina; e immoto, guarda indietro
Senza curar l'età che si rinnova
E va inanzi. Romano intiero, ed uomo
A metà! . . .’

In the best spirit of comedy is the declaration of the hen-pecked, dissolute knight Cæcilius, that, although he detests Cato's old-fashioned rigour in general, he is yet bound in candour to praise the Censor's just strictures ‘on the idleness and ‘luxury of our matrons.’ So also is Ballio's advice to Plautus as to the subjects of his plays: let Plautus choose his arguments from among the *plebs*, who ‘will forgive being lashed, if ‘you can make them laugh,’ but avoid touching the patricians, who, according to the laws of the Twelve Tables, have, and can have, no vices. So are innumerable other passages. It is, indeed, difficult to resist the temptation of quoting some of them. But the exigencies of our space compel us to be sparing of extracts.

‘Julian the Apostate,’ the next in order, is the work which more than any other of Cossa's has been appealed to by Christians and anti-Christians to prove that the author held this or that view. In our opinion it is impossible to read the play in a fair spirit without perceiving that Julian is a favourite with the author. And assuredly that does not indicate any ardour of Christian belief. But what Cossa combats in ‘Julian the ‘Apostate’ is *the Papacy in Rome*. Rome to him is something more and greater than any dogma. A striking passage, put into the mouth of Julian, powerfully expresses this feeling. Bishop Eusebius is represented as a model of Christian virtue, yet it is to him that the following reproaches are addressed:—

‘Eh via! la vostra umile faccia
È maschera a superbi intendimenti.

Voi detestate i Cesari, ma in core
 Anelate a coprirvi della loro
 Porpora. Avete in odio Roma, e il suono
 Della sua gloria ; e la cattedra vostra
 Alzate all' ombra dei colli immortali.
 E vi guidò sottile astuzia : *il mondo*
Udito non v' avrebbe se parlato
Non avete da Roma !'

Here it is clearly a political and not a spiritual system that is attacked. The scene of the play during the first four acts is in Antioch, just previous to the expedition to Persia in which Julian lost his life. The Emperor's rectitude, intelligence, and moderation shine conspicuously amongst the motley crew of corrupt Orientals by whom he is surrounded. When a fanatical partisan of Arius boldly attacks him in argument, and speaks of Truth, Julian ironically demands what truth? The Christians are divided into a hundred discordant sects. The Arians sacked Alexandria, destroyed her monuments, and slaughtered her citizens, 'enemies equally to Jove and Christ.'

'E adulterando la dolce parola
 Del Galileo, *che rinnegate sempre*,
 Di micidiali dispute maestri
 Nel foro, e delle inutili nel tempio,
 Accendeste la fiaccola di guerre
 Religiose, ignote ai nostri antichi !'

But he is not more tender to the priest of Apollo, whose gluttony and selfishness disgust him. And to the terrible High Priest of Mithra, who urges him to appease the angry gods by a human sacrifice, he nobly answers that the priest must moderate his cruel zeal, nor think with the fool that ideas can be drowned in blood. And again to the same ferocious fanatic he declares that the best sacrifice is the incense of good deeds, offered up to Him who is the centre of the harmonious universe :—

'Sia Giove, Jeova, o Mitra, importa poco ;
Inanzi all' Infinito il nome è nulla.'

The singular verbal resemblance between these lines and the opening of 'Pope's Universal Prayer' will not have escaped the reader ; but we believe it to be purely fortuitous. In his next speech, however, Julian descends from this lofty strain, to declare that notwithstanding all this he shall not rest happy until he has restored the ancient worship, 'in which is comprised all the greatness of Rome, and of the Empire ;' and announces that he shall shortly with his own hands immolate a victim to Apollo. In Julian and Eusebius are incarnated two mighty forces. The one defends decaying Rome ; the

other pleads for advancing Christianity. Some of Cossa's most powerful writing is contained in this play, which, however, is deficient in interest. The theme is too vast a one to be treated in five acts, and renders a complete drama impossible. The play ends with the death of Julian in Persia, and the consequent suicide of a Jewish girl whom he has benevolently protected, and who adores him as the future rebuilder of the Temple and the restorer of her nation.

Next to 'Nero,' 'Messalina' has hitherto been the most completely and universally successful on the stage of Cossa's dramas. It may be considered a literary *tour de force* to present Claudius's wicked wife upon the scene at all without violating public decency. Certainly there are passages in the 'Messalina' which would not be tolerated on our stage. But there is no indication throughout the work that the author takes a morbid pleasure in depicting vice. Nor is there the least tendency to make what is morally loathsome appear sensuously alluring. Messalina is not of the type to be found between the yellow covers of a Parisian novel. She is terribly in earnest, and, whether clawing or caressing, has no more affectation or self-consciousness than a tigress. It is very interesting to observe the national differences which distinguish Cossa's presentment of Messalina from those which might be expected from writers of other countries. A Frenchman would perhaps be led away by one aspect of the subject into extravagances of vicious detail; an Englishman, moved by the predominance of another set of ideas, might be apt to insist on the moral turpitude of a state of society in which a Messalina was possible; Cossa cares neither to be seductive nor didactic. With artistic singleness of purpose, he simply carves out of the material before him his concrete figure—which, in our judgment, comes nearer to being an image of the true Messalina than anything which contemporary literature has yet to show.

The play consists of five acts and a prologue. The latter deals mainly with the assassination of Caligula and the proclamation of Claudius. The first act displays the dissensions between Julia Agrippina and Messalina, the intrigues of the freedmen within the palace, and the easy indifference of Claudius, absorbed in writing a history of his own times, and ignoring the materials for that chronicle furnished by his august consort. Caius Silius is also introduced, the object of Messalina's last and most violent passion. The second act, like the second act of 'Nero,' passes in the Suburra, whither Messalina secretly follows Silius, surprises him in an orgy, and is herself recognised by a gladiator, one of her former lovers. In the

third act, by a conspiracy of Narcissus and some other freedmen, a number of slave girls from the Suburra are brought before Cæsar to bear testimony to the presence in their house, on the preceding night, of the Empress. This stroke is intended to bring about Messalina's ruin. But she, boldly advancing into the midst of her enemies, commands them all to withdraw, and, being left alone with her husband, so makes out her own case, and so terrifies him by hints of rebellion and treason, that she persuades him to condemn Valerius Asiaticus, whom she hates ; and remains triumphant mistress of the situation. The fourth act is occupied with the insane marriage ceremony between Messalina and Silius in the magnificent gardens (formerly of Lucullus) which had belonged to Valerius Asiaticus ; and it terminates with the unexpected return of Claudius from Ostia, and the dastard flight of Silius, who leaves Messalina to confront her angry husband alone. In the fifth act, she once more tries her power over Claudius. Despite the opposition of Narcissus, she gains admission to Cæsar's presence, confesses her crime, and implores pardon. She was mad, delirious, guilty, but she repents. For their son's sake, for Britannicus, Claudius must forgive her. She weeps, she caresses, she persuades, she triumphs. Claudius leaves her with a promise of reconciliation, and she exultingly exclaims that her enemies are vanquished. But in the next moment she is stabbed by a centurion, whom Narcissus empowers to do the deed by showing a signet ring of the Emperor. Her assassination does not take place in sight of the audience, but she staggers on the stage to fall dead. The freedmen are only just in time to cover her body with a cloak before Claudius passes on his way to the triclinium. He asks for Messalina, but is easily diverted from his enquiries by the sight of Agrippina 'fair, smiling, and 'perfumed.' And so they go in to supper, and the curtain falls.

One gleam of womanhood flashes out in the last words uttered by Messalina as she dies : 'Io muoio . . . Claudio ! ' . . . *Miseri miei figli !* ' There is a whole chapter of guilty fears, and vain regrets, and fierce maternal fondness in those last despairing words. Another wonderful touch of psychological intuition is when, after listening to the pathetic appeal of Valerius Asiaticus (by *her* accused and destroyed) for leave to die, not by the hand of the executioner, but in his own home amidst the memories of his mother, Messalina suddenly bursts into tears, and intercedes with Claudius—to let Valerius die after his own fashion. 'Ch' ei mora a suo talento . . . purchè 'mora !' This mingling of tearful emotion with pitiless ferocity is worthy of a Megæra of the French Revolution.

The character of Claudius is as admirable a study in its way as that of Messalina. From his first appearance on the stage, dragged out from his hiding-place by the Prætorian Guard after the assassination of Caligula, to the conclusion of the drama, where he coolly goes in to supper without troubling himself about Messalina's fate—in each and every situation, Claudius is a living creation. A grotesque mixture of imbecility, learning, phlegmatic indolence, and cowardice, he becomes terrible by the imperial power which he wields. And here we have the explanation of some of Cossa's finest effects, and the justification of his realistic method. Traits which would be merely comic or contemptible in private men, assume a dread significance in mighty Cæsar, dispenser of fortune, disgrace, or death to his subjects. There is no more tremendous tragedy than this irony of Fate flinging millions of human beings into the power of a Nero or a Claudius. And in perceiving and boldly representing this truth, instead of fabricating artificial figures to suit the 'dignity of history,' Cossa has given evidence of original power.

'Cleopatra' is the last of the series of Cossa's classical dramas given to the world. The author was engaged just before his death on a play, entitled 'Silla,' which remains unfinished. 'Cleopatra' has a richness of life and colour which captivates the imagination. A glow of Eastern sunshine seems to have penetrated some of its pages. But to an English reader it suggests a fatal comparison with one of the most subtle and splendid of the creations of Shakespeare. The author entitles it 'a dramatic poem,' and, although it has been entirely successful on the Italian stage, it is, in our judgment, more calculated to delight the reader than to enthral the spectator. It consists of six acts, and follows pretty closely the historical order of events, beginning in Alexandria, where Antony proclaims Cleopatra Queen of Cyprus and Libya, and publicly repudiates Octavia. Then follows the battle of Actium; the attack of Octavius against Alexandria; Cleopatra's treason to Antony, and the death of the latter. Cossa leaves Cleopatra still living at the end of the play, but in possession of the asp that is to save her from the ignominy of being led captive in a Roman triumph. A crowd of varied figures passes over the stage. Egyptians and Romans, the serpent-charmer, the embalmer of mummies, the flower-seller, slaves, mountebanks, priests, warriors, kings, throng the streets of Alexandria and the sumptuous halls of Cleopatra's palace. These figures are woven, as it were, into a background rich as a piece of Oriental tapestry, on which the principal personages of the drama stand out in

strong relief. In his delineation of Antony's character, Cossa, like Shakespeare, has closely followed Plutarch. It is interesting to compare Antony's death in Cossa's play with the parallel passages in the great English tragedy. But the third act of the '*Cleopatra*,' which takes place on board the queen's galley, during the battle of Actium, is, in our opinion, Cossa's greatest poetical effort; and here the author is not weighted in the reader's mind by any overwhelming comparisons. The conception and conduct of the scene are all his own; and would, even had he written nothing else, entitle him to an honourable place in the Pantheon of poets. It has not the vivid dramatic contrasts of some parts of the '*Nero*' and '*Messalina*,' but the reader is carried away by the beauty and vigour of the descriptions, and the really magnificent working up of the final catastrophe. From the first subdued note of the opening—in the clear serenity of a sunrise at sea—through the crescendo of the battle to the passionate pathos of Antony's despair, this act is a masterpiece of sustained imagination. In the remainder of the play there are many fine passages, and the versification is throughout maintained at a high level of excellence. But it cannot be denied that the last three acts show a falling off in dramatic interest. The real climax is at Actium. After Antony's death, Cleopatra is led off by the envoys of Octavius, promising herself either to subdue Cæsar or to perish. But this is a tame and flat disappearance from the scene for such a figure as Cleopatra.

Of the earlier published plays of Cossa, '*Sordello*,' '*Monal-deschi*,' '*Pouschkin*,' '*Beethoven*,' and '*Mario e i Cimbri*,' it is not necessary to say much. The first three are immature efforts of a genius which has not yet recognised its true vocation. '*Beethoven*' and '*Mario*' are not without merit. The former is, so far as we know, Cossa's only prose composition. It was successful on its first production, but does not keep the stage. '*Cola di Rienzi*' and '*I Borgia*,' belong to Cossa's noonday period; and '*Cola*' especially is written with great fire and force. But we omit a more particular examination of them here, because in these two dramas Cossa has done better than many what some others have done as well: whereas in the classical plays, although he has had many imitators among his countrymen, he has as yet found no rival. The collection of his *Lyric Poems* comprises twenty-seven pieces on a great variety of subjects. Some of them contain strong thoughts, strongly expressed. But Cossa's gift was not lyrical. Moreover, when these pieces were written he had not yet emancipated himself from the trammels of academic style. The

use of a language which to him was artificial—not his true note—had the inevitable result of maiming his ideas. Enough has been said to show what are Cossa's claims to be considered a true and original dramatic poet; and lovers of Italian literature will be glad to welcome a modern Roman who not unworthily sustains some of the glorious—and onerous—traditions of his illustrious predecessors.

Contemporary Italian literature is comparatively so little known in England that many readers may possibly see in these pages the name of Giosué Carducci for the first time. Yet it can be said without exaggeration that in the general estimation of his countrymen he holds the first place among living Italian poets. Different from Cossa in many qualities of mind and temperament, he differs from him also in the precocious manifestation of his genius. Cossa, as we have seen, was forty years old before he produced his best work; and even his earlier poems were not written in boyhood. Carducci, on the contrary, like many another poet, scribbled verses when a mere child; and of his published poems several date from his seventeenth year. He was born in 1836, in an obscure *borghetto*, called Val di Castello, in the province of Pisa, and passed his first years in Tuscany—partly in the Maremma, partly at Montamiata in the province of Siena, and partly in Pisa and Florence. It was not an indifferent circumstance for his future fame that the first accents which his ear caught and his tongue repeated were from the 'well of *Tuscan* 'undefiled.' Carducci's father was an honourable, industrious, and unlucky person, who migrated from one poor commune to another, filling the hard-worked and ill-paid functions of *medico di condotta*—as we should say, parish doctor. He had a very fair knowledge of the classics, and his contribution to young Giosué's education consisted in teaching him Latin. They translated together Phædrus, Sallust, Ovid, Virgil, and Cicero 'De Officiis;' but the lesson was always Latin, and nothing but Latin. For his own pleasure the boy devoured whatsoever other books came in his way. He read Monti's version of the 'Iliad,' Tasso's 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' one or two French histories translated into Italian, a great number of the 'Novellieri,' something of Macchiavelli, something of Guicciardini, and the 'Promessi Sposi' of Manzoni. He himself states that his mother (who seems to have been a woman of unusual intelligence and liberality of mind) taught him to read Alfieri. He had a voracious appetite for books; and, which is not always the case, his digestion was as good as his

appetite. Carducci's republican tendencies manifested themselves very early. There are amusing records of how his juvenile oratory delighted the inhabitants of a village in the Tuscan Maremma, and how he expounded to them some of the satirical poems of Giusti, at that time prohibited in Tuscany and circulated surreptitiously. The young democrat, who was about ten years old, made great friends with a little lame village tailor, of the most flaming republican principles. And in the tailor's shop, the lectures on Giusti, with critical exegesis, were held amidst universal applause. Dr. Carducci was politically Liberal, but he halted far behind his son. He admired Manzoni above all writers, inclined to the Romantic school, objected to classicism as being 'no longer suited to the times,' and seems to have held by some shreds of Catholic belief. He felt no sympathy with the fiery diatribes of the lame tailor; and unceremoniously put an end to Master Giosuè's political propaganda by shutting him up in his room, and giving him only three books to read: Manzoni's 'Catholic Morality,' Silvio Pellico's 'Duties of Man,' and the 'Life of San Giuseppe Calasanzio,' by a certain Father Tosetti.

Carducci was for some time at the University of Pisa, and there devoted himself chiefly to classical studies. Afterwards in Florence he acquired a profound knowledge of the *trecentisti* and *quattrocentisti*, and an enthusiastic admiration for Dante. He continued to study indefatigably, and from time to time published various critical essays, besides sundry poems, and an edition of Politian's works in the vulgar tongue. In September 1860, being then a month or two past twenty-four years of age, Carducci was appointed by Tercuzio Mamiani, at that time Minister of Public Instruction, to a professorial chair at the University of Bologna. The appointment was peculiarly honourable to both, for Mamiani was an uncompromising political opponent of the young professor. But he made his selection purely in the interests of literature, and with a superiority to party rancour unfortunately too rare among his countrymen.

No more significant illustration could be found of the statements made at the beginning of this article respecting the tendency of literary thought in Italy towards classic paganism than the history of Carducci's mental growth and progress. We will give his own words on this subject taken from the preface to the third edition of his poems. After speaking of his studies in Florence, when, as he says, he 'coasted the Dead Sea of the 'Middle Ages,' he thus proceeds:—

'At the same time I studied the converse of all this—the revolu-

tionary movement in history and literature. Gradually there manifested itself in my mind, not an innovation, but an explanation, which surprised and comforted me. How content was I with myself (forgive the word!) when I perceived that my obstinate classicism had been a just aversion to the literary and philosophic reaction of 1815; when I was able to justify it by the doctrines and the example of so many illustrious artists and thinkers; when I found that my sins of paganism had been already committed—but in how far more splendid a guise!—by many of the noblest minds and souls in Europe; and that this paganism, this worship of form, was in fact nothing else than the love of glorious nature, from which the *solitary Semitic abstraction* had so long and so ferociously divorced the spirit of man!

These words give the key to much of that active hostility towards Christianity which marks modern Italian thought. The elevation of asceticism into a virtue, and the segregation of the religious world from the joys, toils, and sorrows of their fellow-men, are peculiarly repugnant to the gregarious and practical Italian temperament. And when, moreover, we consider that certain theories which with us remain in the region of theological or philosophical speculation are in Italy recognised as the watchwords of a political party, the hatred aroused by them becomes more comprehensible.

Carducci's genius is as distinctively lyric as Cossa's is dramatic. He asserts his own personality, and his mind is naturally protestant, and intolerant of traditional authority. Republican and democratic in politics, as an artist he has the most sovereign disdain for the opinion of the majority. And he vehemently stigmatises that tone of mind which leads a writer to follow the caprices of fashion, or the vagaries of public opinion, in his search after popularity. 'Let the poet,' he writes, 'express himself, and his own moral and artistic convictions, as clearly, sincerely and resolutely as he can. 'The rest does not concern him.' He is here, of course, alluding to lyric poetry, which, as being individual, will, he thinks, resist longer than any other form of poetry the 'invasion of historic realism which now pervades all departments of human thought.' But it will survive only on condition that it continue to be Art. 'If it be reduced to be a mere secretion of the sensibility or sensuality of this person or that; if it give way to all the laxity and license which sensibility and sensuality permit themselves—then farewell lyric poetry.' And he quotes Théophile Gautier:—

'Point de contraintes fausses !
Mais que pour marcher droit
Tu chausses,
Muse, un cothurne étroit.'

It may be observed in passing that Carducci writes admirable prose. He is the author of a variety of critical essays and studies, which, besides giving evidence of extensive and solid erudition, have the charm of an elegant, clear, and vigorous style.

The collection entitled 'Poesic' is divided into three portions, which the author calls respectively 'Juvenilia,' 'Levia Gravia,' and 'Decennalia.' The first extends from 1850 to 1858; the second from 1857 to 1870; the third from 1860 to 1870. It will be seen that the three periods overlap each other. But the author has made the division with regard not only to chronology, but to the growth and development of his artistic convictions. He says: 'In the "Juvenilia" I am the humble shield-bearer of classicism; in the "Levia Gravia," I keep my first vigil of arms; in the "Decennalia"—after a few somewhat uncertain lance-strokes—I enter on the career of knight-errant at my own sole risk and peril.' It is interesting to observe how the future author of the 'Odi Barbare' is foreshadowed even in the earliest of the 'Juvenilia.' One piece, addressed to the 'Blessed Diana Giuntini,' venerated in Santa Maria a Monte, is absolutely a sapphic ode in the Horatian manner. And in connexion with this poem the following story is narrated by its author: He was passing the year 1857 between Santa Maria a Monte and San Miniato, in Tuscany, and, being already recognised as a poet, was importuned by the inhabitants to write something for the *festa* of the Blessed Diana, celebrated at Santa Maria a Monte. This Blessed Diana Giuntini is a holy patroness of her native place—'as who should say,' remarks Carducci with his calm paganism, 'a *dea indiges*'—was born in 1187, and died in the odour of sanctity in 1231. The young poet accepted the invitation and produced the ode, which appears to have delighted all the pious folks of Santa Maria a Monte. It also—which is far more remarkable—imposed on the acuteness of a writer in the 'Unità Cattolica,' who, years afterwards, republished it to prove how Carducci had fallen away from his early faith: adding a characteristic insinuation that the poet was pious when piety was profitable and the Grand Duke reigned over Tuscany, and became impious only when the Revolution was triumphant. The fact is that Carducci, who was at the time deep in the study of Horace and the *trecentisti* (*Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia siccis*), composed the piece to prove that it was possible to write religious poetry in classic forms. But in truth it is not merely the form which is classical here; it is also the thought. As a specimen of versification it strikes us

as being remarkable for ease and strength. Take the following strophe, which is imitated from Horace's 'Ludit herboso' 'pecus omne campo:—

' Disciolto il bove mormora un muggito,
Esulta il gregge nell' erboso piano,
E su l' aratro ancor dal solco attrito
Canta il villano.'

Strongly contrasted with this is the 'Ode to Phœbus Apollo,' also in the 'Juvenilia.' It is a lover's address to the sun to hasten his declining course, and bring the evening, when he is to meet his mistress. And so far the matter is trite enough. But very far from trite is the turn the poem takes towards the end. After a fervid apostrophe to the god, full of enthusiastic Hellenism, a sense of the actual—of that 'historic' 'realism' elsewhere alluded to—of the triumphant advance of scientific thought—comes over the poet's mood like a chill wind, and is expressed in these admirable verses:—

' Il vero inesorabile
Di fredda ombra covrio
Te, larva d' altri secoli,
Nume de' Greci, e mio.
Or dove il cocchio, e l' aurea
Giovanil chioma, o' rai?
Tu, bruta mole, sfolgori
Di muto fuoco, e stai.

Vale, o 'Titano Apolline,
Re del volubil anno!
Or solitario avanzami
Amore, ultimo inganno.

' Andiam; della mia Delia
Negli atti e nel sorriso
Le Grazie a me si mostrino
Quai le mirò Cefiso;
E però il grave secolo
Che vita mi spegnea
Che agghiaccia il canto ellenico
Nell' anima febea!'

In the 'Levia Gravia' are comprised several sonnets of very great beauty and merit. There are three to Homer, of which the last is the best. After saying that the author returns with the return of each spring to delight in the songs of the divine old man whose temples are crowned with a halo of eternal youth, and invoking him to tell once more of the fair Calypso, of the Daughter of the Sun, of Nausicaa, it thus concludes:—

‘Dimmi. . . Ah non dir! Di giudici cumei *
 Fatta è la terra un tribunale immondo,
 E vili i regi, e brutti son gli dei.
 E se tu ritornassi al nostro mondo,
 Novo Glauco per te non troverei :
 Niun ti darebbe un soldo, o vagabondo !’

Very fine are the last lines of the sonnet to Dante :—

‘Son chiesa e impero una ruina mesta
 Cui sorvola il tuo canto e a ’l ciel risona :
 Muor Giove, e l’ inno del poeta resta.’

Full of delicate freshness is the sonnet to Petrarch, where the writer says he would fain erect an altar to the sweet singer of Laura, ‘Nella verde caligine de’ boschi;’ but some of the finest lines of all occur in the sonnet ‘To the Sonnet’ (written, as the writer states, before he had seen Wordsworth’s on the same subject), wherein he enumerates some of the great poets who have delighted in that form, which he felicitously styles ‘Breve ed amplissimo carme.’ Alighieri, Petrarch, Camoens, and ‘that new Æschylus born on Avon’s shore,’ loved it :—

‘Te pur vestia degli epici splendori
 Prigion Torquato; e in aspre note e lente
 Ti scolpia quella man che sì potente
 Pugnò co’ marmi a trarne vita fuori.’

These lines not only marvellously describe Michelangelo’s sonnets, they epitomise Michelangelo’s genius.

But of the whole collection of poems, the one which is there placed in the division entitled ‘Decennalia,’ and which bears the startling inscription, ‘A Satana,’ is undoubtedly that which first filled Italy with its author’s name—or rather with the pseudonym Enotrio Romano, then assumed by him. It first saw the light in 1865, and was then reviewed at length in a number of the ‘Ateneo Italiano.’ But on December 8, 1869, the day of the opening of the (Ecumenical Council, a Bolognese editor had the courage to reprint it in his newspaper, the ‘Popolo,’ and then it raised a storm of controversy and discussion. There is something inexpressibly comic, from one point of view, in selecting that particular epoch to

* The allusion is to a story told in a Life of Homer attributed to Herodotus, that the poet offered to the inhabitants of Cumæ to celebrate their city in his songs, on condition of being maintained at the expense of the commune; to whom a grave magistrate gravely answered that the Senate would have enough to do should it undertake to feed every blind singer who wandered about the world. Having landed at Chios, the poet was succoured by Glaucus, a goatherd.

reproduce an Ode to Satan. And none who are not acquainted with the Italy of to-day can fully comprehend how such a flout at religion and decorum was made and accepted as being a not altogether outrageous and intolerable method of warfare. Of course the humorous side of the matter was not savoured by the champions of the Church. Nor, indeed, we incline to think, was it greatly tasted by their opponents. Both sides set to work with much vehemence to abuse or to eulogise the poem; and one natural result of this was, that everybody read it. For our part we agree, on the whole, with the author, who himself declares that, despite the benevolent judgments of some of his critics, it is 'no great thing.' But neither is it a poor thing. Poverty is not a characteristic of Carducci under any circumstances. A good deal of ink, and some ingenuity, have been expended on the well-meant endeavour to explain, and excuse, this address to Satan. The truth is that the greater part of the quarrels arising out of it are founded—as how many other literary quarrels have been!—on a logomachy. When Carducci thus apostrophises Satan:—

‘A te, dell’ essere
Principio immenso,
Materia e spirito,
Ragione e senso;’

he is naturally not thinking of Martin Luther's devil with horns and hoofs, nor even of Goethe's 'Geist der stets 'verneint.' What he has in his mind is resumed in the concluding stanzas:—

‘Salute, o Satana,
O ribellione,
O forza vindice
Della ragione!’

‘Sacri a te salgano
Gl’ incensi e i voti!
Hai vinto il *Geova*
De’ sacerdoti.’

Here is the word of the enigma, 'Il *Geova de’ Sacerdoti*:' the Jehovah of the priests! And for 'the Jehovah of the 'priests' as understood by an Italian, neither deism nor Christianity is responsible. Still it must be distinctly admitted that Carducci is neither a Christian nor, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, a deist. His creed is a sort of philosophic pantheism, *plus* an artistic worship of Hellenism, which, fortunately for ourselves and our readers, we are not here called upon to discuss. Of the other poems in the 'Decen-

'nalia,' several are 'on political subjects, such as 'Dopo 'Aspromonte,' 'Per la Rivoluzione di Grecia,' 'Sicilia e la 'Rivoluzione,' 'To Odoardo Corazzini, killed by the French 'in the Campaign of Rome, 1867' (in which occurs the tremendous stanza addressed to the Pope :—

'China sul pio mister che si consuma,
China il tuo viso tristo :
Di sangue, mira, il tuo calice fuma ;
E non è quel di Cristo'),

'Le Nozze del Mare,' 'Allora e Ora,' and others. Three or four drinking-songs are scattered through the collection, which, in their form and spirit, are unique in modern Italian literature. They have the spontaneous grace, the *naïve* gaiety, the plastic perfection of a Greek bas-relief around some altar to Bacchus. And the piece entitled 'Carnival,' supposed to be uttered by 'A Voice from the Palaces,' 'A Voice from the Hovels,' 'A Voice from the Garrets,' and 'A Voice from Underground,' is a powerful piece of rhetoric on the well-worn theme of the joys of the rich and the sorrows of the poor. The two last lines seem to us worth quoting, for the sake of the terrible figure which the poet sketches in with a word, and gives as a companion to the 'pallida Mors' of Horace. 'Rejoice,' he says to the great and wealthy, 'triumph and enjoy, ye powerful, 'ye happy !'

'E non sognate il dì ch' a l' auree porte
Batta la fame, in compagnia di morte.'

A composition of Carducci's, comparatively little known, is a poem consisting of thirty stanzas, which was written in 1877 and published separately in 1878, entitled 'Il Canto dell' 'Amore.' It is, however, no erotic production, but a lyric manifestation of genial, human kindness and good-will towards men, which, *pace* Giosué Carducci, we are accustomed to call Christian charity. It was suggested by the sight of the space in Perugia once occupied by the Papal fortress known as Rocca Paolina, and now planted as a garden for the townspeople. The citizens of Perugia razed the fortress to the ground in the September of 1860. There, where the huge mass darkened the earth with its shadow, 'Or ride amore, ride 'primavera, Ciancian le donne ed i fanciulli al sol ;' and, looking across the Umbrian plain, girdled with aerial outlines of lilac mountains, illumined by the warm rays of an Italian sun, green with a promise of harvest, and dappled with human habitations, the poet feels his soul expand, his heart melt. From every village, and spire, and turret ; from hamlets nest-

ling in the dark gorges of the Appenine; from the Tyrrhene acropolis on its fertile hill; from city piazzas glorious with storied art; from vineyard, and lake, and stream, and wood, one canticle arises in a thousand songs, one hymn is sounded in a thousand prayers. And here we shall venture to depart from the original text and offer our readers a translation of the following stanzas:—

‘Hail, human creatures, weary and oppressed!
 Nothing is lost, nothing can perish wholly.
 Too long we’ve hated. Love alone is blessed.
 Love; for the world is fair, the future holy.

‘Who shines upon the summits with a face
 Bright as Aurora’s, in the morning ray?
 Once more along these mountains’ rosy trace
 Do meek Madonnas’ footsteps deign to stray?

‘Madonnas such as Perugino saw
 In the pure sunset of an April sky
 Stretch wide above the Babe, in gentle awe,
 Adoring arms, with sweet divinity?

‘No; ’tis another goddess! From her brow
 Justice and mercy shed effulgent splendour.
 Blessings on him who lives to serve her now!
 Blessings on him who perished to defend her!

‘What need I care for priest, or tyrant prince?
 Sure their old gods are not more old than they.
 I cursed the Pope, ’tis now some ten years since;
 I almost would make friends with him to-day.

‘Poor aged man, perhaps his heart assailing
 A lonely lack of love torments him sore!
 Perhaps he dreams, with fondness unavailing,
 Of his sea-mirrored city by the shore.

‘Let me, from out the Vatican’s closed portal,
 That ancient self-made captive lead; and cry
 “I drink a toast to Liberty immortal.
 Fill up a bumper, Citizen Mastai!”’

There is a certain genial pathos in these last stanzas which is delightful; and the whole poem abounds in exquisite descriptive touches, unsurpassed even among Carducci’s many, and singularly vivid, descriptions of nature.

The ‘*Odi Barbare*’ are an attempt to introduce into modern lyrical poetry several of the ancient metres—‘to adapt to the divine foot of the Italian Muse the Alcaic, Sapphic, and Ascle-

‘piadean cothurnus,’ as the author says, following Théophile Gautier’s metaphor. Carducci calls them ‘barbarous,’ ‘because such they would seem to the ears and the judgment of a Greek or a Roman, although composed in the metrical forms of their lyric poetry; and such, alas! they will sound to only too many Italians, although composed with the harmonies and accents of their own language.’ He justifies his attempt by an appeal to the examples of Catullus and Horace, who introduced Æolian metres into the Roman literature; to Dante, who enriched Tuscan poetry with Provençal *carc rime*; to Chiabrera and Rinuccini, who contributed to it several French strophes; and he begs that that which in those great poets and those skilled versifiers was warmly praised, to him may be at least forgiven; and finally, with a haughty humility, he asks pardon for not having despaired of the grand Italian language, and for having believed himself capable of doing in his mother tongue that which so many German poets, from Klopstock downwards, have done in theirs. The Germans, it must be said, have been among the first and most appreciative critics of the ‘Odi Barbare.’ Some of these have had no less distinguished a translator than Mommsen, who has somewhere pronounced the judgment that the Italian poet and the Italian language have succeeded in the arduous effort to reproduce the ancient metres attempted, except in the Sapphic measure. In this exception, however, we cannot coincide. Other German critics have written at length about Giosué Carducci, of whom none have displayed more sympathetic appreciation, more soundness of culture, and above all, more intimate knowledge of the spirit of Italian literature, than Carl Hildebrand. The ‘Odi Barbare’ also have given occasion to more than one important article from the pens of Italian critics. One of these, by Giuseppe Chiarini, entitled ‘I Critici e la Metrica delle Odi Barbare,’ has been considered one of the most brilliant and erudite treatises of contemporary literature.

But it is not necessary to possess an intimate knowledge of that very intricate subject, ancient lyrical metres, in order to read the ‘Odi Barbare,’ any more than a profound study of anatomy is requisite to appreciate a figure by Raphael. Of the thirteen odes, we prefer those entitled respectively, ‘Nella Piazza di San Petronio in una Sera d’Inverno,’ ‘Mors,’ ‘Alla Stazione in una Mattina d’Autunno,’ and ‘Alle Fonti del Clitumno.’ Perhaps the poem called ‘Alla Stazione’ displays in a more remarkable degree than any of the others the potency of Carducci’s imagination and his absolute

mastery of his materials. To write a description of a railway station in the dim dawn of a wet autumn morning, with all the incidents belonging to the departure of a train; to write it in a classic metre, and with classic sobriety of epithet; and so to write it as to produce an impression of the most vivid and uncompromising reality in the mind of the reader, is, it must be admitted, an achievement of no trifling difficulty; yet we believe that few readers will be disposed, after perusing this poem, to deny that Carducci has done this. The impression of reality is obtained, not by heaping one upon another a tedious catalogue of objects or epithets, but by the unerring instinct (let the word pass!) of selection, which belongs to great artists—and to great artists only. For example, this strophe, descriptive of the last moment when the lover, who has come to bid his mistress farewell, standing on the chill dreary platform of the station, all unutterably chill and dreary at that hour and season, hears and sees the final preparation for the departure of the train, is a marvel of concentrated descriptive power:

‘E gli sportelli, sbattuti al chiudere,
Paiono oltraggi: scherno par l'ultimo
Appello che rapido suona;
Grossa scroscia su' vetri la pioggia.’

And again, what modern poet has surpassed the following transfiguration of a railway engine? To parallel it we must go to Turner's picture of the ‘Fighting Téméraire:’—

‘Già il mostro conscio di sua metallica
Anima, sbuffa, crolla, ansa; i fiammei
Occhi sbarra; immane pel buio
Gitta il fischio che sfida lo spazio.’

The same marvellous gift of seizing on what is essential and distinctive in his picture, and rendering it with that force which gives to words the glow of colour and the relief of sculpture, is displayed in the Ode to the Clitumnus. Who that has ever beheld an Umbrian landscape will not have it conjured up once more in his mind's eye on reading the following verses?

‘Pensoso il padre, di caprine pelli
Ravvolto l' anche come i fauni antichi,
Regge il dipinto plaustro, o la forza
De' bei giovenchi,

‘De' bei giovenchi dal quadrato petto,
Erti sul capo le lunate corna,
Dolci ne gli occhi, nivei, che il mite
Virgilio amava.

‘Oscure intanto fumano le nubi
 Su l’apennino: grande, austera, verde
 Da le montagne digradanti in cerchio
 L’Umbria guarda.’

As if to show how many and how varied chords there are to his lyre, the author adds to this collection of ‘Odi Barbare’ a brief poem of extreme delicacy, which he calls ‘Farewell,’ and which he addresses ‘To Rhyme’—Rhyme, ‘which glitters, and sparkles, and bubbles up from the very heart of the people!’—Rhyme, which sounds the great name of Roland at Roncesvalles, which rides with the Cid, and soars with Dante to the stars!

‘Cura e onor de’ padri miei,
 Tu mi sei
 Come lor sacra e diletta.
 Ave, o rima! e dammi un fiore
 Per l’amore,
 E per l’odio una saetta!’

Hitherto neither the flower nor the dart has been denied to him.

ART. III.—1. *The Life of Richard Cobden.* By JOHN MORLEY. In 2 vols. London: 1881.

2. *The Life and Speeches of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P.* By GEORGE BARNETT SMITH. In 2 vols. London: 1881.

3. *Free Trade with France.* Letters to the ‘Times,’ with an Introduction by Earl GREY, K.G. London: 1881.

HISTORY, as it is related by the best modern historians, concerns itself with facts rather than with men; and busies itself in tracing the causes of events, instead of analysing the characters of the actors. Yet, in modern as in ancient history, attention will always be arrested by the simultaneous appearance of two great men on the political stage, whose lives are passed in constant rivalry. Such instances are familiar enough in the history of republics. In the present century, and in our own country, they have been furnished on three separate occasions. The rivalry of Fox and Pitt was succeeded by the rivalry of Canning and Castlereagh; after a long interval the rivalry of Canning and Castlereagh was succeeded by the rivalry of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield.

A lifelong struggle between rival statesmen is thus a common circumstance. A lifelong friendship among statesmen is

a much rarer spectacle. With the solitary exception of Lord Russell, every minister who has filled the first place in the Cabinet for the last forty-seven years, on one occasion or another, broke from his old friends, and was forced into fresh alliances. An uninterrupted friendship among statesmen seems, therefore, almost as rare as an unbroken alliance among nations; and the rarest spectacle which parliamentary government affords is that of two prominent politicians in constant harmony.

Such a spectacle was afforded twenty years ago by the two men whose biographies are now before us. Mr. Morley tells us that, 'as Homer says of Nestor and Ulysses, so of these two it may be said that they never spoke diversely either in the assembly or in the council, but were always of one mind, and together advised the English with understanding and with counsel how all might be for the best.' He might have added that the friendship of Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden was more enduring than that of the Homeric heroes. When Troy fell, Nestor parted from Ulysses. No such result ensued when the citadel of Protection was taken. Only on two occasions of minor importance were the leaders of the Anti-Corn Law League found in opposite lobbies; and, though they occasionally differed on the means by which their political views could be best enforced, they continued to live, in Mr. Cobden's language, 'in the most transparent intimacy of mind that two human beings ever enjoyed together.'

It may be thought that there is something peculiarly appropriate in the simultaneous appearance of the lives of two men who enjoyed so close a friendship. But there is a broad distinction between the circumstances under which the two books before us have been written. More than sixteen years have passed since Mr. Cobden died. Mr. Bright, we may hope, has still years of useful work before him. It is doubtful whether the life of a man who is still alive can be either fairly or fully written. The most conscientious biographer must be hampered by the reflection that his pages will be read by his hero. Praise under such circumstances degenerates into flattery, and censure is too often degraded into abuse. Mr. Morley, even, writing of a period which has become historical, finds it frequently necessary to suppress a name. His conduct in doing so ought to warn less accomplished authors of the difficulties of dealing with recent history.

In making these observations, however, we are not ignorant that recent practice is opposed to us. In literature, as in every other article, the supply is created by the demand; and any

bookseller's catalogue may show how great is the demand which writers like Mr. Barnett Smith are anxious to satisfy. Historians of our own times bring down their narratives to the day before yesterday. Prominent personages have their biographies told at unprecedented length, while the statesmen with whom they were in communication are still alive; and Mr. Smiles ransacks the Highlands for living victims. In the presence of such facts as these we may be sure that the public appetite demands this kind of literature. We ought in justice to blame the public which makes the demand, and not the writers who supply it. We may even be thankful that the task should fall to one so industrious and careful as Mr. Barnett Smith. Having written so much, however, we must excuse ourselves from following his example. We have too much respect for Mr. Bright to speak of him, as we should wish to speak of him, in his presence; and we shall use Mr. Barnett Smith's book, therefore, to illustrate the career of Mr. Cobden instead of availing ourselves of it to describe the character of Mr. Bright.

Mr. Morley's work must be placed in another category. Its author set out with many advantages. Mr. Cobden's correspondence was freely placed at his disposal. Mr. Cobden's closest friends, Mr. Bright and Sir Louis Mallet, rendered a hearty help. Mr. Morley himself is above the need of a compliment; it is sufficient to say that he is perhaps the most capable exponent alive of the principles which Mr. Cobden spent his life in enforcing. Under these circumstances, we opened his book with high expectations; we closed it with the conviction that these expectations had been fulfilled. There are, of course, passages in it from which we differ; there are one or two errors which we may indicate afterwards. But the work is an admirable account of Mr. Cobden's career and opinions. Mr. Morley has been fortunate in his subject, and Mr. Cobden has been fortunate in his biographer.

Richard Cobden was born on June 3, 1804, at Dunford, within the boundaries of the little borough of Midhurst. There is reason to believe that his ancestors had lived in the neighbourhood for generations. One Adam de Coppedone (or Coppdene, as Mr. Morley spells it) was returned to Parliament for the neighbouring borough of Chichester in A.D. 1313 (not 1314, as Mr. Morley writes), and traces of the Coppedone or Cobden family are found again in the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. These traces apparently imply that its members had been once men of substance. In recent times—as Lord Beaconsfield made Job Thornberry say of them in '*Endymion*'—'They had done about as well as

‘their stock; they had existed, nothing more.’ On the death of Mr. Cobden’s grandfather, in 1809, the little estate of Dunford was sold, and Mr. Cobden’s father removed to a small farm in the neighbourhood. For a short period the high prices which war produced enabled him to support his family. The fall of prices which ensued on a prospect of peace involved him in ruin. Mr. Cobden removed to Westmeon, near Alton. His relations had the generosity to provide for his large family of eleven or twelve children.

Young Cobden, the future statesman, was then a boy of ten. He was sent by an uncle to a Yorkshire school. He ‘remained for five years, a grim and desolate time,’ in this establishment, where he was ‘ill-fed, ill-taught, ill-used.’ During the whole of this period he never saw parent or friend, while, once a quarter, he was required to thank his parents for placing him in so advantageous an institution. Happily for the boy, his poverty brought ‘this cruel and disgusting ‘mockery of an education’ to an early end. In 1819, when he was fifteen years old, he was admitted into his uncle’s warehouse in London. Even here things did not run smoothly. His uncle and aunt ‘inflicted rather than bestowed their ‘bounties;’ and they objected to the studies which the boy pursued in his leisure hours. Fortunately their censure did not divert him from his books. He found means of access, as we learn from a short biography of him by Mr. Henry Richard, to the well-filled shelves of the London Institution, while his assiduity in the counting-house gradually reconciled his employers to the literary pursuits which occupied his leisure.

Thus employed, the boy grew into the man. When he was twenty-one years of age his mother died. Mr. Cobden had been a good son. He had spent every holiday at Westmeon; he had devoted his little earnings to relieve the shabby poverty of the Westmeon home. But he could hardly be expected to feel acutely his mother’s death. He had been separated from her ever since he was ten years of age, and the chief link between them was only held by memory. The livelier occupation, too, which he obtained at the time would perhaps have distracted his thoughts from a graver sorrow. He became a traveller for his uncle’s firm, and in the next few months visited Scotland and Ireland. Travel increases the knowledge and enlightens the mind. Mr. Cobden, imbued with ‘an insatiable desire to know ‘the affairs of the world,’ found amidst his ordinary avocations opportunities of increasing his information. What is more to our present purpose, he proved himself acute in his observations and graphic in his descriptions. His account of the Irish

people might have been incorporated with advantage in a political pamphlet; his description of the captain of the steamer in which he crossed from Donaghadee to Port Patrick is as humorous as a page of Dickens.

The freer life which Mr. Cobden thus enjoyed was soon interrupted. His uncle's house fell in the storm which swept over the financial world in 1825-6, and Mr. Cobden for more than half a year lived a life of enforced idleness. In September 1826 one of his former employers resumed business, and at once re-engaged his old traveller. Two years afterwards, in partnership with two friends, he commenced business on his own account, selling goods on commission. The new venture was singularly successful. In three years' time Mr. Cobden was enjoying an income of 800*l.* a year. He was on the eve, however, of a more important success. In 1831 Lord Althorp repealed the heavy excise duty which a former generation had imposed, to encourage the woollen trade, on printed calicoes. Mr. Cobden and his partners foresaw the stimulus which would be given to the trade by the repeal of the duty, and decided, instead of selling other people's goods, to print their own calicoes in future.* They acquired for the purpose a factory at Sabden, in that beautiful district of Lancashire where the Calder rolls its tributary waters—black now with a hundred pollutions—into the Ribble. Prosperity attended the fresh venture; and, success stimulating development, the firm opened a branch at Manchester. Two of the partners conducted the London business; one superintended the Sabden works. Mr. Cobden himself resided at Manchester.

In the midst of his business he found time for other work. As a boy in his uncle's office he had mastered French in his leisure hours; in Manchester he studied mathematics and Latin. He was as zealous for the education of his neighbours as for his own. He commenced his career as an agitator by advocating the formation of a school at Sabden; he commenced his career as a politician by contributing some articles to the '*Manchester Times*.' In search of designs for his business he visited Paris in 1833; he extended a similar journey, undertaken in 1834, to Switzerland. With a mind enlarged by travel and study, he addressed himself, in 1835, to the composition of his first important pamphlet, '*England, Ireland, and*

* This is Mr. Morley's account (i. 18), but it is not quite consistent with a letter (ii. 363) in which Mr. Cobden says that he was *one of a deputation of calico printers* which urged on the Government the repeal of the excise duty on prints.

'America.' Mr. Morley traces the publication of this pamphlet to the profound views of government which, he thinks, Mr. Cobden had at that time formed. We, on the contrary, are inclined to regard it as a protest against Lord Palmerston's foreign policy. Lord Palmerston, it must be recollected, commenced, in the summer of 1834, the career of active intervention which distinguished his subsequent administration of the Foreign Office. Long afterwards Mr. Cobden himself wrote that the pamphlet contained many crude details which he would not have printed at a later time, but that it laid down three broad propositions on which he had never changed his opinion. 'They were, first, that the great curse of our policy has been our love of intervention in foreign politics; secondly, that our greatest home difficulty is Ireland; and, thirdly, that the United States is the great economical rival which will rule the destiny of England.' It would be impossible to give a more accurate idea than this sentence affords of Mr. Cobden's general conceptions of policy.

Mr. Cobden's pamphlet passed through several editions, and the author, stimulated by his success, longed to visit the Transatlantic Republic which he foresaw was to become the rival of his own country. He persuaded his partners to consent to his absence, and he left England for the purpose on May 1, returning in the middle of August 1835. Mr. Morley might have pointed out, as a striking example of the benefits which steam has conferred upon mankind, that, though Mr. Cobden was absent for more than a hundred days, only thirty-seven of them were passed in America. Nearly two days out of every three were occupied with the voyages. Mr. Cobden found time in his rapid tour to visit all the Eastern States, to penetrate to the Mississippi Valley, and to see Niagara. The fertility and extent of the great Mississippi Valley made the same profound impression upon him as on M. de Tocqueville, and Mr. Cobden's account of it reads like an extract from one of the earlier chapters of the '*Démocratie en Amérique*.' But 'the great glory of the American continent' was Niagara, and Mr. Cobden afterwards alluded to the Falls in a really fine sentence: 'Nature has the sublimity of rest, and the sublimity of motion. The sublimity of rest is in the great snow mountains; the sublimity of motion is in Niagara.'

After his return to England, in August 1835, Mr. Cobden remained at home for fourteen months. He found time, amidst his ordinary duties, to follow up his first political pamphlet with a second on Russia. The new pamphlet, like the former one, was suggested by the state of affairs at the time of its

publication. Mr. Urquhart was stimulating public feeling against Russia; Lord Palmerston was supporting him in Constantinople; Tories and Radicals in Parliament were indignant at the advance of Russia in Asia, and on the shores of Circassia; and at the meetings of the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian sovereigns, and the occupation of Cracow; and England seemed on the eve of embarking on a crusade to support Poland and Turkey against Russia. It was amidst this clamour that Mr. Cobden undertook to prove that England had only a remote interest in Eastern Europe, and that she could not possibly be served by maintaining a power which had not constructed 'one furlong of canal or navigable stream' in three hundred years.' The true danger to English supremacy, he repeated, did not lie in the advance of Russia, but in the progress of America. The true method by which England could maintain her position was by refraining from costly interventions, and developing her own trade. In his first pamphlet he had proposed the repeal of the Corn Laws, and advocated the imposition of a moderate fixed duty—probably 2s. a quarter—on corn. In his second pamphlet he held up Pitt's commercial treaty with France as an example to diplomacy. In the one he thus sounded the first note of the struggle which he was almost immediately to commence; in the other he defended by anticipation the chief labour of his closing years.

In the autumn of 1836 Mr. Cobden's health gave way, and his medical advisers recommended him to pass the winter in a warmer climate. In accordance with their recommendations, he visited Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt—where he had an interview with Mehemet Ali—Scio, Constantinople, Smyrna, and Athens. Mr. Morley publishes a few extracts from Mr. Cobden's letters and his diary during this tour; but these extracts give us a keen desire for more. Whatever opinion may be formed of Mr. Cobden's political views, there can be only one judgment on the purity of his style and the vigour and humour of his descriptions. We advise all our readers to read for themselves his account of his voyage up the Nile and of his interview with Mehemet Ali.

We have dwelt at considerable length on these passages in Mr. Cobden's earlier life, because they in some measure explain his later career. The education which most public men receive at school or at college Mr. Cobden acquired in the counting-house, in travel, or in his own study. Soon after his return from the East, William IV. died; Parliament was dissolved; and Mr. Cobden was proposed as member for Stockport. He

was beaten at the poll, and obtained in consequence a little leisure for attending to his own business. Everything was going well with him. The capital of the firm had grown to 80,000*l.*; the net profits had in one year exceeded 20,000*l.*; and Mr. Cobden could fairly look forward to devoting an increasing portion of his time to the political questions in which his interest was constantly increasing. In 1838 he threw himself into the struggle for obtaining a charter of incorporation for Manchester; in 1839 he separated from his old partners, and embarked with his elder brother, Frederick, in a separate business; and in 1840 'he took another momentous step in marrying Miss Catherine Anne Williams, a young Welsh lady, whose acquaintance he had made as a school friend of one of his sisters.' At the general election in the following year he retrieved his former failure, and was returned for Stockport. His career had up to this point been one of almost continuous prosperity. If he had achieved no great political distinction, he had fortune, happiness, and friends. He was on the eve of the greatest political struggle and of the greatest political victory of the century; but it may be doubted whether he ever afterwards knew happiness without an alloy.

No complete picture has yet been painted of the unhappy period which commenced soon after the commencement of the present reign, and terminated with the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. The reader who desires to understand it, and who has not patience to wade through a mass of Blue Book literature, should compare the accounts of it by Mr. Carlyle in 'Chartism,' by Lord Beaconsfield in 'Sybil,' and by Mrs. Gaskell in 'Mary Barton.' It is sufficient here to say that in the middle of this period the condition of the people of England was probably more deplorable than it had ever been before, or than it has ever been since. Relatively to the population, there were more paupers and more criminals than at any other period of our history. The working classes, maddened by distress, were organised as Chartists or as Socialists. In the course of three years the expenditure exceeded the revenue by about 5,000,000*l.*; trade was everywhere stagnant; agriculture was everywhere suffering, and a nation of workmen was idle because no man had hired them. The central fact which engaged the attention of every thoughtful man was the condition of the people. Humane persons, like the present Lord Shaftesbury, desired to amend it by regulating factory labour; free-traders, like Mr. Cobden, desired to amend it by giving the people cheap bread. Mr. Trevelyan's readers will recollect

the vigorous argument with which Macaulay met the objectors to a Ten Hours' Bill:—

‘You try to frighten us by telling us that, in some German factories, the young work seventeen hours in the twenty-four; that they work so hard that among thousands there is not one who grows to such a stature that he can be admitted into the army; and you ask whether, if we pass this Bill, we can possibly hold our own against such competition as this. Sir, I laugh at the thought of such competition. If ever we are forced to yield the foremost place among commercial nations, we shall yield it, not to a race of degenerate dwarfs, but to some people pre-eminently vigorous in body and mind.’

But Mr. Cobden used exactly the same argument for urging Corn Law repeal:—

‘I will tell the House that, by deteriorating the population, they will run the risk of spoiling not merely the animal but the intellectual creature. It is not a potato-fed race that will ever lead the way in arts, arms, or commerce.’

A small group of politicians had already advocated the repeal of the Corn Laws. ‘In 1836 an Anti-Corn Law association had been formed in London:’ but the cause made no progress. ‘The free-traders,’ Lord Sydenham said with a pang, ‘have never been orators since Pitt’s early days. We hammered away with facts and figures and some arguments, but we could not elevate the subject.’ At the end of 1838 seven men met at an hotel in Manchester, and formed a new Anti-Corn Law Association. They were speedily joined by Cobden, who soon infused his own energy into their deliberations. ‘Let us,’ he said at one of their earliest meetings, ‘invest part of our property, in order to save the rest from confiscation.’ Within a month 6,000*l.* was subscribed in response to his appeal, and the Association avowed its determination, ‘by all legal and constitutional means,’ to obtain the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws. Its members were sanguine enough to imagine that their petitions, presented by the hundred at a time, would exert a powerful influence on the House of Commons. They soon discovered their error. One noble lord told them that they could overturn the monarchy as easily as they could upset the Corn Laws. The Prime Minister made the memorable declaration that the statesman who repealed them would be ‘worse than mad.’ Sir James Graham declared that, if the Corn Laws were repealed, England would be the last country which he should wish to inhabit; and Mr. Villiers, who, on two separate occasions, raised great debates on the subject, was beaten by large majorities.

This preliminary struggle convinced Mr. Cobden that strenuous efforts were necessary to ensure success. He had familiarised himself with the organisation of associations; he had described the machinery of agitation in his earliest pamphlet; he had subscribed to O'Connell's 'Rent,' and he now threw all his energies into the task of dispelling what he once called the 'opaque ignorance' of the English people. The Anti-Corn Law Association became the Anti-Corn Law League; the Anti-Corn Law League published the 'Anti-Corn Law Circular;' and lecturers, often the objects of abuse and violence, were sent round the country to educate the people. But organisation, in the first instance, produced no appreciable effect. The majority against Mr. Villiers's motion in 1840 was almost as large as the majority in 1839. In 1841, indeed, the Whig Government made the memorable proposal for a fixed duty on corn. But this, the last resource of a falling Ministry, did not encourage the free-traders. It was universally felt that the new policy was dictated by the necessities of the Cabinet. The general election, which immediately succeeded, placed the Whigs in a helpless minority, and the Conservatives, supported by protectionists, entered office.

At that time corn was admissible under a duty which rose and fell with every variation in the price. When the price of wheat was 73s. a quarter, foreign wheat was admissible on a 1s. duty; but, as the price fell, the duty rose. When the price was at 60s., the duty rose to 27s. 8d.; when the price fell to 50s., the duty rose to 36s. 8d. Sir Robert Peel retained a sliding scale varying with the price of corn; but he threw away half the protection which the agriculturists had previously enjoyed. When the price of wheat was 73s., he retained the 1s. duty; but the duty rose only to 12s. when the price fell to 60s.; it rose to only 20s. when the price fell to 50s. This measure was the first of the great proposals which Sir Robert Peel brought forward in 1842. In the same session he remodelled the import duties. Mr. Morley says, in an obscure sentence, that he reduced the duties on raw materials to 'an almost nominal amount,' and on half-manufactured articles 'to a nominal amount.' What Sir Robert Peel really did was to provide that the duties on raw materials should not as a general rule exceed 5 per cent. of their value; that the duties on partly manufactured articles should not exceed 12 per cent.; and that the duties on manufactured articles should not exceed 20 per cent. To provide for the loss from these alterations and from concurrent changes in the timber and sugar duties, as well as

to terminate the embarrassing deficits of the previous years, he imposed an income tax of 7*d.* in the pound.

These measures constituted the greatest advance towards Free Trade that had been made in England for two hundred years. They ought—so it seems to us—to have received Mr. Cobden's support. He was under no obligations to the Whigs; he proved himself afterwards a warm advocate of direct taxation, and he had every right to be satisfied with a concession which gave up to him more than one half of the cause for which he was struggling. But the measures, on the contrary, encountered his strenuous opposition. He resisted the income tax, he denounced the new Corn Law as 'an insult to a suffering people;' he had persuaded himself that the walls of Protection would fall down before the first blast of his trumpet in Parliament, and he complained that the Ministry had not surrendered the citadel, instead of rejoicing over its abandonment of the approaches.

Thus thinking, he stimulated the League to new agitation. It had already expended 25,000*l.*; it decided on spending 50,000*l.* in the next twelve months. 'The staff of lecturers' was again despatched on its missionary errand. To each 'elector in the kingdom was sent a little library of tracts.' In the autumn of 1842 Mr. Cobden converted Scotland to free-trade principles; in the spring of 1843 London was startled by the first of the many meetings held at Drury Lane Theatre; Tories and country gentlemen were astounded and alarmed at the organisation of the League; the 'Quarterly Review' denounced it as 'the foulest, the most selfish, and altogether perhaps the most dangerous combination of recent times;'* and the Ministry was invited in Parliament to promise that it would suppress assemblages 'collected together' and addressed by demagogues in inflammatory language.

The Minister was not moved by the clamour around him. He had taken his stand on the great measures of 1842, and he calmly awaited the result of his policy. He declined, on the one hand, to suppress the League; he refused, on the other, to adopt the League's programme. One thing, moreover, gave him confidence in his position. Trade, which had stagnated for seven years, showed symptoms of healthier activity in the spring of 1843. As the summer advanced the demand for labour increased, and the Minister had a right to hope that agitation would expire as prosperity returned. In this expectation, however, he overlooked one factor. The speakers of

* The passage is in the 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxi. p. 244.

the League had hitherto fought the battle of the consumer; the consumer, under the combined influences of higher wages and cheaper corn, was becoming a more languid agitator. But the prosperity which the community was enjoying had not reached the agricultural classes; farmers and labourers were still suffering from a prolonged agricultural depression: their discontent made them fit objects for a zealous missionary effort, and the managers of the League accordingly decided to penetrate the stronghold of Toryism, and attempt the conversion of the agricultural classes. In the new campaign Mr. Cobden was still the chief apostle of Free Trade; but he received effectual assistance from the co-operation of Mr. Bright.

Mr. Bright, like Mr. Cobden, was sprung from the people. In one of his earlier speeches he said of himself, 'I am a working man as much as you. My father was as poor as any man in this crowd. He boasts not—nor do I—of birth, nor of great family distinctions. What he has made, he has made by his own industry.' Sprung from the people, Mr. Bright had reflected deeply on the causes of the people's suffering. He had denounced 'the odious Corn Law,' and he was one of the first members of the Anti-Corn Law Association. He has himself told the story of his own summons to be the Apostle of Free Trade; often as it has been told, it will bear the retelling:—

'On the day when Mr. Cobden called on me (in the autumn of 1841) I was in the depth of grief. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and a too brief happiness, was lying stiff and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called on me as my friend, and addressed me, as you might suppose, with words of condolence. After a time he looked up and said, "There are thousands of houses in England where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed."'

Mr. Bright had already stood at Mr. Cobden's right hand during the agitation of 1842. He had been elected for Durham in the summer of 1843. He threw himself into the agricultural campaign which Mr. Cobden initiated. The two friends, with other zealous emissaries, attended meetings in agricultural districts, explained the principles of Free Trade, and beat the landlords, in Mr. Cobden's phrase, 'on their own dunghill.' Country gentlemen, like the late Sir John Tyrrell, who had the hardihood to meet the agitators, fled discomfited from the encounter. It was obvious that it was

no longer possible to ignore the League. The 'Times' declared that 'it was a great fact;' Mr. Carlyle declared in 'Past and Present' that 'if he were the Conservative party, he would not for a hundred thousand pounds an hour allow the Corn Laws to continue;' while Mr. Cobden himself, following up the victory which he had achieved in rural England, asked the House in 1844, and again in 1845, to appoint Committees to enquire into the effect of the Corn Laws on agriculture.

The speech which Mr. Cobden delivered on the last of these two occasions was the most successful he ever made. Sir Robert Peel himself felt its power. 'His face grew more and more solemn as the argument proceeded. At length'—so writes Mr. Morley—'he crumpled up the notes which he had been taking, and was heard by an onlooker, who was close by, to say to Mr. Sidney Herbert, who sat next him on the Bench, "You must answer this, for I cannot."' The story receives some confirmation from the circumstance that Mr. Sidney Herbert did rise to answer the speech. But we do not think that Mr. Morley's version of it is correct. Sir Robert Peel was the last Minister who would have delegated to a subordinate a task for which he felt himself unequal. We believe that what did occur is stated more accurately by the late Mr. W. R. Greg.* The Tories, while Mr. Cobden was speaking, asked, 'Why does not Peel answer this?' and Peel murmured audibly, 'Those may answer him who can.'

In truth, the success of his own measures had converted Sir Robert Peel to a policy of Free Trade. The country had prospered under the freer system which he had himself instituted; good weather had accelerated the improvement, and abundant harvests had reduced the price of wheat from 65s. to 45s. a quarter. In 1842 Sir Robert Peel had thought that the rate of wages would fall with the price of food. In the next three years the price of food fell and the rate of wages rose. A working man of Oldham, whom Mr. Cobden once quoted, explained the matter clearly enough:—'When provisions are high the people have so much to pay for them that they have little or nothing left to buy clothes with; and when they have little to buy clothes with, few clothes are sold; and when there are few clothes sold, there are too many to sell; and when there are too many to sell, they are very cheap; and when they are very cheap, there cannot be much paid for making them.' But, when pro-

* *Essays on Political and Social Science*, ii. 356.

visions are cheap, the working man buys more clothes, 'and ' that increases the demand for them, and the greater demand ' makes them rise in price, and the rising in price enables the ' working man to get higher wages.' In 1845 Sir Robert Peel had adopted the view of the Oldham working man. Staunch Tories saw that they could not trust their leader to fight the battle of Protection; the late Sir E. Knatchbull retired from the Cabinet; and Mr. Disraeli redoubled (not opened, as Mr. Morley writes) 'the raking fire' with which he had assailed the Minister in 1843 and 1844.

Though, however, the experience of three years had altered Sir Robert Peel's opinions, the change would not, under ordinary circumstances, have induced him to modify his policy. If the country had continued to prosper, free trade in corn would not have been carried in 1846. It was the failure of the potato crop, and not the conversion of Sir Robert Peel, which was the immediate cause of Free Trade. The Minister saw that the failure of a crop, which was the sole food of six millions of people, must produce famine; that famine must necessitate the opening of the ports; and he felt that, if the ports were once opened, he had no arguments to justify reclosing them. The old arguments for Protection, which had apparently rung truly enough in 1842, sounded dull, like false metal, in 1845. He summoned the Cabinet, and stated his difficulties in November. A council of war never fights: the Cabinet adjourned for a month. The crisis, which had looked grave enough at the beginning, looked much more grave at the close of the month. Lord John Russell, adopting Mr. Cobden's principles, declared the Corn Laws 'the blight of 'commerce and the bane of agriculture.' Sir Robert Peel formally insisted on the modification of the whole policy of Protection; and, as he failed to secure the support of a united Cabinet, resigned his office.

According to Sir Theodore Martin, Lord Grey desired that Mr. Cobden should fill a place in the Cabinet which Lord John Russell then attempted to form. Mr. Morley merely records that Mr. Cobden was offered the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade. On the day, however, on which the offer was made, the attempt of Lord John Russell to form a Ministry failed; Sir Robert Peel almost immediately returned to office; Parliament was assembled, and the protracted debates commenced which ultimately resulted in the triumph of Free Trade, and in the defeat and fall of the Minister who carried it.

In the long struggle which thus took place, the Protection-

ists used the arguments of the seventeenth and the tactics of the nineteenth century. They resorted to the old fallacies which had passed current in the days of Davenant; they organised obstruction with a success which Mr. Parnell might envy.* The best help which a free-trader could give to the Ministry was, to remain silent and save time; and Mr. Cobden, on the whole, preserved silence throughout the debates of 1846. When, however, the fall of Sir Robert Peel was imminent, Mr. Cobden preserved his silence no longer. He wrote to Sir Robert Peel, urged him to dissolve the Parliament, and, placing himself at the head of a progressive party, appeal to the country, which approved his policy. Sir Robert Peel rejected Mr. Cobden's advice in a letter which will perhaps be read with more interest than any other document which Mr. Morley has published. He took the opportunity five days afterwards of publicly attributing the victory of Free Trade to 'the pure and disinterested motives, the untiring energy of Richard Cobden;' and so, giving the credit to another, the great Minister descended from office, while the great agitator found himself, for the first time for seven years, free to devote his whole energy to his own affairs.

It was high time for Mr. Cobden to examine the state of his own business. Since his partnership with his brother Frederick everything had gone wrong in it. In 1845, he was obliged to obtain the temporary assistance of a small loan to stave off his immediate embarrassments. He made up his mind to leave Parliament and abandon public business, as the only possible method of avoiding ruin. Nothing but the generous assistance which he obtained from Mr. Bright and some other friends diverted him from his intention. But the help which thus enabled him to continue at his post only postponed the crisis which was constantly imminent. The anxiety which perpetually harassed him told on his health; a cold caught in the winter of 1845-6 attacked both throat and ear. The prostration from which he subsequently suffered convinced him how much his constitution had 'been impaired by the excitement and wear and tear of the last few years.' He had the satisfaction in June of witnessing the completion of his own political triumph, but he retired from the contest an enfeebled and a ruined man.

* Mr. Disraeli, in his 'Life of Lord G. Bentinck,' writes that Lord George 'devoted all his energies to the maintenance of the dead-lock,' i.e. the paralysis of Parliamentary business from obstruction. (P. 202.)

Mr. Cobden's friends, however, had no intention to desert their leader in the hour of his victory. A sum of money was at once subscribed in testimony of the exertions of the League. A small portion of it was invested in the purchase of a library and a bookcase, which were presented to Mr. Bright. A much larger sum of 75,000*l.* or 80,000*l.* was given to Mr. Cobden. No fair critic will complain that Mr. Cobden should have allowed a generous public to repair his wasted fortune by a national subscription. Mr. Cobden's own outspoken defence of himself at Aylesbury, in 1850—'I say that no warrior duke, who owns a vast domain by the vote of the Imperial Parliament, holds his property by a more honourable title than that by which I possess mine'—disposes once for all of the matter. But there is no arguing with a sentiment, and the sentiment of the British people is opposed to subscriptions of this character. Mr. Cobden suffered in the public estimation, as Burke and Pitt had suffered before him, from his embarrassments; he suffered, as Grattan had suffered before him, from the munificence of the reward which he received.

The subscription, however, made Mr. Cobden a free man; and, in company with his wife, he left England, and sought in more genial climates to repair his broken health. His progress was one continuous triumph, and the greatest men in Europe courted the agitator who had forced the British Parliament to repeal the Corn Laws. He returned to England, after fourteen months' absence, in October 1847; he took his seat in the beginning of 1848 as member for the West Riding of Yorkshire. For the next three years he busily advocated retrenchment. He was the teller of 'a miserable minority' of 38 (not 328, as Mr. Morley writes), on a motion for the reduction of the Navy Estimates. He published a 'National Budget for Financial Reformers to work up to,' which reduced the Army and Navy estimates from 18,500,000*l.* to 10,000,000*l.* But he failed to make any impression on public opinion. He even differed from Mr. Bright on the course which should be pursued. Mr. Cobden wished to form a new 'League for promoting financial reform. Mr. Bright insisted that no object was worth 'a real and great effort, short of a thorough reform in Parliament.' Mr. Bright believed in large additions to the electors. Mr. Cobden, misled by the success of an experiment in 1845, suggested the wholesale manufacture of 40*s.* freeholders. The spectacle of a great agitator creating faggot votes is not exhilarating, and no surprise need be felt that the new movement excited little enthusiasm. There was no breeze from without to swell the sails; the pilots in charge suggested contrary courses,

and the vessel of Reform drifted no one knew whither on a trackless ocean.

Movements, however, were already in force which were to give Mr. Cobden the impulse which he required. In the summer of 1849, the friends of peace met in congress in Paris, and Mr. Cobden joined them. In the next few months, Lord Palmerston pushed his system of intervention to an extreme by despatching a fleet to Athens for the sake of obtaining compensation for Don Pacifico. Mr. Cobden, who had begun the year by declaring that he could die happy if he 'could feel the satisfaction of having in some degree contributed to the partial disarmament of the world,' was convinced before the close of it that disarmament could only be secured by a radical alteration of foreign policy. The force of circumstances drove him back into the position which he had commenced his career by supporting; and the rest of his life was mainly devoted to a vigorous assault upon the system of foreign policy which is identified with the name of Lord Palmerston.

A rapid succession of events in France, which commenced with the publication of a pamphlet on the French Navy by the Prince de Joinville, and which culminated in the election of Napoleon as Emperor, had convinced many people that war must ultimately ensue between France and England. This country in 1852-3 was flooded with panic literature; to quote Mr. Cobden's own words, 'the militia was preparing for duty; the coasts and dockyards were being fortified; the navy, army, and artillery were all in course of augmentation; and the latest paragraph of news from the Continent was that our neighbours on the other side of the Channel were practising the embarkation and disembarkation of troops by night.'* This panic, Mr. Cobden set himself to stem by voice and pen. The chief speech which he made for the purpose may be read in the second volume of his collected Speeches. But the pamphlet which he published with the same view will repay perusal better than the speech. In this pamphlet, '1793' (not 1792, as Mr. Morley writes), 'and 1853,' Mr. Cobden examined the causes of the great war, and contrasted the circumstances of 1793 with those of his own time. France, he argued, was not responsible for the old war, which was forced on her by the conduct of the English nation and of the English people. France, he contended, no more desired war in 1853 than she had wished for it in 1793; and the panic which

* This extract is from Mr. Cobden's last pamphlet, 'The Three Panics.' Political Writings, vol. ii. p. 269.

agitated England was due to ignorance of what was passing in France. The success of the pamphlet was extraordinary. The 'Times' reprinted it *in extenso*;* the Peace Society circulated 50,000 copies; and it was translated into many languages, and was read by hundreds of thousands of people. By one of those singular revolutions, however, which occasionally happen, the cause which had inspired it was removed soon after its publication. French and English, instead of preparing for conflict with each other, entered a new war as close allies; and the panic which Englishmen had endured was forgotten under the excitement of a new campaign.

We have no intention of attempting in this article to unravel the causes of the Crimean War. Whether Lord Aberdeen was right in telling Mr. Cobden that the press forced the Government into war; whether Mr. Cobden was right in assuming that Lord Aberdeen was forced into the war against his own conviction, and at the dictation of others; whether Mr. Gladstone lent himself to the delusion that people could be indulged with a cheap war—these are questions that we can no more determine here than we can attempt to consider whether the Peace Society, by propagating the opinion that England would not fight, encouraged the Emperor Nicholas to push matters to an extreme. Here we must be content to notice the effect of the war on Mr. Cobden's own position. He and Mr. Bright 'had lived on opinion, they had placed their whole heart in it, they had won their great victory by it. This divinity now proved as false an idol as the rest. . . . Mr. Bright was burnt in effigy. Mr. Cobden, at a meeting of his own constituency . . . saw resolutions carried against him.' The country refused to listen to their arguments against the Crimean War, because, as Mr. Kinglake pointed out, they were known to be against almost all war. Yet the two friends, though they had become the most unpopular men in England, maintained their own principles with a firmness and ability which ought to have commanded the approbation even of their opponents. The greatest oratorical efforts which Mr. Bright ever made were made in the cause of peace. His first serious illness was due to these exertions. Mr. Cobden was almost equally energetic. He was ready with a protest when Lord Palmerston thought proper to describe Mr. Bright as the Honourable and Reverend Gentleman. In the summer of 1855 he made one of his most forcible speeches on the failure

* The pamphlet would occupy from ninety to one hundred pages of this Review.

of the Vienna negotiation; in the winter of 1856 he published a pamphlet 'What Next—and Next?' as a protest against the further prosecution of the war. Pamphlet and speech made no impression; and Mr. Cobden became so convinced of the futility of argument during war that he determined, should war again break out, never to open his 'mouth upon the subject from the time when the first gun was fired until the peace 'was made.'

In the midst of this period—when his popularity had for the first time waned—Mr. Cobden sustained a blow which drove him temporarily from public life. His only son, 'a boy 'of singular energy and promise,' fifteen years old, was seized with fever, and died at a German school before his parents knew that he was ill. 'Mr. Cobden felt as men of his open 'and simple nature are wont to feel, when one of the great 'cruelties of life comes home to their own bosoms.' 'Mrs. 'Cobden sat for many days like a statue of marble . . . her 'hair blanching with the hours.' We have no desire, however, to dwell on the details of Mr. and Mrs. Cobden's sorrow. We are only concerned with it so far as it illustrates Mr. Cobden's character. During the seventeen years of his wedded life he had been a faithful and indulgent husband; but his heart, through the whole time, had been in the work of his life, and not in his home. No doubt there are some women who, like the child wife in 'David Copperfield,' are content to sit holding their husband's pens; or who, when their husband is absent on a war which has cost them a brother's life, can sit down, like Henry Lawrence's wife, and compose the touching poem 'The Soldier's Bride.' Such women as Lady Lawrence, however, need not excite the envy of their sisterhood, and Mrs. Cobden was not of the stuff of which such women are made. 'I sometimes think,' she said to her husband, 'that, 'after all the good work that you have done, and in spite 'of fame and great position, it would have been better for 'us both if, after you and I married, we had gone to settle 'in the backwoods of Canada.' And Cobden could only say, after a moment or two, that he was not sure that what she said was not too true. After his son's death, Mr. Cobden did something to atone for the long absences which must occasionally have made his young wife's life very dreary. 'I 'have not been out of her sight for an hour at a time '(except at the funeral) since we learned our bereavement: 'and I do not believe she would have been alive and in 'her senses now if I had not been able to lessen her grief 'by sharing it.' 'She is as helpless as one of her young

‘ children,’ he wrote a little afterwards. ‘ No other human being but myself can afford her the slightest relief. I sometimes doubt whether for the next six months I shall be able to leave her for twenty-four hours together.’

Throughout the remainder of 1856, Mr. Cobden entirely withdrew from affairs. In the beginning of 1857 he was drawn back into public life by the attraction of a great cause. In the course of the previous year the Chinese authorities at Canton had boarded the ‘ Arrow,’ lying in the Canton River, and taken from her twelve pirates. The British Plenipotentiary at Hongkong had demanded the immediate release of the men, and a full apology. The Chinese Governor released the men, but refused to apologise, as the ‘ Arrow ’ was not a British ship. As a matter of fact the Chinese Governor was right. The license which the British authorities had granted to the ‘ Arrow ’ had expired some ten days before the alleged outrage had been committed. But the British Plenipotentiary did not wait to examine the facts. He insisted on the apology ; bombarded Canton ; and commenced the Chinese War. It was, of course, open to the Ministry to disown the conduct of its Plenipotentiary. With, perhaps, more generosity than prudence, it decided on supporting him. No other course could have been expected from Lord Palmerston, whose politics, Mr. Morley declares, ‘ never got beyond *Civis Romanus*, especially ‘ when he was dealing with a very weak power.’

The British Plenipotentiary at Hongkong was the late Sir John Bowring, a Liberal, the friend of Mr. Cobden, once a member of the Corn Law League and of the Peace Society. Mr. Cobden, however, was not deterred by this circumstance from attacking his policy. He emerged from his retirement to propose the famous Resolution which dealt a deathblow to the Parliament of 1852. By a majority of 16 the House declared that the violent measures resorted to at Canton were not justified : and Lord Palmerston appealed to the country. The *Civis Romanus* policy, however, was popular with the electors. Lord Palmerston secured a large majority. ‘ The ‘ Manchester School was routed.’ Mr. Cobden, who gave up his seat for the West Riding, was defeated at Huddersfield. Mr. Bright and Mr. Milner Gibson were at the bottom of the poll at Manchester. Nothing like the election had been ‘ seen ‘ since the disappearance of the Peace Whigs in 1812, when ‘ Brougham, Romilly, Tierney, Lamb, and Horner all lost their ‘ seats.’

For more than two years after the election of 1857 Mr. Cobden remained out of Parliament. In a public sense these

two years were the least eventful of his career. He made no speech in them which Mr. Bright and Mr. Thorold Rogers have thought it worth while to preserve; he wrote no pamphlets. His private embarrassments partly accounted for his public silence. The testimonial, which had been presented to him in 1846, had not permanently relieved him from difficulty. With part of the money he had extricated himself from his liabilities; with another part he had purchased the little estate at Dunford, on which he had been born, and on which he thenceforward resided. The residue he had invested in the shares of the Illinois Central Railway. Mr. Cobden imagined that the resources of the great valley through which the line ran would make it a valuable property; he failed to see that time was necessary to develop even such resources as those of the Mississippi Valley. He had expected dividends, and, instead of dividends, calls were made on his shares. Mr. Cobden, reluctant to sell at a loss, was forced to borrow money to pay the calls. Instead of getting rid of a liability, he had, of course, only changed his creditor: and the old embarrassments soon returned in a new form. Mr. Thomasson of Bolton, hearing that Mr. Cobden was 'embarrassed by one of these 'outstanding loans, released the shares and sent them to him 'with a request that he would do him the favour to accept 'their freedom at his hands, "in acknowledgment of his vast 'services to his country and mankind.'" On a later occasion Mr. Thomasson repeated his noble conduct; and, as Mr. Cobden's embarrassments continued to increase, a group of his most intimate friends met together, and subscribed 40,000*l.* to relieve him from them.

It is painful to dwell on the embarrassments of a distinguished man. It is much more painful to do so when there is nothing connected with them which it is easy to excuse. We pity a man who speculates with his own money, and loses it; but we apply a harsher term than pity to him who speculates with the money of other people. It is perhaps hardly fair to say that Mr. Cobden speculated with other people's money; but he speculated with money liberally subscribed for him by his friends with the express object of permanently relieving him from pressing embarrassments. We cannot help thinking that a sensitive man would have regarded money so received as a trust, and would have invested it in securities which were beyond suspicion.

In connexion with this unfortunate railway, Mr. Cobden, in the spring of 1859, made his second journey to America. Many things happened during his three months' absence from

England. The Parliament of 1857 was dissolved; the second Derby Ministry broken up; and he himself was elected for Rochdale. He arrived in the Mersey on June 29, and found a letter from Lord Palmerston offering him office in the Cabinet, and a letter from Lord John Russell telling him that it was a duty to accept it. Such an offer certainly proved that the ideas of government which the ruling classes had formed had been widely altered in the fourteen years which had passed since Lord John Russell had thought proper to offer Mr. Cobden the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade. It was evident that the middle classes, who had been made a power in the State by the Reform Act of 1832, and who had been taught by Mr. Cobden in the Corn Law agitation to use the power which they had acquired, could be no longer excluded from the Cabinet, if they chose to insist on admission to it. In 1859, indeed, Mr. Cobden refused Lord Palmerston's offer; and we think that he was unquestionably right in doing so. On all the great questions of public and domestic policy, Lord Palmerston and he held opinions which were not merely opposite but irreconcilable. No advantage could have ensued from their meeting in the same council chamber.

Though, however, Mr. Cobden declined to accept Lord Palmerston's offer, he was destined to perform an important service for the Administration. In the summer of 1859 a casual expression of Mr. Bright's, suggesting a commercial treaty with France, attracted the attention of a distinguished French economist, M. Chevalier. It so happened that M. Chevalier shortly afterwards paid a visit to Mr. Cobden, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy.* M. Chevalier urged Mr. Cobden to follow up the hint which Mr. Bright had given, and to seize the opportunity of converting no less a personage than the Emperor himself to the policy of Free Trade. Mr. Cobden, in his turn, paying a visit to Hawarden, talked the matter over with Mr. Gladstone. Neither he nor Mr. Gladstone overlooked the obvious economical objections to any commercial treaty. But neither Mr. Gladstone nor he 'could resist the force of M. Chevalier's emphatic assurance' that the French Tariff could only be altered 'through a diplomatic act.' Free Trade could only be secured by bargaining; and Mr. Cobden and Mr. Gladstone were accordingly willing to bargain for the purpose.

We have no space to detail the arguments by which Mr.

* Mr. Cobden published his translation of M. Chevalier's 'Essay on Gold' in 1859.

Cobden converted the French Government, or rather the French Emperor, to Free Trade.* M. Magne, the Finance Minister, frightened the Emperor by declaring that every piece of foreign manufacture admitted into France would displace a piece of domestic fabrication. Mr. Cobden reassured him by telling him that 'nearly a fourth of his subjects did not wear stockings, and that, if a few thousand dozen of hose were admitted into France, they might be consumed by these bare-legged people without interfering with the demand for the native manufacture.' By such arguments Mr. Cobden made his way; and, before the end of January 1860, was enabled to attach his signature to a commercial treaty. But the treaty only settled principles: the details of the tariff were a matter of subsequent negotiation. Mr. Cobden undertook the duties of the chief place on the Commission appointed to settle these details. The work proved difficult and tedious. Many persons in France, and some persons in England, disliked the negotiation. On its conclusion, 'The Foreign Office hesitated to accept the figures without reference in detail to the Treasury, the Customs, and the Board of Trade. . . . The President of the Board of Trade was away in his yacht, and no one knew where to find him.' Mr. Cobden had reason to be annoyed with these vexatious delays, which wasted two months of the autumn of 1860.

The conclusion of the negotiation was immediately succeeded by another arrangement. Under the influence of Mr. Cobden, the French Government agree to abolish passports, though we believe that the attention of the Emperor was first directed to this matter by Mr. John Walter; and the English were for the first time permitted to enter France without the permission of the French authorities. Mr. Cobden had a right to expect that the freer intercourse to which these reforms would lead would have the effect of promoting peaceful relations between France and England. But the hopes which he formed were apparently doomed to disappointment. While he was converting Napoleon to Free Trade, the Emperor's plenipotentiaries were closing the Italian war by the peace of Zurich; when the treaty itself was ripe for confirmation by Parliament, the annexation of Savoy irritated and alarmed the English people; instead of producing peace and

* There is but one man in the Government, M. Rouher had said—the Emperor; and but one will—that of the Emperor (ii. 254). Mr. Cobden's negotiation was even concealed from M. Walewski, the Foreign Minister (ib. 252).

disarmament, the French treaty was accompanied by the fortification of our ports, and the formation of our Volunteer Force. Lord Palmerston thought that Napoleon had 'a deep and 'inextinguishable desire to humble and punish England;' the English people shared the alarms which the Prime Minister hardly affected to conceal; and Mr. Cobden was mortified at perceiving that the labours, which he had trusted would produce peace and disarmament, were followed by increased distrust and additional military expenditure. It never seems to have occurred to him that the Commercial Treaty might have been a blind to mask the designs of the Ruler of France.

Mr. Cobden was convinced that no real grounds existed for the panic with which England was agitated. He protested against it in 1862 in the longest and last of his pamphlets: 'The Three Panics: an Historical Episode.' It was the purpose of this publication to show that the alarm of French invasion, which had originated in 1847, which had been renewed in 1853, and which had recurred in 1860, was groundless; that the naval strength of France was habitually exaggerated by English newspapers and English statesmen; and that France had neither the intention nor the means of entering into a great naval struggle with this country. It was time—so Mr. Cobden concluded—that this rivalry of arms should be succeeded by some proposal for mutual disarmament. 'It must be remembered that such is the immense superiority of our navy 'at the present time—so greatly does it surpass that relative 'strength which it was formerly accustomed to have in comparison with the navy of France—that it devolves on us, as 'a point of honour, to make the first proposal for an attempt 'to put a limit to this most irrational and costly rivalry of 'armaments.' In this, as in many other things, Mr. Cobden was entirely mistaken: the French navy was at that time equal to our own in the number of efficient ships of war. Yet Mr. Cobden actually told the Emperor in 1859 that England would soon have *sixty ships of the line* in commission!

Mr. Cobden lived for nearly three years after the publication of this pamphlet. But he did nothing during these years which requires any protracted notice in these pages. He was growing old, and the infirmities of old age were weakening his powers. 'My work,' so he wrote in 1861, 'is nearly done. I 'am nearly fifty-seven, and not of a long-lived family. Since 'I passed my meridian a few years ago, I have found my powers 'sensibly waning, and particularly those organs of the voice 'which I exercised so unduly whilst in their prime.' His

throat had, in fact, never recovered the strain to which he had exposed it during the Corn Law agitation. At the end of 1864 he made one of his longest speeches to one of the largest audiences which he ever addressed. He confessed, in his concluding words, that he rose daunted by the fear that he would not be heard; he sat down physically exhausted by the effort which he had made. He came home 'out of order 'from top to toe.' A cold winter retarded his recovery. He was attacked by his old foe (nervous asthma); he was prostrated by bronchitis; and at the end of January, though he had shaken off his active disease, he was weak, and pining for the sunshine that would not come. So little was his real condition known, however, that on the 10th of February Mr. Gladstone wrote to him offering him an important situation in the Civil Service—the chairmanship of the Board of Audit. On the 13th of February Mr. Cobden declined the offer on the double ground that his health disqualified him for the post, and that its duties, connected as they were with an expenditure which he disapproved, would be distasteful to him. A little more than a month afterwards he left home for London, to take part in a debate on the fortifications of Canada. The day was cold, and on his arrival at his lodgings in Suffolk Street he was seized with a fresh attack of asthma. 'He lay through the bleak days watching the smoke blown from the chimneys of the houses opposite, and vainly hoping that the wind would change its quarter from the merciless east.' But the wind did not change; the asthma grew worse; bronchitis supervened; and on the morning of Sunday, April 2, Mr. Cobden passed away.

Having thus sketched Mr. Cobden's career, we must attempt in the little space that is left to us to pass judgment on his character and policy. And, in doing so, no fair critic will overlook the many amiable qualities which he displayed as son, brother, husband, father, and friend. Mr. Bright spoke of him in the House of Commons as 'the manliest and gentlest spirit that ever tenanted a human form;' and there are many passages in Mr. Morley's book which illustrate Mr. Bright's warm panegyric. It is, however, with Mr. Cobden's public character—not his private virtues—that we are at present concerned. And, in dealing with his public career, two qualities especially arrest our attention. The first is the amazing industry with which he acquired information; the second, the extraordinary clearness with which he made a difficult subject plain. The extent of his information was always remarkable. It perhaps attracted most notice in his agricultural speeches.

Confident country gentlemen imagined that they could easily expose the ignorance of the Manchester Cotton Spinner—as they inaccurately called him—who had the presumption to come and talk about farming to their tenants. They soon found that Mr. Cobden knew much more about agriculture than they did themselves. In every instance they were fairly beaten by him on their own ground.

It is one thing to possess information ; it is another to use it. Mr. Cobden had a greater capacity of using his facts than any man of his time. It is a commonplace to say that his speeches were perspicuous ; but they were perspicuous because they teemed with the right facts in the right places. Mr. Morley tells us, on the authority of ‘ many scores of Conservatives and ‘ Liberals,’ that persuasiveness was the secret of Mr. Cobden’s oratorical success. It is with some hesitation that we dissent from the conclusion of many scores of authorities, but we think that persuasion is a wrong epithet to apply to Mr. Cobden’s power. Persuasion (says Johnson) seems rather applicable to the passions, and argument to the reason. It was the striking characteristic of Mr. Cobden that he almost uniformly appealed to the reason and not to the passions. He did not persuade men ; he convinced them.

It was Mr. Cobden’s lot to do the chief work of his life by speech and not by pen ; and his speeches will perhaps be read when his writings are forgotten. Yet it may be doubted whether nature intended him for a speaker. He was deficient in the imagination which is essential in the orator. Almost the last words which he uttered in public were, ‘ I ‘ never perorate ;’ and he not only abstained from peroration, he never indulged in the higher flights of eloquence. It would be untrue of him to say, as Macaulay said of Sir James Mackintosh, that he spoke essays : but it is true that his speeches are deficient in some of the qualities which we have been taught to expect in oratory. No such defect can be found in his best writings. They have all the vigour, the clearness, and the fulness of his speeches, and a purity of style which is their own. And so, though his chief work was done by his tongue, we are inclined to conclude that his pen was his more powerful instrument.

Extent of information, clearness of intellect, and facility of expression are gifts which are enjoyed by comparatively few persons. Mr. Cobden did not unite to them the still rarer capacity of forecasting the political future. Like most men who pursue a great object with entire singleness of purpose, he saw that object and that only ; he exaggerated its importance ; and he

was incapable of taking that broad view of the policy, the ambitions, the passions, and the deceptions of the various races and governments of the world which make up the tangled skein of politics. He was a great popular leader, but he would probably have been a dangerous and incompetent Minister. He was almost always misled by his sanguine temperament. He declared in 1832 'that if he were stripped naked and turned 'into Lancashire with only his experience for a capital, he 'would still make a large fortune.' It is a melancholy commentary on this confident estimate of his own powers that his failure in business and subsequent investments cost him three fortunes. He was incapable of believing that any 'swan' of his conception could turn into a 'goose.' The same fatal self-confidence which induced him to buy building land at Manchester, on which for years no one wished to build, or to purchase Illinois Railway shares, followed him into public life. He was never tired of predicting how the repeal of Protection in this country would be followed by the adoption of Free Trade in all countries. His sanguine anticipations were a source of strength to him at the time. His audiences believed him. But they have seriously, though unjustly, hampered the cause of Free Trade since. Protectionists have been able to show that Mr. Cobden's predictions have not been fulfilled, and they invite us to reject him as a false prophet. They fail to see that his incapacity to forecast the future does not affect the validity of his reasoning.

It was a graver defect in Mr. Cobden's character that he was almost uniformly unjust to the men with whom he happened to disagree. Special causes, for which the Minister was himself responsible, partly accounted for the antipathy which he felt towards Sir Robert Peel up to 1846. Even at the close of 1845 he exulted in the fall of the Minister, and declared that he should forfeit his self-respect if he ever exchanged a word with that man in private. The provocation which Sir Robert Peel had given to Mr. Cobden in 1843, grave as it was, hardly justified such continuous rancour. The same thing may be said of Mr. Cobden's continuous opposition to Lord Palmerston. We agree with Mr. Cobden in thinking that Lord Palmerston carried the principles of intervention to a mischievous extreme; but when we find Mr. Cobden writing of the Minister as 'a venerable political sinner' and a 'venerable political impostor,' we instinctively recollect the many great services which Lord Palmerston performed, and recoil against the expressions. In his earlier years Mr. Cobden had never mixed in any society but that in which he was born,

and he retained through life a morbid dread of the upper classes. He mentions that when he put on a white cravat to dine with a Minister, it cost him a pang; and when his acquaintance with the aristocracy somewhat increased, he fears lest his democratic principles should be impaired by the pleasing manners of his new friends, for, he says, 'they are so easy.' Such illiberality was quite unworthy of so eminent a man, who was everywhere received with the respect and cordiality due to his own merits and simplicity of character.

The same disposition to misjudge men is evident in Mr. Cobden's estimates of foreign statesmen. Prince Metternich is 'more subtle than profound;' Count Nesselrode, like Prince Metternich, is 'an adept at finesse,' not 'a man of genius;' M. Guizot, 'an intellectual pedant and a moral prude;' Louis Philippe, 'a clever actor;' M. Thiers, 'a lively little man without dignity and with nothing to impress you with a sense of power.' In 1846, 'the young Napoleon is evidently a weak fellow, but mild and amiable.' We wonder whether Mr. Cobden, when he was negotiating with Napoleon III. in 1859, recalled the judgment which he had hastily formed thirteen years before.

The work of Mr. Cobden's life, however, was not affected by these drawbacks in his character, and he will be chiefly recollected hereafter for what he did and not for what he thought. The work which he either attempted or accomplished is divisible into two portions: First, he sought to alter, and partly succeeded in modifying, the foreign policy of England; and, secondly, he popularised and extended Free Trade. He aimed, in foreign policy, to keep his country from intervention, and to supersede war by arbitration. But Mr. Morley justly says that 'it is impossible to state the principle of non-intervention in rational and statesmanlike terms, if it is, under all circumstances and without any qualification or limit, to preclude an armed protest against intervention by other foreign powers.' Even Mr. Cobden himself, it may be suspected, doubted the universal applicability of the creed which he was continually preaching. He actually complained that Lord Palmerston had not protested against Russian intervention in Hungary in 1850. When he read Mr. Motley's 'Dutch Republic,' he said he felt 'almost ashamed of old Queen Bess,' and the 'unvarnished selfishness' of her policy. 'So far am I from wishing we should be unarmed,' he wrote in 1860, 'I would, if necessary, spend one hundred millions sterling to maintain an irresistible superiority over France at sea.' Only one legitimate inference can be drawn from such

language as this. Armament and intervention are at once reduced by it from questions of principle to questions of expediency and degree. If Mr. Cobden would have helped the Dutch in the sixteenth century, and have raised a protest in the cause of Hungary in the nineteenth century, he was quite right in desiring to maintain British superiority at sea, but quite wrong in regarding intervention as a wicked and detestable policy. No doubt, he could show that in particular instances, in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy, and in Greece, Lord Palmerston had intervened without any sufficient justification. But this does not show that intervention is wrong; it only proves that Lord Palmerston was meddlesome; and, with this limitation, we find ourselves agreeing with Mr. Cobden and not with Lord Palmerston.

A proposal, which Mr. Cobden made originally in 1849, for the reference of international disputes to arbitration, will suggest to most people very similar reflections. Arbitration, as a matter of fact, was no new expedient. It had been adopted, before Mr. Cobden reached his teens, to settle a disputed frontier with the United States. It was again adopted, after Mr. Cobden's death, to settle another dispute with America. Arbitration failed in the first of these instances, because the arbitrator exceeded his literal instructions, and, in consequence, the Americans refused to accept his award. It succeeded in the 'Alabama' question, because the English Government was resolved loyally to carry out the arrangement to which it had agreed, though at a great sacrifice, not only of money, but of sound principles of international law. Most people will, however, conclude, from a careful review of the two transactions, and of the other rare cases in which a similar course has been taken, that arbitration, however applicable it may be to certain disputes, can never prove an effectual remedy in all international controversies. In the vast majority of cases there would be exceeding difficulty in selecting an impartial arbitrator: in almost every case there would be no means whatever of enforcing the arbitrator's award. While human nature remains unchanged, we fear that any court which has no power to enforce its decisions is unlikely to prove an efficient tribunal. Thus arbitration, though it may be useful enough in some disputes, will never prove universally applicable. It is an expedient for occasional adoption, not a specific for universal use.

It is, however, with Free Trade, and not with foreign policy, that Mr. Cobden's name will be permanently identified. In this cause he rendered two very signal services to his country. We, indeed, are not prepared to regard the French

Treaty of 1860 as an achievement properly comparable with the repeal of the Corn Laws. Lord Grey, it seems to us, is perfectly right in contending that free traders ought to busy themselves with amending their own tariffs, without concerning themselves with the affairs of other nations. Such was undoubtedly the view of Mr. Cobden himself up to 1846; and the suggestion of commercial treaties was, at that time, left to men like Mr. Disraeli, the uncompromising advocate of Protection. It was the failure of Mr. Cobden's predictions which, in reality, led to the Treaty of 1860; and, as Free Trade in France could not be secured by a 'logical, orderly, methodical process,' Louis Napoleon had a right—we are expressing Mr. Cobden's opinion—to cheat the majorities of his Senate into an honest policy. We are not now concerned with discussing whether Mr. Cobden was wrong in this conclusion. Most statesmen are agreed in thinking him right. But we decline to place the French Treaty in the same category as the repeal of the Corn Laws, or even to believe that its signature was attended with all the advantages which most people imagine. It might be shown that Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and M. Guizot were all of opinion that it is wiser to reduce import duties by internal legislation than by foreign treaties, which are always regarded with more or less suspicion.

In fact, the great principle on which Free Trade proceeds is opposed to arrangements of this character. The free trader makes it his object to remove every import duty which has been directly imposed, or which indirectly serves as a protection to any industry. He affords the consumer the opportunity of purchasing the commodities which he requires in the cheapest market. He alleges that the consumer can only pay for these commodities either by exporting other produce, or by doing work, such as carrying goods at sea for foreign customers, or out of the interest due to him on capital which he has lent to the foreigner. The increase of a nation's imports must, therefore, be attended by an increase of its exports, an increase of its carrying trade, or an increased employment of its capital abroad, or by some or all of these conditions: and it is a much wiser thing for the nation to leave each capitalist to determine whether he will invest his money abroad, or in ships, or in factories at home, than to persuade him to invest it in factories by negotiating treaties for securing a market for their produce.

If, however, it is desirable that the consumer should have the opportunity of purchasing every commodity in the cheapest

market, it is essential that he should be able to obtain his food as cheaply as possible. The vice of the old system was that, in good years, the farmers produced more corn than they could sell, while in bad years they produced too little for the people. In consequence, the food of the poor fell and rose in price almost with every rise and fall of the barometer; in the four years ending 1842, wheat stood at an average price of 3*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* a quarter; in the four years ending 1846, it fell to an average price of 2*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* a quarter. With one solitary exception, when the outbreak of the Crimean War in reality gave an indirect protection to agriculture, wheat has in no one year reached the average price at which it stood from 1838 to 1842; the people of this country have never since experienced the suffering which they passed through in those four years.

It is the ordinary custom of free traders to point to the vast increase both of our export and import trade as the strongest proof of the wisdom of the policy which Mr. Cobden advocated, and which Sir Robert Peel adopted. We refrain from adopting this course in this article for two reasons. In the first place, all that it can be necessary to say on such a subject was said in the last number of this Journal; and, in the next place, the politician who denies that the expansion of trade is, in the main, due to Free Trade, must be wilfully blind to the teachings of statistics. We prefer, therefore, to dwell on the improvement which free trade in corn has effected in the condition of the people; and we do so, first, because this part of the subject has attracted less notice; and, second, because Mr. Cobden, free trader as he was, chiefly aimed at free trade in food. Perhaps many persons have not reflected on the exact effect of a tax on bread on the people. Assuming that every member of a working man's family eats one quarter of wheat a year, and that each working man's family consists of five members, every addition of a shilling to the price of wheat imposes a taxation of five shillings a year on the working man; a rise of five shillings in the price of wheat is equivalent to a tax of twenty-five shillings; or, if the working man's wages be one pound a week, to a tax of about two and a half per cent. on his wages, or an income tax of sixpence in the pound. To the agricultural labourer, whose wages do not amount to a pound a week, the rise in price constitutes a still heavier tax. We commend these figures to the Conservative statesmen who are dallying with Fair Trade, and to our Conservative contemporary, who desires to reconstruct the Conservative party by giving representation to the colonies, and by imposing a duty on corn. Hopeless indeed must be the state of British

agriculture, if it cannot be renovated without practically imposing an income tax of more than sixpence in the pound on the unfortunate agricultural labourer.

We do not, of course, pretend that the terrible distress of 1838 to 1842 was occasioned by dear corn. But it was undoubtedly aggravated by the high price of food. We have lately been experiencing a long depression of trade, which has been accompanied with bad weather and agricultural depression. The condition of the last few years has been in many respects similar to that of 1838 to 1842. The one striking dissimilarity between the two epochs is the existence of a Corn Law in the former period and the absence of a Corn Law now. It is worth while noticing the different effects on the people. In 1842, out of a population of about 16,000,000, there were 1,429,000 paupers in England and Wales. In 1881 the people had grown to 26,000,000, but there were only 803,000 paupers. In 1842 one person in every eleven, in 1881 only one person out of every thirty-two, was a pauper. We are far from contending that this vast improvement in the condition of the people is solely due to cheap food. But, just as we think that Free Trade has been the chief cause of our expanded commerce, so we believe that cheap food has been the main cause of the greater prosperity of the people.

This great boon—cheap food—a grateful people will always associate with Mr. Cobden's name. He was not the first worker in the field. He was not the only orator who converted a people. Mr. Villiers, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bright, Mr. Fox, and a host of others took their part in the fray, and it would be ungrateful to forget the services which they rendered. But it was Mr. Cobden who made the chief impression on the nation, because he succeeded in placing his arguments before the people in a manner which they could understand. As Sir Robert Peel said, 'The name which ought to be associated 'with' free trade in corn 'is the name of one who, acting from 'pure and disinterested motives, has, with untiring energy, 'made appeals to our reason, and has enforced those appeals 'with an eloquence the more to be admired because it was 'unaffected and unadorned: the name which ought to be 'chiefly associated with the success of those measures is the 'name of RICHARD COBDEN.'

- ART. IV.—1. *Electric Transmission of Power: its Present Position and Advantages.* By PAGET HIGGS, LL.D., D.Sc. London: 1879.
2. *Electric Railways, and Transmission of Power by Electricity.* By ALEXANDER SIEMENS. Journal of the Society of Arts, vol. xxix. London: 1881.
3. *The Future Development of Electrical Appliances.* By Prof. JOHN PERRY, B.E. Assoc., M.I.C.E. Journal of the Society of Arts, vol. xxix. London: 1881.
4. *Some of the Developments of Mechanical Engineering during the last Half-Century.* By Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL, V.P. Inst. C.E., F.R.S. Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. London: 1881.
5. *Utilisation des Forces naturelles par l'Electricité.* Par Dr. A. D'ARSONVAL, Préparateur au Collège de France. 'Revue Scientifique de la France et de l'Etranger,' vol. xxviii. Paris: 1881.

GREAT progress has recently been made in that branch of the mechanician's art which aims at the production of a mechanical effect by means of the electric current. It must not, however, be conceived that the capacity of electricity to be applied in this manner is by any means a newly discovered faculty of this versatile agent. The word 'electricity,' as is well known, has come to us from the 'elektron,' or amber, which was found to exert a motor influence upon light bodies by Thales and his contemporaries. Dr. Gilbert, the physician of Queen Elizabeth, was still speculating about these mysterious movements some twenty-one centuries after Thales had completed his work. Robert Boyle, one of the first council of the Royal Society, supposed that an invisible glutinous substance came out of resins and glass when they were rubbed, seized hold of any light bodies which chanced to be within its reach, and then carried them with it back into the natural lurking-place or lair from which it had issued. In all these early experiments, as well as in the similar more recent ones in which pith-balls were made to dance under a tumbler, paper figures to leap up and down between flat plates of brass, and bent wires to whirl round and round upon a balancing point, the bodies acted upon were very light, and no important attempt was at any time made to turn the movement to practical account. The self-same power was, never-

theless, operative in those pigmy effects, which is now beginning to strike with the arm of the giant.

It is generally held that the first practical step made towards the application of electrical force to useful mechanical purposes was the memorable experiment of Faraday in 1830, by which he showed how a magnet could be caused to produce an electrical current in a contiguous strand of copper wire. In regard to this interesting experiment, however, the same statement may be made. The movement which was produced was of the slightest character—a very light needle of steel, delicately suspended by means of a thread, was set swinging. The experiment was substantially of this nature: A copper wire, six or seven hundred feet long, was coiled round a hollow bobbin of wood, and then fixed upright upon a board so that a bar-magnet could be dropped from above into the hollow of the coil, or be raised out of it at will, and the two free ends of the wire were arranged a little distance off upon the table into a smaller horizontal coil, which had a balanced compass-needle, suspended by a silk filament immediately above it. The suspended needle, as a matter of course, assumed to itself the ordinary functions of a compass, and directed itself so that one pole pointed towards the north part of the horizon, and then remained quietly at rest under the steadying action of the earth's magnetism; that is, so long as the large bar-magnet was not brought into play. When, however, one end of the bar-magnet was dropped into the coil, the suspended magnet, hung up above the small horizontal coil, was jerked round upon its centre of support; and when the bar-magnet was drawn out of the large vertical coil it was jerked round again in the opposite direction. In order to acquire a clear idea of the great fundamental principle that is involved in the production of mechanical movement by the agency of electricity, no better illustration could be selected than this primary, and now world-famous, experiment of Faraday's. It is, therefore, desirable to examine it more closely.

If any enquirer will be at the trouble to repeat this beautiful and all-important experiment, or will go and look on where he can see it performed, he will be struck by the circumstance that not only does the small suspended magnet remain at rest in the direction of north and south when there is no large bar-magnet in the vertical coil, but it is also immovably at rest when the bar-magnet is left standing quietly within the coil. It is not the vertical magnet *per se*, therefore, that produces the disturbance or oscillation in the small suspended needle.

- ART. IV.—1. *Electric Transmission of Power: its Present Position and Advantages.* By PAGET HIGGS, LL.D., D.Sc. London: 1879.
2. *Electric Railways, and Transmission of Power by Electricity.* By ALEXANDER SIEMENS. Journal of the Society of Arts, vol. xxix. London: 1881.
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It is *the movement* of the vertical bar-magnet which produces the movement of the suspended needle. The suspended needle swings only when the bar-magnet is dropped into the coil, or when it is lifted out. This, then, brings into conspicuous prominence a great scientific fact which will be found, indeed, to be really at the bottom of the so-called production of movement by electrical means. The electrical current, in whatever way it is evolved, does not *cause* the movement which is observed as the final effect of the operation; it is not the primary source of that movement; it is only the means of its transmission from the place where it originates to the place where it takes effect; and the essential peculiarity which distinguishes the case from the more simple processes of the mechanical transmission of an impulse is that it is a *conversion* as well as a *transmission* of force. The mechanical impulse is first transmuted into an electrical current, and the electrical current is then ultimately, and with more or less completeness, as will presently have to be observed, turned back into mechanical effort when the produced movement is set up. The muscular effort of the operator's arm by which the bar-magnet is lifted or dropped is absolutely and essentially transformed into the propagation of an electrical effort, or, in other words, into an electrical current along the wire, and is then changed back into a mechanical swing where the suspended needle hangs. It is the movement of the arm which, as a matter of fact, ultimately pushes round the traversing needle; the intervening wire merely serves as the channel through which the effective push is conveyed. If the experiment were so arranged as that the suspended needle were too ponderous and massive to be moved by the strength of a human arm, it would certainly be found that the disturbance, or change of position, could not be set up by any current that the human arm could start. In reference to Faraday's experiment it will, therefore, be understood that it was really a part of the movement of his arm used in lifting or dropping the bar-magnet which was reproduced in the swinging of the small horizontal needle. His arm drove round the small needle, although it used the instrumentality of an intervening electrical current in doing so, just as it might have used the instrumentality of a coherent string for the purpose. It will presently appear how important it is to a thorough comprehension of the matter under review that this bearing of the case shall be mentally grasped. It is obviously the one which has influenced Dr. Paget Higgs in selecting the title which he has adopted for his book, namely, the 'Electrical Transmission of Power.' In this Dr. Higgs

recognises the fact that in the application of electricity to purposes of mechanical work the current transmits an impulse which it has itself received. It does not in strict accuracy produce the movement, it only passes on the primary impulse.

Since it is the movement of the bar-magnet which, in Faraday's experiment, produces the electric current in the associated coil of copper wire, it is manifest that if any continuous or quickly repeated current is to be established, the bar-magnet must be as continuously or as frequently thrust to and fro. It must be incessantly jerked up and down, out from and into the coil; or, what will come to the same thing, one of its ends or poles must be jerked backwards and forwards across the top of the coil. The actual thrust of the bar into the hollow centre of the coil only increases the intensity of each single movement. Indeed, within two years of the time of Faraday's discovery of the induction of an electric current by the movement of a magnet, an instrument-maker of Paris, M. Pixii, had adopted this very plan for the construction of a magneto-electrical machine of considerable power. He used a horseshoe-magnet mounted vertically upon its loop or curve in such a way that it could be caused to revolve, in an upright position, round and round; and he placed two copper coils, each embracing a bar of soft iron standing vertically above the horseshoe-magnet, with the lower end of each fixed just above where the poles of the horseshoe would pass. The horseshoe-magnet was driven rapidly round by a pair of bevelled toothed wheels worked by a handle, and, as it turned, each pole in succession swept past the bottom end of the wire coil, which was practically very much the same as waving it to and fro in the manner just now suggested. With each passage of the magnet immediately under the coil, a current in it was produced; and as with the passage in rapid succession of the opposite poles of the horseshoe, north and south, reversed currents were produced in the coil, a contrivance termed a commutator was devised, which enabled the traversing currents to be alternately shunted, so that each followed each in the same direction through that portion of the wire which lay beyond the commutating apparatus. A very serviceable current was procured from this most ingenious instrument, which was employed for various experimental purposes. The Pixii machine was thus virtually the prime ancestor of the large generation of machines for the so-called conversion of electrical currents into mechanical power which have since been brought into existence.

The most important steps in the subsequent improvement of the apparatus were, first, that a pair of electro-magnets with

their engirdling coils were made to revolve in close apposition to a suitably-fixed permanent magnet; and then that a considerable number of electro-magnets, fixed upon the circumference of two circular bronze plates, were driven, the one following the other, in rapid succession between the poles of two large permanent magnets. Saxton and Clarke introduced the first of these modifications, and M. Alfred Niaudet the second. In Niaudet's machine twelve coils, the wires in which were all continuous, travelled between the poles of horseshoe-magnets. The Alliance machine constructed by M. Nollet at Brussels, and memorable as being the first magneto-electric machine that was used to produce illumination in a lighthouse, was an extension of the Niaudet plan. In it six bronze discs, each carrying sixteen coils or bobbins upon its circumference, were driven round by steam-power in front of the poles of fifty-six horseshoe-magnets set radially outside of the discs.

This machine of M. Nollet suggests that, as soon as powerful steam-engines are used to give movement to the generating coils, it becomes obvious at a glance that the whole affair is one of the transmission, and not of the production, of power. The real source of the power is then manifestly the combustion of coal in the furnace of the steam-engine; and in every case the mechanical work done by the electric current issuing from the coils must of necessity be less than that which the steam-engine could have more directly accomplished without the intervention of the current. There is, unavoidably, absorption and loss of power in the setting up of the current. The transmission of power is accomplished at the cost of a certain amount of dissipation and waste of the primary energy. The case is then quite analogous to the one furnished in another field of operation when a lump of cold iron is hammered upon the anvil by the steam-hammer until it is raised to a white heat. A part of the force which came out of the heat of the furnace goes back into heat in the hammered metal, but it is only a fractional part of the original energy. Another part manifests itself as scintillating light, and another part is dissipated and lost altogether to observation. Exactly in the same way, when a part of the heat extracted out of burning coal is converted into a brilliant light between the points of carbon in the most ordinary process of electrical illumination, another very considerable part is dissipated in transmuting heat-vibrations into electrical commotion and in getting that electrical commotion transmitted along the conducting wire.

In the year 1854 Messrs. Siemens and Halske, of Berlin, introduced an important revolution in the construction of mag-

neto-electric machines, which carried with it material advantages in the particulars both of compactness and power. They found that even augmented currents could be produced when the coils of copper wire were turned lengthwise over and under the revolving axis, instead of being bound spirally across isolated bobbins or cores, and so arranged as to be transported bodily past the stationary magnets. This was managed by the simple device of grooving a channel throughout the entire length of the iron axis, into which the wire could be led from end to end, and round and round; the coil, with its iron core, was then a kind of long spindle, which could be twirled upon its ends as a pencil may be rolled lengthwise between the fingers. This modification of construction involves, however, the consideration of what is termed the 'magnetic field'—a conception which really means that electric currents are set up in coils of copper wire, not only when these are carried bodily past magnets, but also whenever they are moved, even in the slightest degree, within the range of the magnet's influence. The magnetic power extends some little distance away from the poles of a magnet, becoming rapidly less and less with the augmentation of distance. The sphere to which this emitted influence extends is the space which is spoken of as the 'magnetic field.' When coils of copper wire are merely moved in the close neighbourhood of a magnet, an electric current is produced with each movement of the magnet, running in one direction when the movement is towards the centre of magnetic force, and in the opposite direction when the movement is the other way. When the elongated coil of the Siemens instrument is made to twirl upon its ends between the poles of a horseshoe-magnet, this augmentation and diminution of magnetic effect are brought into play as each half of the coil goes round, first approaching towards, and then receding from, either pole. The whirling of the elongated wire coil between the poles of the magnet keeps up a constant vibratory disturbance in the wire, which issues in currents setting alternately in opposite directions in the coil; but which can be switched by the usual operation of the commutator, so that they reinforce instead of neutralising each other, and so become a continuous stream of electrical influence.

The Hanoverian fraternity of engineers which bears the well-known name of Siemens has, however, been fortunate enough to add to this happy piece of instrumental contrivance a yet more important device, which has now to be spoken of in some little detail, because it has already become what may perhaps be not unfairly termed the chief hope in the applica-

tion of electricity to motor purposes. Several brothers of this distinguished and gifted family are known as inventors or as skilful engineers, and are connected with one or other of three great telegraph engineering works situated respectively at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and London. The most famous in this fraternity are Werner Siemens, of Berlin, and William Siemens, of London, whose face is so constantly seen at the evening meetings of the scientific societies during their winter gatherings in the metropolis. It would require more time and opportunity than we have at our command to relate all that these remarkable men have accomplished in connexion with scientific discovery, such as the galvanic process for silvering and gilding, anastatic printing, the insulation of telegraph wires by gutta-percha, the construction of submarine mines for purposes of warfare, the laying of underground telegraph cables, the block-system of signalling upon railways, the adoption of porcelain insulators for telegraph wires, the regenerative gas-furnace used for the manufacture of steel and glass, the regenerative gas-burner, the construction of the telegraph-cable ship 'Faraday,' and, finally, the erection of the first electric railway. Dr. William Siemens is also, it will be remembered, at this time the President elect for the next meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It was in his address as President of the Iron and Steel Institute, in 1877, that he availed himself of the opportunity to speak confidently of the near approach of the time when motor power would be transmitted by means of the electric current, and to express his conviction that a three-inch rod of copper might be made to carry the energy of one thousand horse-power to a distance of thirty miles from any large waterfall or other natural source of moving impulse.

The particular discovery to which this incidental digression is intended to lead was announced by Werner Siemens in the proceedings of the Royal Society in 1867. It is the all-important fact that in the construction of current-generating electro-magnetic machines the employment of permanent magnets may be altogether dispensed with. Sir Charles Wheatstone and Mr. Varley appear to have shared to some extent in the honour of this discovery, but to Werner Siemens the merit of its large application in the construction of generating instruments undoubtedly belongs. The plan adopted in the first instance in carrying out this improvement consisted in using bars of soft iron in the place of the external steel magnets, and enclosing these within the folds of the same copper wire that was used in the longitudinal revolving

coil, so that the instant any current began to move in the wire the soft iron bars became magnets. Theoretically it requires that there shall be some lurking taint of magnetism in the iron to start the action; and this there always is after it has once been magnetised, because a residual trace of the magnetic condition is then very obstinately retained. But, practically, even this is not indispensable, because, as the earth itself, upon whose surface the operation is conducted, is a vast magnet, all bars of soft iron are sympathetically turned into magnets by the inductive influence of the terrestrial mass. The portion of the soft iron which is accidentally most directed towards the north becomes the south pole of an induced magnet, and that which is directed most towards the south is turned into a north pole; and this occurs with sufficient intensity, slight as the action virtually is, for all practical purposes connected with the operation of the machine.

The peculiar circumstance which renders this plan of procedure a more advantageous one than the earlier method in which permanent magnets were used, is the singularly surprising and interesting fact that the currents and the magnets continually rouse and reinforce each other, and that this accumulative influence goes on until a very high degree of energy has been developed. As soon as the revolutions of the machine are commenced, the slight lurking trace of magnetism that hangs in the iron bars starts a faint electrical current in the moving coils. But the current thus started in its turn increases the strength of the magnet. The stronger magnet then plays its part in producing more current, and the augmented current yet again sets up more magnetism; and this goes on, as the speed of the machine is raised, until a certain maximum of power is produced, which is only reached when the full capacity of the iron to be magnetically disturbed has been attained. The earlier form of the machine in which permanent magnets were used, it will be observed, does not admit of very high exaltation in this way. The magnetism in it is a fixed quantity not augmented by any increase in the speed of the machine. It is, in some measure, a drawback to the operation of the electro-magnetic machine that it has to expend a certain portion of its available current force in converting the soft iron into the magnetic state, and that the current itself is therefore not started in the coils with so low a rate of revolution as it is when the permanent magnets are adopted; but this, on the other hand, is very much more than compensated for by the mutual action and reaction of the current and the magnetism. Up to a certain point, with the electro-magnetic

machine, increase of velocity from this cause gives increase of power in proportion to the square of the speed, whereas, in the machines with permanent magnets, the increase of power is very nearly in the direct ratio of the speed. When once the full saturation of the soft iron with the magnetic state has been brought about with an electro-magnetic machine, increase of power under further augmentation of velocity of revolution only takes place in the same ratio as the quickening of the speed, and exactly as would occur if the soft iron were a permanent steel magnet.

When a steam-driven electro-magnetic, or, as it is now, for distinction's sake, more generally termed, a dynamo-electric, machine is used for the generation of the electric light, it is essentially and properly an apparatus for the production of movement electrically. The light, where it is manifested, is due to vibratory perturbation set up in the molecules of ponderable substance. A gap, or a narrowing of the channel of electrical transmission, is arranged where the illumination appears; increased resistance is offered to the passage of the current in that narrowed or severed part, and molecules are thrown into such violent commotion, as the opposed current overleaps the obstacle, and makes its way past, that they emit luminous vibrations, and shine under the intensity of the turmoil. The whirling force derived from the burning coal and steam, and put primarily into the revolving coils as movement of masses of ponderable matter, flows quietly off through the channel of the wire until it comes to the rapids and rock-encumbered narrows of the course, and it is then constrained once again to undergo transmutation of form, and to burst into light. The circumstance which has enabled power enough to be accumulated for this marvellous transmutation of mechanical impulse into molecular movement, or luminous vibration, upon a scale adequate to serviceable application, is the extension of Faraday's discovery of the generation of electrical currents by the movements of magnets, through Siemens' deduction that the intensity of the electrical effect increases with the square of the velocity when moving electro-magnets and coils are so arranged as to act and react upon each other. It is thus that the development and perfection of the Siemens dynamo-electric machine, and of the other steam-driven instruments of the same type, have rendered practicable the employment of electric power for useful motor purposes. The progress from the production of molecular movement, or, in other words, of luminous vibration by transmitted currents of electrical force, to the driving of work-

performing machines by the same agency, is a very simple and natural step. All that is necessary for the accomplishment of this purpose is the filling up or bridging over of the chasm in the conducting wires where the electrical stream would be impeded and vexed into light, and the continuance on of the quiet and even flow to the place where any desired work has to be performed, and of the adjustment there of an arrangement of mechanical impedimenta which can be driven by the stream. The way in which this has been practically carried out, once again by the ingenuity and skill of Werner Siemens of Berlin, is nevertheless as remarkable for the completeness of its success as for the simplicity of its method.

When a dynamo-electrical machine is set whirling by steam, the electrical current flows out from the revolving coils into the arranged channel for the transmission—the continuous copper wire, or strand—in the way which has been described. Now let it be conceived that after this copper wire, or channel of outflow, has been carried along to some distance, whether of yards or miles, a second dynamo-electric machine, with its electro-magnets and coils, and in all particulars resembling that which is used for the generation of the current, is introduced into circuit by merely continuing the conducting wire on into the coils which encircle the electro-magnets, so that any current which is developed in the first machine may simultaneously pass on, without any break, through the coils of a second one. What then must of necessity happen? The second instrument will immediately, and as if it were of its own head, begin to revolve in direct sympathy with the first. This, it will be understood, is a result that is ascertained by actual experiment. Whenever a second dynamo-electrical machine is brought into continuous circuit with the first, it revolves with the first when the coils of that first are set in motion by steam. The effect, however, is not at all difficult to be understood, or to be explained: as the current flows through the coils of the second, or distant, machine, its soft-iron included bars become magnets, and these magnets react, as it were retroactively, upon the coils, setting them whirling round and round. The magnets are made and unmade by the successive breaks and re-establishments of the current. But, with each break and re-establishment, their polarities are reversed, and with each reversal of the polarity they act in a different way upon the contiguous coil. So that, under the double action, first of the push and then of the pull, the coil is urged continuously on in its forward roll. This all takes place under the influence of a well-known physical law

which is found in operation in various forms, and which is not unfrequently spoken of as the reversibility of action.* It is a similar effect to that which is seen in the store battery of M. Faure,† in which lead is first converted to the state of a red oxide by the absorption of an electric current from an outside source, and in which the red oxide is then reduced back into lead with a return of the current in the opposite direction. In the case of the dynamo-electric machines, the revolution of a machine, in a quite analogous way, first sets up a current, and the current then flows out, and, under the reversal of the action, establishes revolving movement in a second machine.‡ In this very simple way, then, the current which has issued from the primary machine is once again brought back into the original state of mechanical impulse, or machine-actuating force, and the movement set up in the revolving coils can be forthwith, and as a matter of course, communicated in any of the ordinary and well-known mechanical ways, to saw-mills, or sewing-machines, or any other kind of mechanical contrivance, that it may be desired to set in operation. In the first instance, the connexion of the coils with the work was simply made by a belt and drum. But more recently other expedients, such as bevelled and toothed wheels, and spiral springs, have been employed.

There is one very complete and interesting way in which it may be at once demonstrated that, in these applications of the electrical force to motor purposes, the case is actually a conversion of current into movement. It is quite easy, by means of the suitable arrangement of a galvanometer placed near the transmitting wire, to ascertain the amount of electrical current that is passing through the wire at any instant. Now if, while a dynamo-electric machine is in full work communicating movement to attached pieces of apparatus, that movement is suddenly stopped by the application of some sufficiently

* Or 'action and reaction.'

† See *Edinburgh Review*, No. cccxv. p. 267.

‡ It must be here borne in mind that the second machine is in all particulars an exact repetition of the first. It has its commutator for collecting the current, and which, in the case of its being used to receive, instead of to generate, so operates, under the circumstance of reversal of action, as to break up a continuous current, if it be such that it receives, into an intermitting and alternating one. A continuous current from a generating machine produces an interrupted current in a receiving one, in every sense adapted for establishing the alternating magnetic polarities which have been alluded to in the text as the source of its acquired driving power.

powerful bar, or check, it will be found that the amount of current passing through the wire is increased, because that portion of it which was before expended as work is, under the new condition, retained circling as electric force. But the instant the apparatus is again allowed to run on, the current falls once more to the lower amount, because a considerable portion of it is then again transformed from the state of electric current into movement, and is in that way absorbed. Precisely the same thing occurs with the current used for purposes of telegraphy, as it produces the movements of the magnetic needle. A part of the energy of the current is expended in overcoming the resistance which the wire affords to its passage, and another part is spent in moving the needle; that is, in doing the work for which the apparatus is designed. The portion of the energy which is used in the work of driving the needle leaves less energy available for the production of the current, and consequently there is less current flowing along the wire when the needle is moving, than there is when it is at rest. If a telegraph needle is held firmly at rest when the current of the battery is on, there is immediately more current flowing through the wire.

The conversion of the current into useful work is not, however, the only way in which it is expended. There is always some absorption in waste as well as in work. The friction of the machinery has to be overcome, since it is made of inert and ponderable material, and at the same time the electrical disturbance, or state, has to be got through the wire. The temperature of the transmitting wire is invariably raised to some extent during the passage of the current. The heat is generated out of the current, and is therefore waste, or loss. It is a portion of the original force put into the primary machine by the steam, converted back into heat by the way, and therefore no longer available at the end of the course for motor application. It is a necessary consequence of this waste by the way that it is altogether impossible for the same amount of force to be given out to machinery moved after the transmission of the current, as that which is developed in the primary, or transmitting, machine. The transmission is paid for, as it were, by a deduction, or transport rate, levied upon the current.

But in the case of the transmission of power to a secondary machine, in the way which has been just described, there is another source of loss that has also to be taken into consideration and allowed for. When the coils in the second machine are thrown sympathetically into simultaneous revolu-

tion with those of the primary one, they produce magnetism in the soft iron bars, and these, reacting by their magnetism upon the coils, set up on their own account a current in them. This current, however, is in the reverse, or retrograde, direction, and if it were of the same strength as the primary current, or forward one, the two would neutralise each other, and there would be no current at all available for external work. In the actual arrangements of the apparatus, the revolution of the receiving machine is always so regulated as to be less rapid than that of the issuing one. There is, then, an available balance, or excess, of the primary current to be used at the distant end, and after transmission, for work. Some considerable part has been neutralised by the weaker return current thrown back from the receiving machine; but, over and above that, there is still a fair amount that can be used for driving purposes. It has been theoretically assumed, from a consideration of this reflex action, that the machinery is being turned to the best practical account when the movement of the driving apparatus is exactly half that of the generating coils, and when the work done by it is half that which is developed in the primary machine. If 5-horse power is put into the primary machine by the immediate application of the expansive energy of steam, $2\frac{1}{2}$ -horse power may be reckoned upon as available at the driving end. This answers very well as an approximate statement of the case. It is generally held that 45 per cent. of the original power should be available for work after transmission. Dr. Siemens, however, finds that in favourable circumstances this is an under-statement of the truth. In alluding to this point upon a recent public occasion he expressed himself in the following words:—

‘The view that the power to be obtained from a motor machine cannot exceed one-half that which is communicated to, or developed in, the generator, is one which is yet much discussed amongst electricians, and Mr. Alexander Siemens in his paper has consequently adopted the safer course of rather under than over stating the results which might be and had been obtained. There is by no means such a limit as 50 per cent. Experiments of undoubted accuracy have shown that 60, and even 70, per cent. may in some instances be obtained, and that the point of maximum effect is not limited to half the velocity, although unquestionably there is a limit. If the velocities were equal, theoretically, the maximum result should be obtained; but the counter-current produced in that case would be also at a maximum, so that practically the maximum lies between the two results of half velocity and equal velocity.’

In the actual use of powerful dynamo-electric machines there

is one circumstance which is a frequent source of vexatious loss. When their strength is strained to the utmost by high velocities, their efficacy in overcoming resistance is apt to be diminished just at the time when it is most required. The current has to excite the magnetic power within the coils of the primary machine before it passes on to drive the machinery attached at the remote end of the wire. But whenever any chance increase of resistance is experienced in the external work, the energy of the current is at once concentrated in overcoming that difficulty. But this can only be accomplished by the withdrawal of a corresponding amount of energy from the task of exciting the magnets, and by a consequent weakening of the primary power. This practically leads to irregular work and halting movements. The notorious unsteadiness of the electric light generated by dynamo-electric machines is due to this cause. Dr. W. Siemens has found that this source of irregularity may be to a large extent obviated by using two dynamo-electric machines—one to excite the magnets, and the other for generating the current; or, what comes to pretty much the same thing, by dividing the original current of the primary machine into two distinct parts, and reserving one of these parts for the excitation of the magnets, whilst the other part is transmitted for work. Dr. Siemens drew attention to this plan of removing the difficulty in a paper which he communicated to the Royal Society a few months since; and, in the face of what has already been accomplished, it is scarcely possible to doubt that this cause of fitful irregularity will ultimately be removed.

Dr. Werner Siemens has undoubtedly been one of the earliest as well as one of the most sanguine and persistent of the advocates for the employment of the electric current in mechanical work. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1867 he spoke of electrical railways as an application of the power that was certain to be realised, and it is one of the memorable events of this fruitful age that he has lived to assist very materially in the fulfilment of his own prophecy. The application of the powerful currents of the dynamo-electric machine to railway transport has, indeed, been one of the first fruits of the improvements so recently effected in instrumental construction. In the summer of 1879 a working model of an electric railway was exhibited at Berlin by Messrs. Siemens and Halske, and the same model has since been shown at Düsseldorf, at Brussels, and in the grounds of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Short railways upon the same principle have also been brought into actual use in Paris and in the

neighbourhood of Berlin. In the latter instance the line which is worked is a little more than a mile and a half long, and connects the Lichterfelde station of the Berlin-Anhalt railway with the Military Academy.

After the remarks which have been made in the preceding pages, it will not be at all difficult to understand how this notable feat of engineering ingenuity has been accomplished. A very slight amount of consideration, indeed, in the light of those remarks, will make it manifest how readily the electro-motor method of driving machinery adapts itself to railway transport. It has been seen that a second dynamo-electric machine, connected with the primary steam-driven one, is thrown into sympathetic revolution when its coils are placed in continuous electrical communication with the transmitting wire issuing from the primary coils. Now it has only to be conceived that the secondary revolving machine is mounted upon a platform, and furnished with wheels, and that these wheels are connected by a belt with the axis of the whirling coils; and the great principle which underlies this form of the application of the power will be at once grasped by the mind. It must also, of course, be implied that rails have been laid down to carry the wheels. No difficulty whatever is entailed in the circumstance that the platform carrying the driving apparatus is itself capable of motion from place to place, because the effective continuity of the electric current can always be established and maintained by the contact of the wheels with the rails. The smooth surface of the external circumference of the wheels under the pressure of the superimposed weight makes a close running connexion with the surface of the rail. The current is sent out from a stationary engine planted at some convenient spot on the line, and it is discharged to the earth through the wheels of the carriage as these run along the permanent way, and is so automatically lengthened or shortened as the carriage runs out from or in towards the station holding the fixed machine. This is essentially the plan which has been followed with the experimental circular railway exhibited at Paris and Sydenham, and also with the Lichterfelde Railway, which is in more permanent operation. The circular railway has a circumferential extent of about 436 yards, and the dynamo-electric driving apparatus is mounted upon a small car, which acts like the locomotive of an ordinary railway train, and draws three carriages after it carrying sixteen persons in each. The current is delivered to the driving car by a third intermediate rail, from which it is taken off for conveyance to driving coils by means of brushes. It is re-

turned to the stationary machine by the outer rails. The driving coils exert a pull of about four hundredweights, which is diminished to from a hundredweight and a half to a hundredweight and three-quarters when the carriages are running along the line, and then amounts to an available power of three horses. The speed attained under this power is ten feet per second, or nearly seven miles an hour. In the Lichterfelde railway the steam-engine and stationary machine are placed about a third of a mile from the terminal station, and the current is conveyed to that station by underground cables. It is delivered to a passenger car constructed to accommodate twenty-one persons, and which carries its driving coils beneath the floor. The current flows into the car by one of the ordinary rails of the permanent way, is collected from it by brushes pressing upon a brass ring attached to one of the axles, and is carried back to the primary machine by the opposite line of rails. The speed actually attained in this railway is from nine to twelve and a half miles an hour, the distance of a mile and a half being run usually in ten minutes. The speed can, however, be raised at will to twenty-five miles an hour.

Messrs. Siemens consider that the electric form of propulsion may be advantageously adopted for railways of short length, and more especially for street traffic in towns. One of its great recommendations is that it entirely obviates the necessity for the employment of heavy locomotives, so that the permanent way may be of a comparatively light and cheap character. Sufficient adhesion to the rail for traction under light weights can be most easily managed by the simple expedient of causing all the wheels to drive. Another most important circumstance, which is strongly insisted upon, is the readiness with which a powerful and efficacious break can be instantaneously brought into play by merely short circuiting the driving current upon the wheels of the carriages, and so transferring its energy from driving to braking purposes. A very complete and interesting account of the views and aims of the originators of this electrical railway, prepared by Alexander Siemens, a son of Werner Siemens of Berlin, is given in one of the papers named at the head of the article. These gentlemen, after a careful consideration of their various experiments, have come to the conclusion that efficient elevated railways in the streets of towns, worked by electric power, and maintaining a speed of eighteen miles an hour, may be provided at a cost of a trifle less than 12,000*l.* a mile, and that such railways may be calculated to run 200 trains in the day, with ten carriages in use, accommodating fifteen persons

in each, at a cost of eighty-six shillings per mile per day. Dr. William Siemens himself, upon a recent occasion, urged his own conviction of the fitness of the electric railway for long tunnels, and for underground traffic in general, in the following words :—

‘The electric transmission of power would be efficacious, no doubt, for local traffic, such as tramways, and also for lines conveying minerals from the interior of a mine to the bank, and in exceptional cases for the transmission of heavy trains along rails. One of these cases was presented by the St. Gothard tunnel. The company to which that belonged were fully alive to all modern improvements, and had requested Messrs. Siemens to work out a plan for utilising the hydraulic power which could be had in great abundance near the mouth of the tunnel. By the accomplishment of that object very great advantages would be gained; for, as those who had travelled through the Mont Cenis tunnel, or through the one on the line between Alessandria and Genoa, were aware, great inconvenience resulted from the emission of the products of combustion from the engines during the transit. If a train could be sent through this long Alpine tunnel by electric force a great inconvenience would be saved to the passenger, and at the same time a great saving would be effected by the company. Nearer home there was a case which would lend itself admirably to electric transmission—the Underground District Railway. All those who were in the habit of using that railway appreciated the facilities it offered in going to the City or from it; but they also felt the inconveniences of the products of combustion clogging the atmosphere. Plans had been proposed for more thoroughly ventilating the tunnel, but they were only palliatives; the cure would consist in finding a source of power without the inconvenience of combustion being carried on in the tunnel. A plan had been proposed for working the engines by compressed air, and nothing could be said against that, but that it did not do away with the necessity of having an engine nearly as heavy as the present locomotive. If electric transmission were tried on that railway in such a way as to make the rails act as the return conductor, making them all “earth,” and fixing guide rails under the roof for the conveyance of the current, to be taken into each carriage by means of a metallic rope, great certainty of action would be obtained, and the trains would be propelled through the tunnel without fear of their being stopped midway, and at a very economical rate. These were the features of this innovation: that it lent itself to the conveyance of power to any reasonable distance, and that it could be applied without any of those inconveniences which now beset our locomotive traffic.’

In a small volume on the ‘Electric Transmission of Power,’ recently published, Dr. Paget Higgs has brought together the chief practical deductions that have been formed by mechanical engineers in reference to this branch of their work. The subject is treated in a form that is, perhaps, too technical for the needs

of the general reader. The conclusions at which he has arrived are, however, not materially different from those which have been more familiarly expressed in the preceding paragraphs. He states that 48 per cent. of the power expended in the production of the electric current by means of dynamo-electrical machines may, at the present time, be reclaimed from the current in the form of useful work, and that this amount of reclaimed and utilised power is unquestionably more than the proportion which can be obtained by means of compressed air or hydraulic pressure. He dwells especially upon the advantageous circumstance that the electric force is more easily transmitted to a distance than any other kind of energy, and that it is so tolerant of change both of direction and intensity. The conductor employed for the transmission of the current is also inert, and may be shifted about, and bent into a new course, even at the very time that it is conveying the power of a considerable number of horses, without the freedom of the propagation being in any way interfered with. In a final summary of what he conceives to be the advantages that may be looked for from the electrical transmission of power, the author says :—

‘The source of power and the point of reclamation may be relatively situated most awkwardly, but the electric conductor can be brought round the sharpest corner, or carried through the most private room, without inconvenience. There is nothing to burst or give way. The same circuit which may be tapped to provide the means of working power machinery can be as conveniently tapped to work a sewing-machine. In mining operations electric transmission will doubtless become of the highest value, since it involves no danger. Machines for this purpose could be easily constructed without a commutator, so that sparks would be avoided with only a small loss of power. The ready portability offers great inducements to the mining engineer. For ploughing by power, trials made in France show that electricity can replace steam with advantage and economy, and in Scotland power obtained from a waterfall has been transmitted one mile and a half. Dredges could be reduced in size, and worked from a central motor, so that smaller channels than are now subject to this method could be cleansed mechanically. In mills and factories, rooms (otherwise) inaccessible can be utilised for power-worked machinery. These are but a few of the (possible) advantages. A millennium may be anticipated when the water-power of a country shall be available at every door, for electric-power conductors can be laid in the streets more easily than gas or water pipes.’

There are few readers at the present day who have not heard of the waterfall near Sir William Armstrong's residence at Craigside, incidentally glanced at in this extract, which works

the sawmill and lights the house three-quarters of a mile away, or who have not caught some rumour of the future destiny that is presumed by sanguine enthusiasts to be in reserve for the now wasted energies of Niagara. The first idea of the utilisation of water-power upon a large scale by means of electrical transmission appears to have been suggested to William Siemens by Niagara itself upon the occasion of his visit to the mighty cataract a few years since. The notion had obviously taken definite form in his mind when, in his presidential address to the Iron and Steel Institute in London in 1877, he stated that a copper rod three inches in diameter could be made to convey one thousand horse-power thirty miles from a waterfall, or other adequate natural source of energy. This estimate was based upon the assumption, up to that time generally received, that the resistance of a wire employed in the transmission of a current of electricity increases in the same proportion as the length of the conductor, and that, in order to get the same amount of motor force out of the end of a conducting wire when its length has been doubled, its sectional area, or, in other words, its capacity for the transmission of the current, must be doubled also. But, if this be the case, the doubling of the dimensions of the wire, and the doubling of its length at the same time, manifestly imply a fourfold increase of its weight, and therefore of its cost. The increase in the cost of an electrical conductor of power is consequently not in the simple ratio of the addition to its length, but in the ratio of the square of that addition. This is the chief difficulty which the advocates of the electrical transmission of motor power for useful mechanical purposes have had to face. It is this dread of the vast accumulation of cost with increasing distance which has given them pause, and it is this difficulty that at the present time they are straining their ingenuity and enterprise to the utmost to circumvent. The principal cause of the loss of power with augmented length is that in transmitting the current the wire retains a certain, and quite considerable, amount in its own substance, converting it into heat. This heat, again, is not only loss, but it is also a further positive cause of accession of resistance, because hot wires convey the electric force with less facility than cold ones. Sir William Thomson has proposed to meet this additional cause of obstruction by constructing the conductor in the form of a hollow cylinder, or thin pipe, of copper, which may be kept at a comparatively low temperature by injecting a stream of water through it, and he conceives that with this expedient a comparatively light tube of metal may be caused to transmit a

considerably large charge of electrical energy for several hundred miles. There is, however, a yet more radical and exhaustive mode that has been proposed for dealing with this difficulty, which, although trenching somewhat upon the province that is generally conceived to concern itself only with the more recondite and technical subtleties of electric science, may, nevertheless, by a little careful management, be brought well within the reach of all readers of average intelligence.

The capacity of a wire for the transmission of a current of electricity depends to a considerable extent, as has been already said, upon the amount, or quantity, of the current which has to be conveyed. It is also, however, affected by another condition. It is influenced by the tension, or intensity, of the current as well as by its quantity. This difference between the quantity and intensity of a current appears at first glance to be a somewhat subtle distinction. But it is a distinction which fortunately can, nevertheless, be made plain by an illustration drawn from another more familiar and more generally understood branch of mechanics.

The power which can be derived from running water depends, as almost everyone knows, upon two circumstances—the quantity of the water which flows, and the height from which this runs. The first of these circumstances is aptly spoken of as the quantity of the water, the second as the amount of its running force. These two quite distinct elements—the quantity of a stream, and the amount of its fall—have both to be taken into consideration in estimating its mechanical effect, and they are related to each other under the provisions of a very simple law. The possible work, or, in other words, potential energy, of one thousand pounds of water falling through one inch is precisely the same as that of one pound of water falling through one thousand inches. It consequently results that if there be head, or fall, enough, a very small quantity of water may be made to produce a very considerable mechanical effect; and if this effect has to be transmitted from the place where the water is dammed up into a head, to some more or less distant station where work is to be done, the transmission may, in such case, be made through a long and narrow channel without much loss of effect. The capacity for accomplishing work is, in the circumstance, quite as large as it would have been if relatively more water had fallen from a less height. A very small quantity of water, if it descend from a sufficiently high level, or head, may thus possess a very considerable amount of potential energy.

Precisely the same condition of affairs presents itself when streams of electricity are transmitted through conductors. Those streams may consist of a large quantity of current flowing, as it were, from a low head, or they may consist of a small quantity of current running from a high head, and therefore possessing a high potential force, notwithstanding the smallness of the quantity. The electrical current is continually observed in both these extremes of possible operation. It is manifested in the low form of intensity and flowing in large quantity when it is generated in voltaic batteries with large plates and few cells; and it is seen in the condition of small quantity and high intensity when the bright incandescent spark strikes from the prime conductor of the frictional electrical machine, and, indeed, also in the flashing of lightning, in which almost incredibly small quantities possess potential energy enough to burst through an extent of two or three miles of resisting air. The voltaic current issuing from a voltaic battery of a small number of cells is like a large stream of water flowing along a very gentle incline. The electric spark is like a small quantity of water precipitated suddenly from a great height.

But in the case of electrical transmission there is yet another circumstance to be taken into account—the relation, namely, which the current holds to the great subjacent reservoir of all electrical action, the earth. It may be so arranged that there is great tension, or effort to escape into the earth, even at the time when its transmission as a current is almost arrested. Thus in the case of an insulated telegraph wire, some twenty miles long, which is connected at one end with a signalling battery, the instant the connexion is made the wire is brought through its whole length into a state of high electrical tension in comparison with the earth, but there is no current until it is put to earth at the far end. The moment this is done, the tension at that end is lowered to the standard of the earth, and there is accordingly great difference of tension at the two opposite ends of the wire—a high tension at the battery end, and a low tension where the contact with earth is made. A current through the wire is therefore immediately set up, and the case is for the time analogous to that of a stream of water flowing from a high level to a low one. The current runs into the wire from the battery, and flows along it to escape to the earth at the far end. But if at that end the outlet to the earth is suddenly stopped, the current is arrested, and the whole wire becomes again filled with a high electrical tension. In this condition of affairs there is comparatively

little difference of tension at the opposite ends of the wire; but there is great difference of tension between all parts of the wire and the earth, or, in other words, a high potential of energy in the wire, because wherever it may be tapped it will be found capable of exerting a great instantaneous force, or capacity for work, quite analogous to that which is found when a tap is suddenly opened at the lower end of a pipe which descends from a high head of water. Whenever the difference of electrical tension or strain existing in an insulated wire and the contiguous earth is very great, there will of necessity be in that wire a high potential or capacity for work, and a large amount of effective force, or work, may be put into it at one end by a generator, and be taken out of it at the other end by driving machinery, although the actual transmission of a current along the wire is small. When this condition is established, there is consequently a relatively slight absorption or waste of energy in the form of heat generated in the wire, even whilst work is in progress. This, consequently, is the aim which is kept steadily in view by those bold innovators, the electrical mechanicians; namely, to find the means of keeping up a high potential of energy in a transmitting wire, and to work it with a relatively small current.

One method by which this object may most reasonably be pursued immediately suggests itself to the mind of any one who is at all familiar with the leading principles of electrical science; namely, the improving the insulation of the wire so as to enable a higher potential energy to be generated in it and retained. The most experienced and competent authorities who have made a special study of this subject pretty generally admit that at the present time the waste unavoidably incident to the transmission of electrical energy is very large. When dynamo-electrical machines revolving at high rates of speed pour the currents which they have generated into copper wires, these not only run through those wires, but at the same time leak out and run to waste at every weak point of the channel that they can find. But the most sanguine and hopeful of the experimenters contend that this imperfection in the conducting apparatus will assuredly be obviated by improved methods of procedure. Professor Perry, in alluding to some experiments of Professor Joule's in his paper 'On the Future Development of Electrical Appliances,' says, in reference to this:—

'The facts tell us that in the electrical machines of the future, and in their connecting wires, there will be little heating, and therefore little loss. We shall, I believe, at no distant date have great central stations—possibly situated at the bottom of coal-pits—where enormous

steam-engines will drive enormous electrical machines. We shall have wires laid along every street, tapped into every house, as gas-pipes are at present, and the current will be passed through little electric machines to drive machinery, to produce ventilation, to replace stoves and fires, to work apple-parers and mangles and barbers' brushes among other things, as well as to give light.'

It is the same authority who also remarks, in speaking of dynamo-electric machines, driven at very high rates of speed :—

'With such machines it would be possible to heat, light, and ventilate all the houses in New York, and to give to large and small workshops the power required to drive their machinery, by means of an ordinary telegraph wire (but with some exceptionally good method of insulation), transmitting energy from as great a distance as the Falls of Niagara.'

These extracts very fairly express and bring into prominent notice the two expedients which are looked to as the great hope of the electrical engineers in their present aspirations; namely, increased speed in the revolutions of the dynamo-electric machines, and improved insulation in the conducting wires through which the resulting currents of electric force are to be distributed to work. The subdivision of the electric currents for purposes of mechanical work will no doubt be found an easier and more practicable task than their subdivision for purposes of illumination. Still it is by no means to be overlooked that every step in the subdivision and distribution of the power involves some increase of resistance and some economical loss. All telegraph engineers are well aware how disadvantageously the working of a telegraph is affected by the introduction of additional instruments into the circuit. A transmission of 250 or 300 words per minute may in this way be at once rendered impracticable in an entire line which was just before working easily at this rate at all its stations. The distribution for mechanical work may nevertheless be economically effected within a certain limit and range. There seems to be a general concurrence of opinion amongst electricians that a single-horse power for work may be generated at a central station where large operations are in progress by an expenditure of two and a half pounds of coal per hour; and that the same amount of power may be developed at a distant station through the intervention of electrical transmission by the expenditure of five pounds of coal an hour at the central station. If this be the case, the method of transmitting power electrically to various secondary and subordinate machines from one great centre of origin may be admitted to be an economical one, as most engineers are aware that small steam-

engines can hardly be made to produce a horse-power of motor energy at so small a consumption of coal as five pounds in the hour. Mr. Alexander Siemens attaches considerable weight to this consideration, and he also thinks that this advantage may be materially increased by setting the primary generator to charge the secondary batteries of M. Faure at the distant stations, allowing the final distribution of the power to local machines to be carried out from those temporary reservoirs, just as gas is held stored in separate gasometers, and turned on from them when it is required for detail use. Sir William Thomson is obviously pursuing the same line of thought when he suggests that windmills may be used for storing Faure accumulators. The store battery unmistakeably supplies exactly what the fitful and uncertain character of the wind requires as the proper compensation for its unreliability. The chief disadvantage of wind as a source of motor power is that it blows, and often too violently, when it is not wanted, and when it is most needed it quite as frequently fails. But this will not be of any material consequence if the wind can be bottled up as potential electrical energy when it does blow, and this energy be then let off in detail, and in regulated quantities, as it can be turned to account in useful work. The American form of windmill, with its compact revolving disc in the place of sails, very cleverly adapts itself to the task of charging Faure store batteries by means of light dynamo-electrical machines. With such a system of electrical generation, it is obvious the need for the transmission of the current through long, leaking, and therefore wasteful, channels is at once got rid of.

Whilst alluding to this phase of the subject it is scarcely possible to omit to remark how singularly the two great discoveries in the domain of the reversibility of force—the action and reaction of chemical and electrical energy in the store battery of M. Faure, and the action and reaction of mechanical movement and electrical currents in coupled-up dynamo-electrical machines—have conspired together to advance the cause of the electrical transmission of motor power, and to favour the utilisation of the vast natural sources of motor energy that are at all times present in blowing winds and in flowing water.*

* Professor Sylvanus Thompson has recently stated at a meeting of the Society of Arts that Professor Clerk Maxwell having been asked shortly before his death what he considered the greatest scientific discovery of the last twenty-five years, replied: 'The discovery that 'the Gramme (dynamo-electrical) machine is reversible.' Professor

Precisely as the store-battery is necessary to render the fitful impulses of the capricious wind available for steady and reliable work, so also is it essential for the practical utilisation of such periodic recurrences as the flowing and ebbing of the tidal currents of the sea. Sir William Thomson appears to have been led to cast a longing and loving eye upon windmills on account of the suspicion that it would not answer to construct basins along the coast for generating currents of electricity out of the influx and efflux of the tide, because the land, which might by the same amount of labour be reclaimed from the dominion of the sea, would have a higher money value for agricultural purposes than the water-reservoir would have as a source of motor power. It must be remembered, however, that this argument does not at all apply to the various well-known instances in which vast irreclaimable basins are already within the dominion of the tide. Thus Professor Sylvanus Thompson has pointed out that this is essentially the case in the neighbourhood of Bristol, where he resides. Nature seems there almost to have taken it in hand to provide beforehand for the working out of the problem. Professor Thompson states that the construction of only a few yards of embankment would in that instance provide a tidal basin with a rise and fall of twenty-three feet; and where at the present time power runs to waste every year which would amply suffice, if converted to mechanical account, to charge ten millions of Faure batteries, and to raise twenty billions of pounds one foot high. He calculates that one-tenth part of this power would be quite enough for the permanent lighting of the city of Bristol. He further estimates that a fifth part of the tidal flow which now runs to waste in the channel of the Severn, where the rise and fall are of a still larger amount, would suffice to light every city and to turn every loom, spindle, and axle in Great Britain.* It will be thus seen how even the boldness of the

Thompson adds, on his own part, that he has no doubt if Professor Maxwell could be asked at the present time what scientific discovery now stands next in importance, he would answer, 'The discovery that the Voltaic battery is reversible.' 'The reversibility of the Voltaic cell instanced in the Faure store-battery is the counterpart and complement of the reversibility of the Gramme machine; for while the one has solved for us the problem of the electric transmission of power, the other has solved for us the problem of the electric storage of energy.'

* Professor Thompson himself suggestively remarks, in reference to this: 'Accumulators are a necessary feature in any scheme to utilise 'the intermittent force of the tides. Whether the present form will

idea of utilising the Falls of Niagara is already on the point of being surpassed by the aspirations of scientific men. If this dream of the application of the tidal pulsations of the sea to the production of mechanical movement through the instrumentality of store-batteries and transmitted electrical currents is ever realised, this indeed would be a case of the conservation of energy upon the most stupendous scale; for under such circumstances it would be the majestic roll of the terrestrial globe itself, in its inexorable whirl in space, which would have been harnessed to work the machinery of man. With such a prime dynamo-electrical generator there would assuredly be no limit to the work which might be performed.

It will be almost unnecessary to draw attention to Mr. Siemens' remark, that the electrical transmission of power has no sphere of useful application at sea. The machine-driven ship of necessity has to carry the whole of its origination of power within itself. There is no means by which it could be made to draw its moving force from a remote fixed station whilst it is ploughing its devious track over the unstable and wave-encumbered surface of the ocean. Since, then, the prime generator of its moving power must be carried on board, it is manifest that it must be more advantageous to apply that power direct to the paddles or screw, than to transmit it through the intervention of any secondary contrivance.

At the conclusion of his paper 'On the Transmission of Power by Electricity,' Mr. Alexander Siemens, by way of summary, remarks:—

'From all that has been done during the last few years it is quite evident that the art of transmitting power by electricity has advanced rapidly, and that its practical application is continually gaining ground. This, however, should not be regarded as a sign that the electric transmission of power to a distance will supersede every other system, but rather that there is a sphere for it where it meets existing demands better than our present means; and it should, therefore, not be treated as an enemy of existing systems, but as a supplement to them, by the aid of which problems can be solved that could not otherwise be attempted.'

prove adequate for the purpose the future must decide. Probably the present accumulator bears as much resemblance to the future accumulator as a glass bell-jar used in chemical experiments does to the gasometer of a City gas-works, or as James Watt's first model steam-engine does to the Atlantic steamer. When the practical accumulator of the future has been built, it will be more easy to say what will be the limit of its applications.'

This, we conceive, goes to the point which is the real practical bearing of the matter. It is certainly a fact that this new method of applying mechanical power has already shown itself capable of taking up sundry serviceable tasks in this supplementary way. Mr. Siemens records how it has been advantageously adopted at the telegraph works at Charlton to drive the machinery by which submarine cables are tested, to maintain the circulation of water in the core tanks, and to haul cables on board the steam-ships prepared to carry them out to where they are to be finally submerged in the depths of the ocean. When set to show experimentally at these works what it could do in hoisting dead weights, it lifted, by means of a crane, one ton twelve feet per minute. At Sermaize-les-Bains, in the department of Marne, under the directing eye of M. Felix, it has ploughed land with a double furrow, and thrashed wheat. In the recent exhibition of electro-motor appliances at Paris, it was very conveniently used to work a lift. Its fitness for driving sawmills, turning lathes, and working sewing-machines, is now thoroughly established. For efforts of this character it possesses, indeed, very strongly-marked capacities. The comparatively small size and light weight of the apparatus, which alone is required where the power is put to its work, are strong recommendations to its adoption. It is really an astonishing spectacle when the observer looks for the first time at a sawing-machine in vigorous operation with no other visible means for the communication of its moving power than a small bell-wire running down from the ceiling of the workshop. As Professor Ayrton has somewhere said, the electrical agent has no weight of its own to be moved, and no inertia to be overcome. It is an imponderable sprite. It will go round corners without entailing loss or waste on that account, and it pursues the most tortuous, or the most direct, paths with utter indifference. Its conducting and distributing wires are absolutely free from all risks of explosion and the concomitant dangers. For these several reasons, and for the relative simplicity and cheapness of the mechanism by which it acts, it stands quite without a rival for the transmission of spontaneous natural force, such as that which resides in the blowing of the wind and in the falling of water, to centres of dense social population where it can be conveniently and advantageously turned to economical account.

Dr. A. d'Arsonval's paper in the '*Revue Scientifique de la France et de l'Etranger*,' '*On the Utilisation of Natural Forces by Electricity*,' is mainly addressed to enforcing the doctrine that the electric current can be transmitted considerable dis-

tances for the production of mechanical effect without the necessity of employing large and costly conductors. He sets himself to prove three all-important propositions. 1st. That electro-motor power is virtually independent of distance; 2nd. That the waste due to the heating of a wire in the process of transmission can be reduced to any extent that may be desired; and 3rd. That conductors of large sectional area are not necessary. The argument upon which he relies for the establishing of these propositions is substantially the same as the one which we have been already examining critically in these pages. The expedient upon which he relies is the attempt to raise the potential energy of the force accumulated within the conducting wire by means of more perfect insulation, so that work can be got out of its distant extremity without the transmission of any inconveniently large current. Having been at some pains to demonstrate that the method (*modalité*) of electrical induction of power includes within itself all other methods, whether mechanical, chemical, calorific, or luminous, he says:—

‘In contemplating the matter from this philosophic point of view, one may say that the laws of evolution govern inorganic matter as well as living beings. The perpetual effort of nature towards the *best way* is universal, and this applies as much to the forces of nature as it does to living beings. The thermal form of energy which until now has ruled over industry as a sovereign mistress is about to disappear, and to yield its place to a more perfect form—electricity.’

In order to show that this is by no means an opinion restricted to the temperament which is sometimes ascribed to scientific men on the opposite side of the English Channel, it will be sufficient to quote one remarkable piece of vaticination which has recently been used nearer home. Sir Frederick Bramwell, a Vice-President of the Institute of Civil Engineers in London, and an authority on engineering prospects, who is by no means open to the imputation of being prone to a too facile credulity, in a paper communicated to the Mechanical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at its recent session at York, addressed himself to the meeting, in one memorable passage, in the following words:—

‘However much the mechanical section of the British Association may contemplate with regret even the mere distant prospect of the steam-engine being a thing of the past, I very much doubt whether those who meet here fifty years hence will then speak of it as anything more than a curiosity to be found in a museum.’

But Dr. d’Arsonval does not seem to be inclined altogether to limit himself within the bounds of even this bold forecast,

for, in other scarcely less prominent passages of his paper, he adds:—

‘But does nature not hold in reserve yet other forms of energy more perfect than electricity? One can scarcely doubt that it does. My eminent friend Marcel Deprez firmly believes that it is so, and bases his belief upon reasons of a purely mathematical order. . . . It is but for a very short time that we have known anything of this electrical form of energy, which is in act even now of revolutionising the world. How many other forms, consequently, may there not be actually in existence, although the imperfection of our senses, or of our means of observation, renders us unable to make any acquaintance with them. . . . However this may be, I have myself that strong faith in the future that science prepares for us, of which Claude Bernard and Faraday have spoken, and I firmly believe that our proper evolution, like that of the entire universe, can only be, as Michelet has said, a continuous ascent towards light. . . . In conclusion, I will here repeat that we may now with perfect safety burn our last lump of coal, or if any unforeseen difficulty rises up in the way, as we have yet two centuries’ store of coal, since our electricians have accomplished what they have done in less than ten years, we may be quite satisfied with conceiving what more they will accomplish in two centuries. I am persuaded that we may remain quite easy as to the destiny that is reserved for our successors, and that our only regret should be that we shall not be able to see what they will see.’

We decline to undertake the unpromising task of considering with Dr. d’Arsonval the forces of nature, which we are ‘prevented from knowing anything about by the imperfection of our senses and of our means of observation.’ We nevertheless go with him so far as to share his belief that the ‘proper evolution,’ or, in other words, the ordered progress, of human intelligence is a continuous ascent towards light, and that, in the face of recent advances that have been made, it may fairly be assumed man is standing, even now, upon the brink of discoveries in physical science which will be no whit less marvellous than those which have already been grasped. It would be presumptuous and rash, even from the present vantage-ground, to venture any prognostication as to the exact form those discoveries are likely to assume, but the direction in which they will lie is obvious at a glance. It is by means of his deeper insight into the great fundamental law of the conservation, or indestructibility, of energy, and of its almost unlimited convertibility to new modes of operation and to new modifications of form, that man will continue to advance in his ever-extending dominion over the forces of nature. The electrical transmission of motor power under the arrangements and conditions which have been treated of in this article, will stand in the future chronicles of science as a memorable step in that forward movement.

- ART. V.—1. *Carthage and the Carthaginians*. By R. BOSWORTH SMITH, M.A. Second edition. London: 1879.
2. *Geschichte der Karthager*. Von OTTO MELTZER. Vol. I. Berlin: 1879.
3. *Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce in Algeria and Tunis*. By Lieut.-Colonel R. L. PLAYFAIR. London: 1877.
4. *The Country of the Moors*. A Journey from Tripoli in Barbary to the City of Kairwân. By EDWARD RAE, F.R.G.S. London: 1877.
5. *En Tunisie*. Par ALBERT DE LA BERGE. Paris: 1881.
6. *Algeria, Tunisia e Tripolitania*. Di ATTILIO BRUNIALTI. Milano: 1881.

WHEN Cato the Censor flung from the folds of his robe on the floor of the Roman senate-house figs luscious with African sunshine, freshly gathered in Zeugitanean gardens, he offered, together with an argument for the destruction of Carthage, an explanation of her greatness. Her vicinity to Europe rendered her the rival of Rome, and Rome could not tolerate a rival within three days' sail of the mouth of the Tiber. Although geography does not teach us past, any more than it enables us to predict future history, we cannot fail to perceive that the configuration of land and water plays an important part in the development of nations; and the configuration of land and water is a patent, and, in the main, unalterable fact, subject to none of the vicissitudes which beset other sources of information. Written records are fragile, and subject to perversion; architectural monuments have perished, or survive only to perplex; the savage or ignorant heedlessness of a conqueror has more than once obliterated from memory the efforts and the culture of generations; but the roads and rivers that traverse seas and oceans are the same now that they were four thousand years ago;—the same currents flow past the same coasts; the same winds impede or assist navigation; the same islands break the monotony of the waters; the same rivers bring down the tribute of the hills to the shore. It is true that mutual encroachments, slight, yet by no means unimportant, have locally altered the relations between land and sea; but such changes are due to causes easily recognised, or still in actual operation, and are thus inadequate to efface, while they help to account for the swerving track pursued from shore to shore by commerce and empire.

The Mediterranean has an inner as well as an outer thres-

hold.* Across the narrow ocean door of the Straits of Gibraltar lies a bar rising to within twenty fathoms of the surface of the water; and eight or nine hundred miles farther to the east, the gap of ninety miles between Europe and Africa is bridged to the sounding-line by a series of relatively shallow banks, stretching irregularly from the south-western angle of Sicily to Cape Bon. The great inland sea is thus seen to consist of two very distinctly separated portions, of which the inner, or eastern, is both more extensive, more variously articulated, and the recipient of more considerable river reinforcements than the outer, or western basin. It was here, in the farthest corner of the Levant, that a tribe speaking a Semitic tongue closely allied to the Hebrew abandoned the nomad habits of their ancestors, and, building some huts beside a creek sheltered by an island breakwater, took to the sea, and called themselves Sidonians, or 'Fishermen.' This in all likelihood occurred not far from four thousand years ago; but a date, whose probable error is counted by hundreds of years, must be given and taken with extreme reserve. It was at any rate a memorable day for humanity when the first colonising and commercial power which the world had seen launched its rude craft tentatively on the Mediterranean.† On that day the arts and culture of the East may be said to have set out on their journey to the West, and the long process to have begun by which the sceptre was transferred from the primeval 'river kingdoms' to the republics of the Inland Sea, and from them passed to the 'ocean empires' of modern times.‡

The era of exclusive Phœnician sway in the Ægean began and ended during the mythical period known in Greek chronology as 'before the Trojan War.' Amongst the exploits recorded of Minos, the legendary King of Crete, was that of having cleared the seas of Phœnician and Carian pirates, and a groundwork of historical truth doubtless underlay the tradition. A hardy race, settled in a land specially organised, it might be said, as a nursery of mariners, was not likely to allow the profits and adventures of seafaring enterprise to remain long in the hands of strangers. Pupils became rivals, by an example frequently repeated, and tolerably certain to recur; and thus began the long competition between Greek and Phœnician,

* 'Limen maris interni,' Pliny, 'Nat. Hist.' iii. 1, quoted by Büttger, 'Das Mittelmeer,' p. 116.

† Kenrick, 'Phœnicia,' p. 186.

‡ Büttger, 'Das Mittelmeer,' p. 1.

which, rightly regarded, gives the clue to the memorable history of the greatest of Phœnician colonies. Bloody deeds were done, we may be sure, upon the high seas, while the issue was still doubtful, and treacherous reprisals taken; but the struggle was conducted by individual initiative, not by national effort. For the policy of the Phœnicians was essentially of an unheroic or arithmetical character. They did not fear danger, but they balanced advantages. They were not cowards, but they were calculators. When the perils began to outweigh the profits, they looked elsewhere for a field of commercial activity, where life premiums, so to speak, were less high. The world was wide, and for the most part still unexplored; distance was pregnant with possibility; and they knew how to steer their course across untried waters with the help of the steady pole-star, long before the Greeks had ceased to look for guidance to the seven circling lights of the Great Bear. So they quietly withdrew their settlements from the islands of the Archipelago before the advancing flood of Doric and Ionic immigration, and turned the goblin figure-heads* of their penteconters in quest of a new world of traffic towards the setting sun.

While the Israelites were as yet in the bondage of Egypt, the Phœnicians had already passed the Straits, and attempted the navigation of the ocean beyond. This is rendered all but certain by the mention in the earliest of the Books of Scripture † of the country known to the Hebrews as ‘Tarshish.’ For modern critics are agreed that Tarshish (the Greek ‘Tar-tessus’) indicates the region of the Guadalquivir, embracing, in its widest signification, the whole of the modern provinces of Andalusia and Murcia. It was hence that were derived the metallic treasures which rendered the Phœnicians the most opulent amongst the nations of antiquity. The first traders to these fortunate shores were said to have replaced their leaden anchors with masses of silver, rather than abandon any of the precious substance lavishly flung at their feet in exchange for cargoes of slight intrinsic value. The valleys of the Guadiana and Guadalquivir were strewn with nuggets of silver. The mountains from which these rivers flowed yielded iron, copper, and lead. Gold, derived from the washings of the Tagus, and tin, extracted from the granite of

* Called by the Greeks *Pataici* (Herodotus, iii. 37), probably from the name of the Egyptian god *Ptah*, with whom the Cabiri, represented in the grotesque figure-heads of the Phœnician ships, were intimately connected.

† Gen. x. 4.

Galicia, were brought, by long lines of inland traffic, to the general mart. The waters were hardly less productive than the land. The purple murex was found on the coast. Fish of rare quality and extraordinary size were taken outside the opening of the Straits. Down to the time of Aristophnaes, 'Tartessian eels' were esteemed a delicacy at Athens, and the well-known 'Tyrian tunny' had one of the sources of its supply at Gades.

The Spanish trade thus became the main object of Phœnician enterprise, and the main source of Phœnician wealth. But Tartessus was not only a goal, but a starting-point. From Tartessus these hardy navigators reached the shores of Britain in search of tin, and penetrated the Baltic in search of amber. From Tartessus they colonised—to the number, as traditionally reported, of three hundred—the peninsulas and islands in which Atlas sinks beneath the Atlantic. From Tartessus they founded Carthage.

The waste by evaporation of the waters of the Mediterranean largely exceeds the supplies brought down by its river-affluents. Hence, if it were a sea without an outlet, its blue surface would sink until aqueous expenditure and income were brought to balance at a considerably lower level. But, since Calpe and Abyla were set apart by the wrench of the demigod, the vast stores of the Western Ocean constitute a sum placed, as it were, to its credit, which no extravagance avails to exhaust, or even sensibly diminish. The Atlantic is thus a gigantic tributary of the Mediterranean. A current, setting steadily through the Straits with a velocity of from two to four, or even five knots an hour, repairs the perpetual ravages committed by the sun on the great sheet of water which forms the common circulating system of three continents. Now the course taken by that current has largely affected the early history, directly of navigation, and indirectly of colonisation. Its main branch hugs the North African coast, rushes round Cape Bon, sweeps across the shallows of the Lesser Syrtis, pursues with slackening speed its way towards Egypt, spends its failing powers in carrying Nile mud to silt up the once renowned harbours of Tyre and Sidon; then turning westward between Cyprus and the Cilician shore, combines with a minor current setting in from the Black Sea through the Hellespont and Ægean, to form a slight, but sensible drift back to the point from which it started. This rotatory movement of the Mediterranean waters tended, from the earliest times, to establish, so to speak, a double roadway—a down- as well as an up-line of traffic—between east and west. Ships

outward bound from Syria, and even from Egypt, invariably chose the more northerly route; ships homeward bound from the Straits, on the contrary, took advantage of the ocean stream, and skirted the southern edge of the basin. Along each track communications were maintained, and navigation protected by a chain of Phœnician settlements. By far the most important of the stations on the down-line was a factory planted on a hill overlooking a spacious bay, just where the two great sea-routes most closely approached each other in the channel dividing the eastern from the western Mediterranean.

It is best to confess at once our total want of absolute knowledge regarding the time or manner of the foundation of Carthage. To the task of demonstrating the completeness of our ignorance on the subject, M. Meltzer has brought learning and industry uncommon, or common only among German men of letters; and although trouble spent on the demolition of the tales of Carthaginian origin transmitted, and probably invented by the Greeks of Sicily, may savour of 'wasteful and 'ridiculous excess,' the labour was in some sort necessitated by the grave adoption into history of the Dido legend by an authority so eminent as M. Movers. All then that modern criticism allows us to accept as historically certain amounts to this. When the Greeks, towards the end of the eighth century, began their eager course of exploration and colonisation in the West, they found, seated in one of the most commanding positions in the world, a great commercial emporium, owning Tyre as its mother city. This much, and no more, we can be said to *know*; but something we may be permitted to conjecture. It is tolerably certain, from what is ascertained of their usual mode of procedure, that the Phœnicians did not allow a point so vital to their communications as the site of Carthage to remain unoccupied long after the regular opening of the Tartessian trade. But this cannot well be placed much lower than 1500 B.C. Now, at this period, Sidon, called in Scripture the 'first born' of Canaan, was the leading city of Phœnicia. Readers of Homer will remember that her proud rival Tyre is not so much as mentioned either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, while the riches of Sidon, and the skill of her metal-workers and embroiderers, are frequently noticed. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone* has founded on this circumstance a plausible argument for the high antiquity of the Homeric poems. For in the course of the thirteenth century B.C. the conditions of prosperous existence in Sidon were so

seriously compromised by movements of the Canaanite populations, that the principal Sidonian families migrated to the 'Rock'-city,* twenty miles farther south, and the 'hegemony' of the Phœnician state was soon after transferred to Tyre.

Now it seems to us that, notwithstanding its rejection by M. Meltzer, two circumstances, both of them intrinsic and undeniable, tell strongly in favour of Movers' theory of a 'double settlement' at Carthage. The first of these is the world-famous name by which we recall its former existence. The Punic form of 'Carthage' is *Karthada*, which signifies 'New City' (*Kart chadúsch*). The appellation is an ordinary one, and admits, so far as we are aware, but of one interpretation. It implies the revival or extension of an ancient foundation in a manner so marked and momentous as to justify its formal commemoration by a change of name. The second is the order of priority observed at Carthage among the divinities common to the entire Phœnician race, but predominantly worshipped severally in the various Phœnician cities. In Carthage, then, the first place was nominally reserved for the Sidonian goddess Tanith or Astarte, while the most conspicuous honour was paid to Melkarth ('king of the city'), the hero-god of Tyre. The natural inference seems to be that a previously established cult was overshadowed, though not superseded, by the introduction, with new colonists, of new rites. And this we take to be about as much as can be known, or rationally surmised, regarding the origin of Rome's great rival. That, from the earliest times of Phœnician commerce with the West, a factory or fort on the site of Carthage helped to secure the homeward route along the Libyan shore, analogy and the nature of the position lead us to infer; that the settlers who came, in the height of Tyre's prosperity, to establish a second Tyre in Africa, found in possession a kindred settlement with which they amalgamated, and a kindred worship which they adopted, the very name and form of religion of the 'New City' itself testify.

For a couple of centuries after her foundation Carthage led a purely commercial existence, without a history, and almost without a tradition. Like other Phœnician towns, she traded, thrived, and duly discharged her religious obligations, offering the first-fruits of her children to the fiery embrace of her brazen Moloch, and the tithes of her gains at the shrine of the Tyrian Melkarth. Her merchants had no ambition beyond

* The native name *Tsor* (whence the old Roman *Sarra*, the Greek *Tyrus*, and the modern *Sor*) signified a 'rock.'

that of securing, on the best possible terms, from the tribes of the interior, the largest possible supplies of ivory, ostrich feathers, and leopard or lion skins; her counsellors had no cares more weighty than were occasioned to them by some turmoil of the populace, or some dispute with the Maxitanian chief to whom Carthage humbly paid rent for the ground she stood upon. But while they chattered and grew rich without a thought of, or, as it might have seemed, a concern in, the shiftings of the great world's politics, events were silently preparing for them a destiny equally beyond their desires and beyond their deserts. The causes which conspired to 'thrust' greatness upon Carthage were, in the main, two. The first was the decline of Tyre under the baleful shadow of the later Assyrian monarchy; the second was the rise of Greek power in the western Mediterranean.

The settlement of the earliest Greek colony in Sicily preceded by only fourteen years the siege of Tyre by Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, in 721 B.C.; and while the first event marked the dawning of an epoch of growth, the second marked the opening of a period of decay. Sicily held at that time with regard to Tyre the same position that Egypt now holds with regard to England; it was the half-way house on the road to her most prized possession, to permit a hostile occupation of which implied the abdication of imperial existence. Nevertheless, Tyre stood by, inert or helpless, while Sicily became rapidly Hellenised. After the Phœnician manner, which was to retire until compelled to stand at bay, the outlying and undefended settlements were quietly abandoned, and the Phœnician forces concentrated in three towns situated in the western extremity of the island. On the fate of those three towns hung the fortunes of the entire Phœnician race in the Mediterranean. By themselves they were helpless to withstand the ardour of the Greek advance; Tyre was distant, and, as it seemed, indifferent; but close at hand, across a neck of the sea which only Phœnician triremes and penteconters had hitherto ventured to traverse, lay Carthage, already the first of Libyan cities, powerful by her riches, still more powerful by her unmatched position. On the protection of Carthage, accordingly, the towns of Panormus (Palermo), Soloeis, and Motye threw themselves.

From this event M. Meltzer dates the beginning of Carthaginian history. All previous to it is local and obscure, if not pitch-dark. In the crepuscular period which follows, larger interests are seen to be at work, and larger struggles are discerned to be in progress. A momentous historical mis-

sion had, in fact, been tacitly assumed by Carthage, and in the assumption of that mission lay the secret of her greatness and the root of her misfortunes. The danger was pressing. The alternative offered to the Phœnicians of the West was annihilation or union. They were menaced equally by land and sea. The barbarian natives of the countries in which their colonies formed so many foci of culture and commerce were, in the best of times, with difficulty held at bay; left to their own resources by the paralysis of the mother city, they must without fail have been successively effaced from existence, should the element of their mutual communication and separate activity fall under hostile control. This fate actually befell a multitude of Phœnician settlements on the Atlantic, and most probably also on the Celto-Iberian shores. But for the attitude assumed by Carthage, it must have become the general lot.

The fundamental problem presented to us by Carthaginian history consists in the striking difference between her purposes and modes of action, and those of other communities of the same stock. Carthage alone pursued an imperial policy--a policy selfish, cruel, and exclusive, but one in its main lines inspired by public spirit, and directed towards public utility. In no other kindred city did the instinct of political life manifest itself. Dependence was to the Phœnicians an evil only in so far as it involved the payment of tribute or the restriction of trade. Possessions were valued by them only because they ensured custom and enhanced profits. Even Tyre, although holding a great colonial empire, held it for purely mercantile purposes, and with purely mercantile results. By Carthage these were indeed pursued with no less keenness and unscrupulousness, but they were also transcended by a certain imperial instinct, which lent an ideal value to national sway. Thus, when Carthage succeeded to Tyre as metropolis of the western Phœnicians, she did far more than fill the vacant place. She initiated a national organisation, infused into it the energy of a new spirit, and stood out as leader of a truly national movement.

The first step in what we may call the public life of Carthage was the seizure of the little island of Ebusus (Ivica), whose noble harbour formed the indispensable resort of adventurers in Iberian waters. This was in or about 654 B.C., and we can scarcely err in supposing that from this time Carthaginian trade began to find access to the rich Tartessian regions from which it had been heretofore excluded by the jealousy of the mother city. But the struggle for naval su-

premacv developed its full fury only in the ensuing century. It opened formally with the foundation of Marseilles, which, it is significantly related, was not effected without a preliminary encounter between the strongly armed Phocæan pentecosters and the Carthaginian fleet. Only the salient points in the contest are now discernible to us, and those dimly; but we are well assured that wild work went on during those long decades, of which the only authentic records lie buried beneath the sunny Mediterranean waves. War, piracy, and commerce formed a triple alliance, and made common cause in violence and rapine. The western Phœnicians once more justified the interpretation of 'men of blood,' put upon their name by one of the naïve etymologies current in early times. But the Carthaginians did not fight alone. They were as skilful in securing confederates as apt in turning their services to account, and Etruria bore the brunt of more than one naval engagement, of which the ultimate advantage accrued exclusively to Carthage.

From the confusion of the first half of the century emerged an ordered system of treaty engagements, remarkable not only for the sagacity by which they were dictated, but for the fidelity with which they were observed. With the Greeks of Cyrene on the one side, and of Massilia on the other, boundary lines were agreed upon, within which rights were allowed and incursions prohibited. Cære, then the chief commercial town of Etruria, granted facilities for trade as liberally as she did assistance in war, and the stipulations of the treaty contracted in 508 B.C. with Rome, as head of the Latin league, afford singular proofs of the watchfulness with which traffic was guarded, and the violence by which it was accompanied at that period. The results of the long struggle in which Carthage had been engaged are legibly written in these documents. They show her in a condition, not indeed of unabated triumph, but of large and increasing prosperity. Something of what she aimed at she had been obliged to forego, but the vital points had been secured, and a powerful organisation completed. The western Mediterranean had not become a Carthaginian lake; Massilians, Tyrrhenians, and Latins had all their appointed districts or prescribed rights; but the great region leading to the Straits was reserved exclusively for Carthage. Beyond the Fair Promontory (Cape Farina) on the coast of Africa, and the promontory of Diana (C. de la Nao) on the coast of Spain, no foreign craft was, under any pretence, allowed to sail. The penalty for infringements of this law of navigation was well known and ruthlessly

exacted. No demand for adjudication was made in Admiralty or other courts; no appeal was permitted; the ship's crew was straightway flung into the sea, and the ship's cargo landed in the most convenient Carthaginian port. A typical case is that of the Phœnician captain, who, finding his track from Gades towards the Tin Islands dogged by a Roman trader, deliberately steered for some dangerous shallows, where he had the satisfaction of seeing the spy-ship perish, while his own lighter vessel escaped in safety. For this effort of patriotism he claimed and received a recompense from the state.

The last quarter of the seventh century B.C. was marked by the activity of one of the great men whom it is the sole surviving glory of the Carthaginian aristocracy to have produced. Mago has been termed the 'founder of the Carthaginian Empire,' but his work was in truth of a more arduous, if less brilliant kind. He was a statesman, not a hero or a conqueror. His task was to organise victory, not to snatch it. Resources accumulated by past efforts were, by his ordering genius, made available for future triumphs, and fresh sources of power developed, effective, indeed, for immediate action, though pregnant with ultimate ruin. To Carthage under the guidance of Mago might be applied the apophthegm used to describe the state of affairs in France at a not remote conjuncture by her present First Minister: 'The period of danger has passed; that of difficulty has begun.' But difficulties lead back to dangers, as well as are developed out of them, and the dangers which lend fortitude to youth prove fatal in decrepitude. The use of mercenary troops introduced (as it would seem) by Mago enormously increased the extent, but undermined the stability, of the Carthaginian power. Armies which could be multiplied indefinitely, by raising the tribute of subject towns or doubling the rents of Libyan cultivators, were likely to be led recklessly or even sacrificed treacherously. Accordingly Carthage found, to her cost, that in no market open to her could fidelity be purchased or patriotism hired.

The actual territory of the Carthaginian state never extended beyond the limits of the present Regency of Tunis; but this represented a very small fraction of the Carthaginian empire. The African dependencies of the great Phœnician colony reached, at the opening of the First Punic War, from the Altars of the Philæni, on the Greater Syrtis, to Solocis (now Mogador), on the Atlantic; that is to say, the Liby-Phœnician towns subject to her covered the shores of the modern Tunis and Algeria, with by far the larger part of Morocco and Tripoli. In Sardinia and Corsica Carthage had troublesome

neighbours in the unsubdued tribes of the interior of those islands, but no rivals for the command of their ports and fishing-stations. In Sicily the Greeks maintained themselves with waning vigour along a belt of territory lying far within their former frontier. In Spain Carthaginian sway stretched from the sacred headland (Cape St. Vincent) to the Promontory of Diana, and was later, by the great Hamilcar Barca and Hasdrubal, his son-in-law, extended and compacted so as to include the whole of the vast district lying south of the Tagus on the one side, and of the Ebro on the other. In population and wealth Carthage far surpassed her formidable antagonist of the Seven Hills. Scarcely less than a million * of inhabitants dwelt within the strongly fortified peninsula, twenty-three miles in circumference, which was covered by the gorgeous public buildings, the lofty dwellings, the suburban villas, gardens, pleasure-grounds, and sepulchres of ancient Carthage. Her command of money was practically unlimited. Carthaginian citizens paid no direct taxes, but heavy customs and tolls were levied on their extensive commerce; the riches of the Spanish mines belonged by right exclusively to the state; the agricultural population within the immediate dominion of Carthage contributed a quarter, or even one-half, the produce of a soil at that time in high cultivation and of unsurpassed fertility; and the prodigious amount of the gross tribute wrung from dependent towns may be remotely estimated from the fact that Lesser Leptis alone was mulcted in a sum of a talent a day, or, in round numbers, 90,000*l.* a year of our present money.† Now, of these dependent towns (which were kept purposely defenceless), no less than two hundred in the neighbourhood of Carthage are reported to have submitted to the Sicilian tyrant Agathocles during his adventurous raid into Africa (310–306 B.C.). We hardly dare guess at the total number included in the Liby-Phœnician fringe to the ‘dark continent,’ from beyond the Pillars of Hercules to the borders of Cyrenaica. Moreover, the wealth of Carthage was rendered available by its skilful distribution. Alone among the states of antiquity she possessed some acquaintance with economic principles, and, in her system of nominal currency (literally *leather-money*) and foreign loans, anticipated the financial expedients of later times.

* The population, at the time of the final siege, when presumably much reduced by precedent calamities, amounted to 700,000.

† Mommsen’s ‘History of Rome,’ vol. ii. p. 10 (Dickson’s translation).

For an account of the struggle in which this great, and in some respects unique, political organisation was annihilated, we refer our readers to Mr. Bosworth Smith's agreeable narrative in the work cited at the head of this article. We have preferred to dwell upon its growth rather than exhibit its action, because in the former direction the book just mentioned strikes us as deficient in fulness and precision. Mr. Bosworth Smith evidently rejoices more in navigating the broad streams of history than in tracing the obscure springs which contribute to swell its current, forming, in this respect, a curious and instructive contrast to his German fellow-labourer in the same field. Mr. Bosworth Smith has written a book to be read rather than referred to; M. Meltzer has written a book to be referred to rather than read. Each class of work has its place and its purpose. It is for the advantage alike of history and literature that both should exist.

After all, the moral of the tale of Carthage's desolation appears to be that she fell because she deserved her fall. She fell because she refused to recognise the fundamental claims of humanity—because she exacted rights, and repudiated duties which are the complement of rights. She fell because she oppressed her subjects, ground down or enslaved the peaceful cultivators of her soil, cheated and betrayed her armies, distrusted and abandoned her champions. Her religion was cruel and degrading, her institutions aimed at the extinction alike of public virtue and individual freedom, her internal government was narrow and malignant, her external policy time-serving and arrogant. Confronted with Rome, she fell because she anticipated Rome in tyranny and corruption. She had, moreover, committed the inextinguishable crime of having inspired her haughty rival with fears for her own safety. Had Hannibal never crossed the Alps, her humiliation might have sufficed; her annihilation was the penalty exacted for Cannæ and Thrasy-mene.

Carthage presents the solitary example known to history of a great city raised from total destruction to a splendour comparable with that of its previous condition. Three times the Romans, in defiance of the maledictions pronounced by Scipio, attempted to colonise the spot. A settlement of 6,000 poor citizens, planted there by Caius Gracchus, twenty-four years after the catastrophe of 146 B.C., left behind, in the name 'Junonia,' only a shadowy title of abortive greatness. The project was revived by Cæsar, but interrupted, with others beyond recall, by the sword of Brutus. An effort to carry it thought, made by Augustus in 44 B.C., proved futile; but a

second experienced more favourable conditions, and in 29 B.C. Roman Carthage was definitively founded.

Its existence was a prolonged and brilliant one. For seven centuries and a quarter it continued to be the capital, and usually the seat of government, of Roman Africa. Hardly venturing to aspire to the second place, it yet disdained to be counted as third among the cities of the empire. Its famous ports were re-excavated, and were thronged with a numerous shipping. Temples, the relics of whose magnificence still adorn the churches and palaces of Spain and Italy, rose on the old sites. Its halls and porticoes were decorated with mosaics of graceful design and brilliant colouring. Crowds of eager learners filled its schools of rhetoric and philosophy. The 'bread and games' of the rulers of the world were alike supplied by the territory of which it was the centre; for the granaries of Ostia were stocked with grain grown on the fertile plains of the Bagradas, and the savage spectacles of the Colosseum were furnished by bears and lions snared in the deserts of Numidia.

The name of Genseric, according to Gibbon, has deserved, in the fall of the Roman Empire, 'an equal rank with the names of Alaric and Attila.' And his destructive agency was, by a vicissitude of fortune as singular as it seemed improbable, exercised from Carthage. It was not till ten years after the Vandal king had transferred, on the invitation of the unstable Boniface, his fifty thousand yellow-haired warriors from Spain to Africa, that he gained possession of that great capital. This was effected by a treacherous surprise, October 19, 439, and was followed by the systematic plunder, enforced by torture, and aggravated by enslavement or exile, of the Roman inhabitants both of the city and its surrounding province. Religious persecution added to the devastating effects of barbarian pillage. The churches were forcibly transferred from the Catholic to the Arian worship, and the passions of the tyrant did not always suffer him to adhere to the policy of abstention from the 'making of martyrs,' which his cold-blooded prudence dictated. The command of the ports of Carthage and Bizerta opened to his maleficent ambition a new field of activity and destruction. His adventurous followers soon acquired all the accomplishments of practised corsairs, and his pirate fleets swept the Mediterranean amid the unresisting terror of the dwellers on its shores. The Vandal pilots had orders to steer for 'the land that lay under the wrath of God,' leaving it to the winds to shape the corresponding course; and the Vandal crews never failed to justify the ominous direction.

At length the turn of Rome herself came. On one of the longest days of the year 455, the dreaded Vandal ships entered the Tiber, summoned to avenge, by a public catastrophe, the private griefs of the unwilling wife of Maximus. The ensuing sack was reckoned by the poets of the time as a Fourth Punic War, in which Genseric redressed the wrongs, six centuries old, inflicted by Africanus.* But the parallel was, in truth, more rhetorical than instructive. The events compared had no fundamental resemblance. One was a thieving raid, the other was a national assassination. One was a casual, though poignant insult, the other was the closing scene of a duel *à outrance*.

It was reserved for Belisarius to stamp out the Vandal plague by the dethronement of Gelimer and the capture of Carthage in 533, when the whole of Roman Africa was nominally incorporated with the Eastern Empire. Substantially, however, Byzantine authority scarcely extended beyond the regions near the coast; farther inland, it had power to devastate, but not to govern. Those of the Vandals who escaped the sword fled to the mountains, where the blue eyes and fair hair sporadically appearing amongst the natives still perhaps testify to descent from the northern adventurers.

Three times the skirts of the Saracen storm-cloud swept across Africa before it finally enveloped it. The first to conceive the bold idea of extending the boundaries of Islam to the Atlantic was a man of genius, but of genius tainted with the blind fury of his country and his sect. In the design of the foundation of Kaïrewân, Okba ibn-Nafi showed himself a statesman; in the mode of its execution, a fanatic. He saw that a permanent conquest must be based on some form of compact with the indigenous populations, whose numbers, inflammable passions, and command of an inaccessible country rendered their antagonists difficult to meet, and impossible to subdue. He saw, moreover, that the new province must have a fixed point by which to hold and from which to advance, and it suited his genius and his means better to build a new city than to capture an old one. Kaïrewân was accordingly founded (as its name imports) to be a central 'encampment' or 'settlement' of the conquerors in the West—an encampment situated at a safe distance from the sea, where the Byzantines were still formidable, and in the midst of the restless tribes, whom it was desired to conciliate or overawe. But the Berbers proved equally inaccessible to friendship and fear. After

* Hodgkin, 'Italy and her Invaders,' vol. ii. p. 255.

having triumphantly penetrated to the Atlantic, where, in an outburst of probably genuine, but dramatically displayed enthusiasm, he urged his horse breast-high into the waves, declaring, with uplifted hands, that their irresistible flow alone set limits to his zeal for the propagation of the faith of Islam, Okba fell in battle with the natives, leaving his infant capital to become the prey of the victors.

This was in 683; ten years later, Hassan ibn-Nomân marched, with 40,000 men, direct from Egypt upon Carthage. The Greek garrison was defeated; the Greek notables fled; a scarcely resisted assault admitted the invaders from the desert to the city, whose long history they were about to terminate. A respite was, however, effected, but a brief one. The Patrician John raised an army and equipped a fleet at Constantinople; a Berber heroine, called the 'Kâhina' or sorceress, headed a fierce and destructive insurrection in the mountainous province of Constantine. Both enterprises were, for the moment, successful. The Arabs were overthrown and driven back to Barca; the Byzantines took triumphant possession of Carthage. Four years elapsed before Hassan had gathered forces sufficient for another advance; and doubly defeated before, he was doubly victorious now. The Berber chieftainess was slain in a pitched battle; the Greek patrician decamped with his armament by night, having vainly tried his fortune in the field. This time Hassan deliberately perfected the work which he had before hastily attempted. The second destruction of Carthage (698 A.D.), if not so theatrically executed, proved more lasting than the first. Time, which had brilliantly repaired the one catastrophe, served but to aggravate and complete the other. When Edrisi, the Arab geographer, wrote in the middle of the twelfth century, the only remains of habitation on the once populous site were found in the paltry village of Moalka, where the gigantic range of cisterns which formerly held the main water supply of the city still afford shelter for their families, and stabling for their beasts, to a sordid crowd of Arab squatters. At that time, however, the arcades of a magnificent amphitheatre rose in six tiers amidst fields now covered with barley, vetches, and lentils; and an ample harvest rewarded yet for many centuries the labours of excavators eager for booty and reckless of havoc. The many-coloured marbles which formed the splendour of Roman Carthage may now be seen decorating buildings so various in plan and purpose as the Mezquita of Cordoba, the Palazzo Doria at Genoa, the Cathedral of Pisa, and the mosques and dwelling-houses of Tunis. Carthage has, in fact,

served, during eleven hundred years, as a vast quarry, in which builders—Frank, Arab, and Turk—have found materials of rare quality ready to their hand. The celebrated traveller, James Bruce of Kinnaird, sums up in the following brief note the relics still visible in 1765 :—

‘ We passed ancient Carthage, of which little remains but the cisterns, the aqueduct, and a magnificent flight of steps ’ (now disappeared) ‘ up to the Temple of *Æsculapius*, and arrived at Tunis. In rowing over the bay you see a great number of pillars and buildings yet on foot, so that the sea has been concerned in the destruction of Carthage.’

The above extract is taken from a book of singular interest, though necessarily limited circulation, the title of which we have placed in the heading of this article. Its author, Colonel Playfair, found himself, after the lapse of a century, the successor of Bruce in the office of British Consul-General in Algeria. Long familiar with the countries explored by the ‘ great father of African travel,’ he sought for some account of his voyages in the Barbary States less unsatisfactory than that prefixed to the first volume of his travels, with a zeal which deserved and eventually obtained success. After many fruitless searches, he applied to Lady Thurlow, great-great-granddaughter of the traveller, and heiress of Kinnaird, and was overjoyed at the amount and value of the materials placed in his hands and at his discretion. Of these the most important consisted in a vast mass of drawings, amongst which were ‘ more than a hundred sheets, some having designs on both sides, completely illustrating all the principal subjects of ‘archæological interest in North Africa from Algiers to the ‘Pentapolis, and executed in a style which an architectural ‘artist of the present day could hardly excel.’* Colonel Playfair immediately appreciated the excellence of all, and perceived the accuracy of many, of these productions. Some, however, he was unable to identify, because the structures represented by them no longer existed; others, because they were unknown to him, especially such as were situated in the Regency of Tunis; and it was to remedy this latter deficiency that he undertook his ‘Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce.’ The result is before us in a splendid volume, enriched with facsimiles of many of the drawings in question (whose detailed fidelity was photographically tested and proved by Lord Kingston, Colonel Playfair’s sole travelling companion), and containing the original rough notes of Bruce’s daily progress

* ‘Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce,’ p. 2.

and adventures. Its main contents, however, and those which at present chiefly concern us, are composed of Colonel Playfair's personal observations in a country which, after centuries of submersion in the muddy waters of barbarism, has once more unexpectedly risen to the surface of European politics. We revert to the subject of Carthage's remains to extract from his pages a description of the noble monument which now forms the most prominent memorial of Carthage's ancient glory:—

'Shortly after leaving the Mohammedia' (a dismantled palace in the neighbourhood of Tunis) 'the ruins of the ancient aqueduct come in sight, and at a distance of about fourteen miles from Tunis the road crosses the Oued Melian, the Catada of Ptolemy. Here is seen, in all its surpassing beauty, one of the greatest works the Romans ever executed in North Africa, the aqueduct conveying the waters of Zaghouan and Djougar to Carthage.

'During all the time that Carthage remained an independent state, the inhabitants seem to have contented themselves with rain water caught, and stored in reservoirs, both from the roofs of houses and from paved squares and streets. Thirty years after the destruction of this city by Scipio it was rebuilt by a colony under Caius Gracchus, but it was not till the reign of the Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 117 to 138) that the inhabitants, having recovered their ancient wealth, and having suffered from several consecutive years of drought, represented their miserable condition to the Emperor, who himself visited the city and resolved to convey to it the magnificent springs of Zeugitanus Mons, the modern Zaghouan. This, however, was not sufficient for the supply of the city, and after the death of Hadrian another fine spring at Mons Zuccharus, the present Djebel Djougar, was led into the original aqueduct—probably in the reign of Septimius Severus, as a medal was found at Carthage with his figure on the reverse, and on the obverse Astarte seated on a lion beside a spring issuing from a rock.

'It was certainly destroyed by Gilimer, the last of the Vandal kings, when endeavouring to reconquer Carthage, and again restored by Belisarius, the lieutenant of Justinian. On the expulsion of the Byzantines it was once more cut off, and restored by their Arab conquerors, and finally destroyed by the Spaniards during their siege of Tunis. It was reserved for the present Bey, Sidi Saduk, once more to restore this ancient work, and to bring the pure and abundant springs which formerly supplied Carthage into the modern city of Tunis. . . .

'The original aqueduct started from two springs, those of Zaghouan and Djougar; and to within sixteen miles of the present city of Tunis—namely, to the south side of the plain of the Catada—it simply followed the general slope of the ground without being raised on arches. From this point, right across that plain—a distance of three Roman, or two and a half English miles—with slight intermissions, owing to the rise in the ground, and so on to the terminal reservoir at the modern village of Mualika, it was carried over a superb series of arches—sometimes, indeed, over a double tier. The total length of the aque-

duct was sixty-one Roman miles, or 98,897 yards, including the branch from Mons Zuccharus, which measured twenty-two miles, or 38,803 yards; and it was estimated to have conveyed 32,000,000 litres (upwards of 7,000,000 gallons) of water a day, or eighty-one gallons per second, for the supply of Carthage and the intermediate country.

'The greatest difference is perceptible in the style of construction, owing to the frequent restorations which have taken place. The oldest and most beautiful portions are of finely cut stone, each course having a height of twenty inches; . . . a great part of the aqueduct, however, is built in a far less solid manner—of concrete blocks, or of small irregular stones. . . . The mere fact of masonry of this character being used, *pisé* in fact, by no means proves it to be of modern origin, as Pliny informs us that this description of masonry was much in use amongst the ancient Carthaginians. In some places a threatened danger had been guarded against by the erection of rough and massive counterforts. Along the plain of the Oued Melian, in a length of nearly two miles, we counted 344 arches still entire.' (Playfair's 'Bruce,' p. 130.)

The vexed question of the topography of Carthage may be regarded as in its main lines settled by M. Beulé's explorations in 1859. Relying on the decisions of the great archaeological arbiter—the spade—we can afford to ignore the discrepancies of ancient authority and modern opinion. There can, in fact, be no reasonable doubt that the capacious double port, in the construction of which nearly a million cubic feet of sandstone must have been excavated,* is now represented by two shallow pools, situated near the south-western angle of the peninsula, on the fertile spot by the shore known locally as 'The Fig-trees,' and it is almost equally certain that the Hill of St. Louis is the site of the ancient Byrsa,† or citadel, where the few desperate survivors of Scipio's siege perished in the blazing Temple of Æsculapius. Here, too, was enacted the last scene of the last crusade, when the good King Louis, expiring on a bed of ashes, left to his son, with the kingdom of France, the wise and pious exhortation preserved by Joinville. The spot is now formally consecrated to his memory, Louis Philippe having caused a chapel to be erected there in 1841; and it is recorded, in signal testimony to the cordiality of the relations then subsisting between France and Tunis, that a battalion of native troops was told off to escort the

* Beulé, 'Fouilles et Découvertes,' t. ii. p. 53.

† *Byrsa* (signifying an ox-hide) is the form which Greek pronunciation gave to the Phœnician *Bosra*, a fortress. The story of Dido's crafty mode of measuring the land allotted to her new colony followed quite naturally from the meaning of the Greek word. As in so many other cases, a corruption was followed and justified by a legend.

statue of the saint to its destined place. Indeed, the duty was probably by no means repugnant to them, since, by a fantastic caprice of tradition, St. Louis is numbered amongst the saints of Islam. The Arabs entirely believe that before his death he was converted to faith in the Prophet, and the holy village of Sidi-Bou-Said on Cape Carthage, in which no Christian is allowed to sleep, derives its peculiar aroma of sanctity from the commemoration of the virtues of the Christian king and crusader.*

Tunis is the natural successor and lawful heir of Carthage. It had, however, to wait some time for its inheritance; for, though it has survived its majestic neighbour now nearly twelve centuries, it probably existed before her. There is no record of its foundation; it has communicated to history no autobiographical sketch, authentic or legendary; it was simply seated immemorially at the gates of Carthage, expecting its turn. It has always borne the same name, whose meaning oblivion has long since covered, and was probably a Libyan, or, as we should now say, a Berber hamlet when the Phœnicians began to colonise Africa. The jealousy of Carthage kept it poor and defenceless; but Agathocles made it his head-quarters during his four years' adventure, and it became a centre of devastation when Regulus landed at Clypea (now Kelibia) the first Roman army which set foot on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. When Hassan removed, as he thought, an obstacle to the growth of Kairewân, he had no idea that he was destroying instead the rival of Tunis. Only six years later it began to assume the importance which its position claimed; but its first effective appearance in history was more clamorous than creditable. Musa, the conqueror of Spain, equipped a fleet and constructed a harbour there in 704, when it rapidly acquired a piratical reputation rivalling that of Carthage under Genseric. The extent of his ravages may be estimated from the fact that he is said, on good authority, to have captured in his freebooting excursions 300,000 persons of all sexes and ages. This need not appear incredible when it is remembered that human booty was, at that time of all others, the easiest to take, and the most profitable to sell.†

Aghlabites, Fatimites, and Zirites, Almoravides, and Almo-hades had successively had their day, when Abou Zaccharia established, in 1206, the seat of an independent principality at Tunis. This 'Hafsîte' dynasty (as it was called from the

* Bosworth Smith, '*Carthage and the Carthaginians*,' p. 466.

† Amari, '*Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia*,' i. p. 124.

father of the founder) was probably of Berber origin, and lasted until the turn of the Turks came. In 1535, Barbarossa,* the 'friend of the sea, and the enemy of all those who sailed upon it,' got possession of Tunis by a stroke of luck and treachery combined. He was already potent at Algiers, and threatened, by his depredations, to extirpate the commerce and depopulate the shores of the Mediterranean. Muley Hassan, the prince whom he expelled, was not more virtuous than the Mitylenian corsair, but he was less mischievous, and his private crimes were allowed to be outweighed by the public good. The Emperor Charles V., accordingly, as the representative of the police of Christendom, collected an armament, and reinstated him in a throne which he had reached by a hideous series of fratricides. The release of thirty thousand captives earned for the Emperor a reputation for humanity, which the slaughter of an equal number of unoffending persons in the sack of the town must be allowed to have gravely compromised. The forts of Goletta were held by the Spaniards until 1574, when they were disastrously lost; for in the previous year, the chivalrous and unlucky Don John of Austria, still wearing the scarcely faded laurels of Lepanto, undertook to drive the irrepressible Ottomans from Tunis, once more seized by them in 1570. This he accomplished almost without resistance; but instead of following the sagacious advice of his brother, Philip II., who desired him to raze the fortifications and abandon the spot, he left behind a governor and garrisons, not only at Goletta, but in Tunis itself. The truth seems to be that one of the chimeras which beguiled the hopes of this unfortunate young man was that of founding an African empire—probably, even, of reviving, as 'King of Carthage,' the extinct glories of the Punic city. The bright bubble burst quickly. Sinan Pasha, an Italian renegade, was commissioned by Selim II. to annihilate the threatening nucleus of a possible Christian power in Africa. The Spanish garrisons offered a heroic resistance, holding out almost to the last man; and with their extermination ceased the last attempt to keep the Turks out of Tunis.

It was with no unreasonable dismay that Europe saw the coast of North Africa portioned out into principalities by the corsair admirals of the Sublime Porte. It is difficult at the

* A corruption of Baba (Father) Haroudj, not an epithet descriptive of the colour of his beard. The name properly belonged to his elder brother, but was held in common, with many estimable qualities, by the pair.

present day to form an idea of the terror inspired and the damage inflicted by the Barbary pirates during three centuries—from the capture of Algiers by Barbarossa in 1516 to its bombardment by Lord Exmouth in 1816. No household in Spain or Italy within reach of the sea was safe from their depredations. The long black hulls of their ‘raven’-prowed galleys lay invisibly in the offing, until night covered their approach, and revealed, in the light of blazing homesteads, the extent of the disaster they were the bearers of.* Even as far as the North Sea Turkish rovers ventured with impunity and profit, and the number of Christians sold into slavery was so great that a religious order was instituted in Spain for the special purpose of their redemption. In the summer of 1605, one of these pirate galleys fell in with a coasting vessel bound from Marseilles to Narbonne. One of the passengers on board was a young priest named Vincent de Paul, who, with all the rest of the ship’s company, was taken to Tunis, and there sold as a slave. He passed from one master to another, and at length came into the hands of a renegade Christian, whose heart—singularly enough, through the pleadings of his Turkish wife—was touched by reminiscences of the religion he had forsaken. A plan of escape was accordingly concerted between master and servant, and after waiting many months for a favourable opportunity, they at length got safely off in a small boat to the coast of France, where the future saint initiated some years later his works of charity, while the converted apostate retired to a monastery in Rome.

It is satisfactory to remember that a sturdy buffet was administered to the Barbary pirates, in the days of their power, by the hands of an English admiral. In 1655, Robert Blake, one of the boldest of British seamen, battered into ruins the walls of Porto Farina (then the arsenal of Tunis), burnt the Tunisian fleet, released slaves, and extorted a pledge of better behaviour for the future. A pledge probably ill kept. For, in a Mahometan state, amendment rarely sets in until decadence is imminent, and administrative reforms signify and precede political downfall. Nothing could well be more exemplary than the course of policy pursued, during the present century, at Tunis. Christian slavery ceased in 1816; slavery of all kinds was abolished in 1837; the Jews have been emancipated, and the black turban, or cap, distinctive of their race, continues to be worn only by some ancient conservatives in costume; a constitution, modelled on the most approved

* Creasy, ‘History of the Ottoman Turks,’ vol. i. p. 280, *note*.

liberal principles, was even promulgated by the present Bey in 1861, and withdrawn only when the ungrateful recipients threatened a revolution in favour of absolutism. It is hinted, indeed, that a doubling of the imposts had its share among the causes of the rising. And here we touch the flaw.

A rotten system of finance is the inevitable concomitant of the oriental method of administration, and seems to be the destined inclined plane along which orientally administered states are gently conducted to their doom. A mode of taxation, which seems expressly designed to combine the maximum of oppression with the minimum of revenue, drains the life-blood of the country. Industry, hopeless of receiving its due reward, sinks into apathy; land goes out of cultivation, irrigation is neglected, trees are cut down, manufactures perish. Meantime, the level of modern civilisation must be maintained, and modern civilisation is expensive. Works of public utility* or private magnificence exhaust an exchequer whose outgoings increase as fast as its incomings diminish. Foreign loans afford temporary relief, and bring, with public insolvency, its penalty in the form of an international commission. The resources of the country are, however, developed, though not for the benefit of the people. Railways, telegraphs, canals, are constructed by means of foreign capital, and to the profit of foreign shareholders. Eventually, individual interests demand the prop of official protection, and armed occupation becomes the supplement and safeguard of financial possession.

Such is the history which we see being enacted before our eyes in more than one Mahometan country. But in Tunis events have been precipitated by a complication of interests and rivalries. The ambition of Italy has long been turning in the direction of colonial expansion. The burden of her overgrown military establishment requires for its support a commercial development for which the crowded markets of Europe afford no facilities. She demands a new outlet, and believes that such an outlet is to be found in Africa. Its close vicinity to her shores, and the historical relations of Rome and Carthage, seemed to point out Tunis as the 'Italian 'Algeria' of the future. The importance of the Italian element in the population, the rapid expansion of trade, and the energy of the late M. Rubattino in establishing and

* The difficulties of the present Bey began with the expenditure of thirteen million francs on the restoration of the ancient aqueduct. His personal moderation contrasts favourably with the prodigality of some of his predecessors.

extending steam communication between the two countries, made it already a valuable field for Italian commercial activity. French influence, which, during the greater part of three reigns, had been supreme at the Bardo, began to decline, and French 'susceptibilities' were in many tender points wounded. The spirited bidding of M. Rubattino secured the Tunis and Goletta railway as Italian property; the French counter-scheme of a line to Hammamet was quashed; the Enfida affair had an issue adverse to French interests; the French telegraph monopoly was contested. At last, a *coup de main* and a *coup de tête* in one cut short an intolerable rivalry; the Kroumirs furnished a pretext by which Europe consented to be blinded until an accomplished fact could be brandished before her reopened eyes; and the treaty of May 12 was signed at the Bardo amid the indignant but impotent protestations of an outraged prince.

It remains to be seen by what practical services to civilisation an act as ill-considered as it was unjustifiable will be palliated in the judgment of history. The province which has fallen into French hands is, as regards variety of natural riches, the choicest in Africa. The climate is mild and equable; mineral wealth is not lacking; mines of quicksilver, which have never been worked, exist near the mouth of the Medjerda, and lead mines, known to the Romans, but now neglected, in the Djebel Resass ('Mountain of Lead'); while, in the north-western district, a mountain, reported as composed wholly of iron oxide,* promises an unlimited supply of cutlery and rifled cannon. The vegetable kingdom is still more munificent. All the fruits and esculents of a temperate climate are exposed for sale in the bazaars of Tunis; cereals yield to the most niggardly cultivation an abundant harvest; the more special productions of the south—olives, oranges, figs, lemons, almonds, and pomegranates—thrive luxuriantly; the Djerid, or 'Country of Dates,' is said to contain two million palm trees. Yet the entire country is, notwithstanding these advantages, in a state of abject decadence. Where no census has ever been attempted, estimates of population are not to be depended upon, but it seems certain that the number of the inhabitants, which now scarcely exceeds a million and a half, has enormously fallen off since the last century, to say nothing of the flourishing figures reported from earlier times. This depopulation, which appears to be rapidly progressive, is in a large degree the consequence, but

* E. Pellissier, 'Description de la Régence de Tunis,' p. 47.

also to some extent the cause, of a conspicuous deterioration in the quality of the soil. A province which Constantine, when he appropriated to his new capital the corn of Egypt, assigned as the granary of Rome, is now frequently driven to import grain for the subsistence of its own dwindled population. Colonel Playfair reports that the whole region of the Sahel, or the coast-land of which Susa is the centre, once of unexampled fertility, now springs into verdure only in seasons of exceptionally abundant rainfall, but at other times presents the aspect of a stony and arid waste. The change is regarded by him as one of the disastrous effects of reckless deforestation :—

‘We know,’ he says, ‘that at one time the country was covered with forests. I myself have travelled for days over plains where not a tree exists, and yet where ruins of Roman oil-mills were frequently met with. Ibn Khaldoun, in his history of the Berbers, says: “El Kahira caused all the villages and farms throughout the country to be destroyed, so that the vast region between Tripoli and Tangiers, which had the appearance of an immense thicket, under the shade of which rose a multitude of villages touching each other, now offered no other aspect than that of ruins.” Even in modern days the same destruction of forests has been continued, if not wantonly or for purposes of defence, as in the time of the early Arab conquerors, still as surely by the carelessness of their descendants, who never hesitate to set fire to a wood to improve the pasturage, or to cut down a tree when timber is required, but who never dream of planting another, or even of protecting those which spring up spontaneously from being destroyed by their flocks and herds.

‘In Bruce’s notes, written 110 years ago, frequent allusion is made to forests through which he passed, where not a tree is now to be seen, and this is a work of destruction which must go on with ever-accelerating rapidity year after year.’

The consequence is that hills are denuded of their soil, the rich mould deposited in the valleys becomes covered with sand blown from the desert in summer, and gravel and stones brought down by rains in winter, until the life of the land is, as it were, locked up in an inexorable imprisonment, where it remains inaccessible and sterile.

The activity of nature has co-operated with the negligence of man to place obstacles in the way of the restoration to Tunis of its ancient prosperity. The current which once formed the water-way of the Phœnicians from the Straits to Syria has helped to throw down the mud of the Medjerda (the ancient Bagradas, whose name is doubtfully derived from the Tyrian god Melkarth), thus hopelessly silting up harbours once populous with shipping. The ruins of Utica

now lie many miles inland, round the miserable village of Bou-Shater; the course of the river has shifted far to the north of its ancient bed; the curve of the coast between Cape Farina and the peninsula of Carthage is almost obliterated; and the ports still existing are continually encroached upon by fresh deposits of alluvium. For one of these, however, a great future, so far as it is in the power of the new masters of the country to confer it, is reserved.

Bizerta, the 'Venice of Africa' (*si parva licet componere magnis*), boasts an antiquity perhaps double that of the city of the Lagoons. It was a Tyrian colony, designated *Ippo achéret** (the 'other Hippo') to distinguish it from an elder town of the same name, Hippo Regius (so called by the Romans, as being the residence of the Numidian kings), now Bone. *Ippo achéret* was transformed by the Greeks into Hippo Diarrhytus (an epithet obviously descriptive of the situation of the town); Diarrhytus was gradually softened into Zarytus; thence came the Arab corruption Benzerte, from which to Bizerta is an easy transition. Agathocles gave the place importance by providing it with fortifications and a new harbour; a Roman colony was planted there; and the inhabitants, though only four thousand in number, distinguished themselves during the middle ages by frequent revolts against whatever power happened temporarily to have the upper hand.

'The situation of the town,' Colonel Playfair writes, 'is extremely picturesque, being built on each side of the canal which connects the lake with the sea, and on an island in the middle of it, principally occupied by Europeans, and joined to the mainland on either side by substantial bridges. The town is entirely surrounded by walls, the entrance to the canal being protected by what in former times would have been considered formidable defences. That on the west is the Kasbah or citadel, and contains a number of residences both of private individuals and of public functionaries; on the opposite side is the fort of Sidi el-Houni, containing the shrine of that holy man. Between these the canal is embanked. The foundations are, no doubt, ancient, though the superstructure is modern. The west wall is produced as a break-water, but it is very ruinous, and has evidently projected much further into the sea than it does at present. Its length is not sufficient to prevent the sand being drifted in by the north-west winds, whereby the canal has been so much filled up as to render it practicable only for light fishing-boats. Near the gate of the Kasbah may be seen the chain formerly used to protect the entrance. . . .

'The important feature of Bizerta, however, is its lake, now called Tinja, formerly Hipponitis Palus, which in the hands of a European

* Movers, 'Die Phonizier,' ii. 2, p. 510.

power might become one of the finest harbours and one of the most important strategical positions in the Mediterranean. Its length from east to west is about eight geographical miles, and its width five and a half; the channel, which connects it with the sea, is at its north-east angle, and is about four miles long and half a mile broad; but the shallow portion which passes through the town is less than a mile in length, with a depth of from two to ten feet. Beyond, it widens out, and has a depth equal to that of the lake, from five to seven fathoms. A comparatively slight expenditure would be required to convert this lake into a perfectly landlocked harbour, containing fifty square miles of anchorage for the largest vessels afloat. At present the anchorage off the entrance is very insecure; vessels are compelled to remain in the open roadstead, and at a considerable distance from the town; there is no shelter from the prevailing bad weather, and if shipwrecks are rare, it is simply because the place is avoided by large vessels.

'The lake teems with fish, which produce a yearly revenue of 180,000 piastres, or 4,500*l.*, to the State. They are caught both by nets and in weirs of reeds erected at the narrowest portion of the straits, and are then carried on donkeys to Tunis for sale. They are not only most abundant, of excellent quality, very different from the mud-tainted produce of the Tunis lake, but of great variety. The inhabitants of Bizerta say that there are twelve principal kinds, one of which comes into season each month. This is by no means a modern idea; it is mentioned by El-Edrisi, who says: "When the month has expired, the species which corresponds to it disappears, and is replaced by a new one, and so on till the end of the year and every year. . . ."

'A favourite means of catching the larger kind is for a man to station himself at the prow of a boat under one of the arches of the bridge, with a ten-pronged grane in his hand and a vessel of oil beside him. From time to time he sprinkles a few drops of oil on the surface to calm its ripples and enable him to see the larger fish passing, and these he spears with great dexterity. Wild fowls of all kinds are numerous on the lake, and for quails and snipe its banks are a sportsman's paradise.

'To the south-west of this lake is another, nearly as large, but with a depth of from two to eight feet only. . . . The water is almost sweet in winter, when a considerable body is poured into it by the Oued Djoumin, or river of Mater; but in summer, when the level sinks, the overflow from the salt lake pours into it by the Oued Tinga, a tortuous canal which connects the two, and then its waters are not potable. . . . This lake also abounds in fish, principally barbel and alose (*clupea finta*), which are held in no esteem by the natives.' (Playfair's 'Bruce,' p. 143.)

The alternating flow between the two lakes above described is mentioned by Edrisi, with the additional circumstance that the waters in no degree change their quality by the interchange—the salt lake losing none of its saltiness, and the fresh

lake none of its freshness, in whichever direction the current sets. 'Ceci est encore,' he remarks quaintly, 'l'une des 'particularités de ce pays.'

It is curious to find Bizerta figuring in the old romances as the capital and representative town of Africa. It was here that the English paladin Astolfo besieged the Saracen king Branzardo after the destruction of the fleet of Agramante; it was here that took ship the formidable host

' Whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.'

Our readers may compare Ariosto's account of the defences of the old town with the description just quoted from Colonel Playfair. Here is the stanza:—

' Bizerta on two faces had the sea,
The two remaining rested on dry land;
Of structure excellent in their degree,
Its walls in times of old were built and planned;
Its sole defence and help in these must be,
For after King Branzardo and his band
Took shelter there, nor time nor building-masters
Were found to mend or better Time's disasters.'

The remarkable advantages presented by the position of this town have not escaped notice from the French authorities. They have recognised * that Bizerta is the key to the valley of the Medjerda, and that the valley of the Medjerda commands the Regency. Accordingly, whatever should be the policy eventually adopted elsewhere, the purpose inflexibly held with regard to the designated maritime capital of North Africa might be expressed in the phrase, *J'y suis, et j'y reste*. The unfurling of the tricolour above the rusty and dismounted guns of the Kasbah on May 1, 1881, may thus be expected to mark a singular change in the condition and prospects of this degenerate colony of Tyre and Rome. The operations of dredging and embankment necessary to convert a mud-choked estuary into a profound and capacious harbour may indeed prove far more costly than was anticipated in the vague and sanguine estimate of 'a few hundreds of thousands of francs;' but financial difficulties will not be allowed to stand in the way of an enterprise assuming the seductive aspects of

* See M. de la Berge's volume *d'occasion*, cited at the head of this article, pp. 76, 178.

national aggrandisement. and physical obstacles will doubtless be successfully disposed of by the skill and perseverance of French engineers.

The design of deepening the lake of Tunis so as to render the city accessible to ships of heavy draught has, it may be presumed, been abandoned * in favour of the newer schemes of improvement at Bizerta. The two places are distant from each other only thirty-six miles, and a railway is already projected to unite them, which can hardly fail, when constructed, to divert to the rising emporium much of the traffic which now animates the port of Goletta. The present capital will thus in all probability receive no increment of prosperity from the French 'protectorate.' The flood-tide of European improvement will sweep in another direction. Tunis will remain very much what it is, dirty, oriental, and picturesque. The 'Rose of Africa' (hyberbolically so called) is not always the most fragrant of flowers. But the Tunisian contempt for hygienic laws has not entailed the evil consequences which sanitary congresses teach us that it ought. On the contrary, Tunis is an exceptionally healthy city, and has since 1819 remained unvisited by the plague. It lies spread out—to use the Arab comparison—in the shape of a burnous, of which the Kasbah or citadel represents the hood, on some rising ground forming an isthmus between two salt lakes. The creamy radiance of its buildings still deserves the epithet 'White' bestowed upon it by Diodorus nineteen centuries ago; but the verdure of its background is probably less conspicuous now than when it earned for it the appellation of the 'Green' city. The population of Tunis may be, with much uncertainty, estimated at 100,000; and it is said, with still greater uncertainty, to have doubled that number in the last century. Contingents from many races and countries go to make up the motley crowd. There is a Turkish aristocracy, an Arab *petite noblesse*, and a Moorish *bourgeoisie*. The designation 'Moorish' is a very wide one, including, like the convenient philological term 'Allophylian,' a multitude of races having no quality in common except their refusal to fit into any of the established categories of classification. All possible remnants and survivals of ancient settlements—Phœnician, Roman, Byzantine—are covered by it; but it chiefly indicates the descendants of Arabs fugitive from their attempted conquest of Europe; above all, of Moors expelled from Spain in the beginning

* A project is, however, on foot for the construction of a port at Rades, on the southern shore of the lake of Tunis.

of the seventeenth century. As late as 1864 a lineal descendant of Boabdil, King of Granada, exercised the trade of a perfumer in one of the bazaars of Tunis;* close to the gate of Carthage may be seen the tomb of the last of the Abencerages; and many families transmit sacredly from generation to generation the house-keys—some of delicately chiselled steel, some of rudely perforated box-wood—brought with them in their exodus, firmly believing that when the Prophet shall raise up to them a champion to redress all the wrongs of their race, they will by their means find admission to the Andalusian homes, of which they still, after two hundred and seventy-two years of exile, cherish the memory.

A large element in the population of Tunis is formed of Jews. Their first coming dates from the great calamity of their race under Titus; but European persecutions added largely to their numbers. Here, as elsewhere, they have thriven in spite of the restrictions with which they were handicapped. The most lucrative share in the traffic of Tunis is theirs. The booths in the silk bazaar are held exclusively by Jews. The trade in gems, which has a peculiar importance in a country where other modes of investment can scarcely be found, is entirely in their hands. Communication between foreigners and natives is carried on in Italian, which is also the language of the club and of diplomacy. This is doubtless due to the fact that two-thirds of the Christian inhabitants of this city are Maltese artisans, who, according to Colonel Playfair, constitute here, as elsewhere in the Regency, an industrious and well-conducted section of the community. In the country they have obtained, with their *karatonis*, or light two-wheeled carts, a monopoly of the carrying trade; but in Tunis all merchandise is conveyed on the backs of camels, asses, or mules, whose long files of a hundred or more wind endlessly through the tortuous and unpaved streets, deep with mud and ruts in the rainy season, and scarcely less intolerable from dust in the dry.

Regarding the primitive inhabitants of North Africa, our knowledge has advanced very little beyond the point where Sallust left it. He tells us that, on the death of Hercules in Spain, the heterogeneous army which had accompanied his conquering expedition lost its cohesion and separated into innumerable fragments. Of these the Persian, Mede, and Armenian divisions crossed into Africa, allied themselves with the aboriginal Libyans and Gætulians, and gained possession

* De Flaux, 'La Régence de Tunis,' p. 50.

of the country. The Persians, adopting, in signification of their roving habits, the name of Nomads or Numidians, settled in the district round Carthage, where the *mapalia*, or long keel-shaped huts of the natives, still recall the ships which transported their ancestors across the Straits, and, reversed, formed their first shelter on African soil.

It was to the people thus formed, according to a tradition beyond the reach of criticism, that the Arabs gave the name of Berber*—a term implying, like *barbarian* in its original sense, the use of a rude and unintelligible mode of speech. The 'Berber' tongue can, in fact, be assigned to no known family of language; but the features and manners of the tribes employing it are believed to indicate Semitic affinities, while the fair complexions occasionally found amongst them are accounted for by a supposed admixture of Aryan blood. In the Regency of Tunis, Berber and Bedouin have become so completely fused as to defy separation or analysis; but it may be said generally that the race of the invaders prevails in the north and east, that of the primitive inhabitants in the districts verging towards the desert. The Arabs who now rear their camels and pitch their black tents on the plains of Tunis, are not the descendants of the followers of Okba and Hassan. They are the product of a later and more destructive invasion. In 1051, the Emir of Kairewân having thrown off his allegiance to the Fatimite Khalif, it was resolved at Cairo to desolate a province which it was hopeless to attempt to resume. The Bedouin tribes Hilâl and Soleim were accordingly summoned from Upper Egypt; each man of them received a cloak and a dinâr, and so equipped they were let loose west of the Nile. In six years the work of ruin was accomplished. Kairewân was sacked (1057), its inhabitants driven for refuge to Sicily or Spain, and Northern Africa made desolate.† The effects of the devastation are thus described by Edrisi after the lapse of a century:—

'Al-Cairawân, la métropole du pays, était la ville la plus importante du Maghrib,‡ soit à cause de son étendue, soit à raison de sa population et de ses richesses, de la solidité de ses édifices, des avantages que

* It was probably suggested by the Roman 'Mauri Barbari,' modified so as to convey a meaning in Arabic.

† 'Storia dei Musulmani,' ii. pp. 547-8.

‡ *Maghrib* or *Maghreb* signifies in Arabic 'West,' and is used to designate that very distinct region of Africa cut off from the rest of the continent by the desert and the Lesser Syrtis (Gulf of Gabes), which comprises the countries of Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco.

présentait son commerce, de l'abondance de ses ressources et de ses revenus, tandis que ses habitants se distinguaient par leur esprit d'indépendance, par leur fierté et par leur audace. Les hommes pieux de cette ville étaient remarquables par leur persévérance dans le bien et leur fidélité aux engagements, par l'abandon des choses vicieuses et l'éloignement des péchés, par l'étude assidue de diverses sciences estimées, enfin par la tendance à la droiture; mais Dieu, en faisant tomber cette ville au pouvoir des Arabes, a répandu sur elle toutes sortes de calamités. Actuellement il ne subsiste de son ancienne grandeur que des ruines; une partie de la ville est entourée d'un mur en terre; les Arabes y dominent, et mettent le pays à contribution; les habitants y sont peu nombreux, et leur commerce ainsi que leur industrie sont misérables. Cependant, d'après l'opinion des astrologues, cette ville ne doit pas tarder à recouvrer son ancienne prospérité.'

The stars, however, were mendacious, or their interpreters unskilful; for Kairewân had already passed her meridian, and was tending towards a still remote horizon of helplessness and humiliation. The days were gone beyond recall when Charlemagne sent an embassy to the court of Ibrahim ibn-Aghlab to sue for the relics of St. Cyprian; when caravans from the Soudan poured riches and splendour in at the gates, and the fantastic magnificence of Zirite festivities animated the solemn streets of the Holy City. Its sanctity alone survived. It was, until the 26th of last October, the virgin sanctuary of Islam in Africa. Its gates had opened, during twelve centuries, to no infidel invader. Its shrines had been profaned by no infidel footsteps. It was founded by one companion of the Prophet, it possessed the tomb of another. Hundreds of holy men had come to lay their bones in the sacred vicinity. It shared with Mecca the privilege of conferring the coveted title of 'hadji,' seven pilgrimages thither earning for their performer the dignity of the green turban. It was even prophetically affirmed that it would one day possess the venerated remains of Mahomet himself.

Mr. Rae, whose book, entitled 'The Country of the Moors,' stands amongst others at the head of this article, is one of the first Christians who have been allowed to enter the walls of Kairewân for many centuries. His account of his reception there is one of the most curious and amusing parts of his delightful work, to which we must refer our readers for a more complete account of these regions. We have seldom read a narrative of travels undertaken or related with greater spirit. Colonel Playfair obtained leave from the Bey of Tunis to visit the sealed city a short time after Mr. Rae had visited it, and, as his work is less generally known, we shall borrow his account of its legendary story. It would seem

that, as the Moors anticipated, these visits were ominous of coming evil, and laid their holy places open to the invader.

'Next to Mecca and Medina, no city is so sacred in the eyes of Western Mohammedans as Kerouan. The history of its foundation is given by Ibn Khaldoun. In the fiftieth year of the Hedjira (A.D. 670) Moaouia ibn-Abi-Sofian sent Okba ibn-Nafa to conquer Africa. The latter proposed to his troops to found a city which might serve him as a camp, and be a rallying-point for Islamism till the end of time. He conducted them to where Kerouan now is, and which was then covered with thick and impenetrable forest, the habitation of wild beasts and noxious reptiles. Having collected round him the eighteen companions of the Prophet who were in his army, he called out in a loud voice, "Serpents and savage beasts, we are the companions of the "blessed Prophet. Retire! for we intend to establish ourselves here." Whereupon they all retired peaceably, and at the sight of this miracle many of the Berbers were converted to Islamism; during forty years from that date not a serpent was seen in Ifrikia. No wonder that Okba is as much venerated here as St. Patrick is in Ireland.

'Okba then planted his lance in the ground, and called out "Here "is your *Kerouan*" (caravan, or resting-place), thus giving the name to the new city. He himself traced out the foundation of the governor's palace, and of the great mosque, the true position of the *kibla*, or direction of Mecca, which was miraculously communicated to him by God. In most mosques the Imam, when leading the public prayers, turns ostentatiously a little on one side or the other, as if facing Mecca with even greater exactitude than the building itself; but here he invariably stands exactly in front of the people, thus recognising the miraculous correctness of the sacred niche or apse which indicates the direction of the great sanctuary.

'The sacred character,' he continues, 'of this city has not exempted it from its full share of war and violence. Even the great mosque has more than once been almost totally destroyed by the Mohammedans themselves, but it has never actually been polluted by a Christian invader. . . . Until quite lately, the city was entirely sealed against all who did not profess the faith of El-Islam, and even now it is only by a special order of the Bey that a Christian is admitted within its walls. A Jew dare not even approach it, and it is said that when on one occasion the Heir-presumptive paid a visit to it with a Jewish retainer in his suite, he was compelled to leave the latter at a day's journey on'side.

'The great mosque was founded by Sidi Okba; but El-Bekri states that a century later Yezid Ibn-Hatem, governor of Africa, demolished it all, with the exception of the Mihrâb, and rebuilt it. Ziadat-Ullah, the first emir of the Aghlabite dynasty bearing that name, demolished it a second time, and once more reconstructed it.

'Exteriorly it has no architectural pretensions, but in the interior there are nearly 500 marble columns, all derived from Roman buildings in various parts of the country. Of these 256 are in the internal sanctuary itself; the remainder are in the courts of the building, dis-

posed in fifteen naves. On each side of the *Mihrâb* are two columns of greater beauty than the rest, and in the central aisle in front of it are three more on each side, with smaller ones between, regarding which the Arabs have a superstition that only those whose salvation is assured are able to pass between them. Any person in mortal sin, whatever be his stature, however stout or however thin, would certainly find himself unable to squeeze through.*

The wall of the great mosque is said to bear the inscription, 'Cursed be he who shall count these columns, for he shall lose his sight.' It is characteristic of our time that the first to brave the malediction and dissipate the mystery was the correspondent of an English newspaper. Two highly interesting letters in the 'Times' (November 15 and 18, 1881) let in the un pitying light of the nineteenth century upon the long-hidden sanctuaries of Moslem superstition. The stones which, at the word of Okba, moved of themselves into their destined places, have been numbered and measured, and one of the few hiding-places left to the Unknown has been thrown open to modern curiosity. The great mosque measures in its widest extent 142 yards by 85; the prayer-chamber, or *Mihrâb*, exactly 40 yards by 80. The vaulted roof of the great central nave is supported by a double row of enormous black marble columns with white Corinthian capitals; these are flanked on either side by nine ranges of pillars of inferior size, and various form and colour, on which rest the semicircular arches of eighteen lesser aisles. In the apse of the *Mihrâb*, which is richly decorated with mosaics, is seen, on the left, a large slab of white marble, covered with emblems and surrounded by broad bands of *verd antique*. The hand of Okba himself is said to have placed it there twelve hundred years ago. The number of columns in the nave alone is 40; the prayer-chamber (with façade) contains no less than 206, and the sum-total of those in the interior of the edifice amounts to 412. The multitude of these relics of ancient splendour collected for the embellishment of a single building suggests, and the explorations of travellers certify, the strength and extent of Roman domination in regions now inaccessible to civilisation, and scarcely available for habitation.*

Next in sanctity to the Great Mosque of Okba comes the 'Mosque of the Companion.' Syed Abdullah was, if tradition

* Mr. Rac was not allowed to enter the mosque, but his calculation of the number of columns from the outside, and from the information he collected, tallies very nearly with subsequent observation. He estimated the total number of columns in the prayer-chamber at 171 (perhaps omitting the façade), and the whole number at 415.

says truly, one of the most devoted disciples and intimate friends of Mahomet. After his death, he came to Africa, and died at Kairewân, old and revered. The three hairs of the Prophet's beard which, during his lifetime, he wore constantly on his breast, were buried with him—one under the tongue, one on his right arm, and the third next his heart. Hence arose amongst Europeans the grotesque idea that he was one of the Prophet's barbers! The cluster of buildings, containing the tomb of 'My Lord, the Companion,' which lies outside the city walls, and affords several examples of elaborate and beautiful decoration, was also visited and described by the writer above alluded to.

The inhabitants of Kairewân often suffer severely from drought, their sole water supply being contained in cisterns under their houses. A striking illustration of the apathy into which they have fallen is afforded by the ruined or damaged condition of the three great reservoirs constructed for their use by Saracen princes.

'The only well in the city' (we recur, for the last time, to Colonel Playfair's observations) 'is one of very brackish water, called El-Barota. Tradition says that on the foundation of the city it was discovered by a *sloughi*, or Arab greyhound, scratching up the ground. The pious believe that there is a communication between this and the holy well of Zemzem at Mecca. A pilgrim once let his drinking-vessel fall into the latter, and on his return to Kerouan he found it in El-Barota! . . .

'It is extremely difficult to form anything like an accurate estimate of the population of such a city as this. . . . Comparing it with Mohammedan cities in Algeria, the population of which is known, I should be inclined to put it down at considerably less than 10,000. It formerly possessed a very considerable trade, and was famous for the manufacture of carpets and woollen fabrics; now its industry is almost confined to the manufacture of copper vessels, saddlery, and Arab boots and shoes. As a rule, the *physique* of the people is poor, and the children are unusually rude and ill-bred towards strangers. There is very little intermarriage between the inhabitants of Kerouan and the people of other towns; the result in so small a community is an inevitable tendency to degenerate. Cancer, sore eyes, and maladies depending on dirt and poverty of blood are very common.

'A short distance to the south of the city is Sabra, the site of Vicus Augusti, mentioned in the Itinerary of Antonine, from which has been derived a great part of the ancient materials employed in the construction of Kerouan, and of the royal residences in the neighbourhood, which in their turn have disappeared.'

One of the sententious sayings which Sallust puts into the mouth of the conqueror of Jugurtha is that 'Wars are easy 'to begin, but most difficult to finish.' The French are learning, not for the first time, the truth of this aphorism. The

enterprise on which they are now engaged is a very different one from the 'promenade militaire et campagne diplomatique' (to use a phrase of M. de la Berge's) which was in contemplation when the 'Galissonnière' disembarked, on the first day of last May, her cargo of fusiliers at Bizerta. We seem to be witnessing a repetition of the operations conducted by Marius in the kingdom of Jugurtha. The same plan of campaign appears to have been adopted; the same line of march has been followed. The 'oppidum magnum atque valens, inter 'ingentes solitudines nomine Capsa,' surprised and burnt by the Roman Consul in the year 106 B.C., gave its name and yielded its site to the town, situated in an oasis of wonderful beauty and fertility surrounded by vast desert tracts, which General Saussier's column entered on November 20. But to the difficulties encountered by Marius two fresh ones are added. The French are opposed by no conspicuous chief, whose capture or death would at once terminate the war; and they have to contend with the unmeasured forces of religious hatred and fanatical zeal. We do not doubt that they will eventually triumph, and that their triumph will be for the profit of civilisation in ways and by means perhaps different from what they expect; but we believe that an expedition undertaken in defiance of public faith, and at the instigation of national jealousy, would never have left French shores, could the cost have been counted or the consequences foreseen.

ART. VI.—1. *The Irish Problem, and how to solve it.* London: 1881.

2. *Catechism of the History of Ireland, Ancient and Modern.* A new and revised Edition, with an Account of the Land Agitation. By W. J. O'NEILL DAUNT. *Forty-sixth Thousand.* Dublin: 1874.

THE present temper of the Irish people is a difficult problem for those Englishmen who think that because disaffection has ceased to be reasonable, it has therefore ceased to be possible. The legislation of fifty years has just been crowned by an effort of a very unusual kind to settle the question of land, which Mr. Lecky has shown to be the chief disturbing influence in all Irish history. It was an effort involving the sacrifice of prepossession and tradition on our part, tasking alike the courage and the skill of statesmen, for the whole tangled web of laws and precedents with which the native tenure had been overlaid by centuries of alien legislation has been rent

asunder, and the new law gives to the tenant more than he ever enjoyed under his old Celtic chiefs. It was not unreasonable, therefore, to expect that we were at last on the point of reaping an ample harvest of gratitude and confidence for our past legislation, and for the still increasing evidence of English anxiety to do justice. The recent history of Ireland, however, seems to indicate that no repentance or reparation on our part will ever win back her people. They become more difficult to govern exactly in proportion to the liberality of their treatment, and we become less successful in governing exactly in proportion to our more conciliatory attitude. We may make every allowance for the traces left by centuries of oppression on the character of its victims as well as of its authors, but it is an altogether remarkable fact that the animosities which once desolated Ireland should have survived all the ameliorations wrought by fifty years of the most beneficent legislation, and should have turned the very benefits and blessings of our government into the materials of insult and defiance. An attitude of this sort might have been appropriate to a time when the Irish people were almost outside the pale of constitutional government and sacrificed to the supremacy of an intolerant faction. But it seems strangely unreasonable and inconsistent at the present hour. Yet the Irish now demand, as the price of their allegiance or their tranquillity, concessions clearly inconsistent with the safety of the Empire, and tending only to aggravate all the evils from which they have suffered. It is no wonder that many Englishmen are becoming sceptical as to whether any concession would remove a discontent which everything fails to satisfy and which reasoning only irritates; and therefore hold that our duty is henceforth simply to maintain the connexion of the kingdoms at all hazards, not merely because separation would be more dangerous than union, but because it would ruin Ireland to leave her to the bitter passions and foolish dreams of the present leaders of her people.

The question has been often asked by thoughtful men, why the Irish should continue to hate England and to cherish the sour and morbid discontent which now so greatly enhances all the difficulties of government. It seems a difficult question to answer, and deserves special consideration at the most critical of all periods in the relations of the two countries. But this discontent is by no means universal. It has no existence whatever among any class of the Protestants of Ireland. The Episcopalians and the Presbyterians are more sternly and implacably hostile than Englishmen themselves to any project of separation from Great Britain. Yet there was a time when

the Protestant nobility and gentry were found in the ranks of rebellion, and large masses of Ulster men were as hostile to England as the Catholics of the other provinces. Belfast, now the loyal capital of the North, and the most Conservative of Irish towns, was once the focus of rebellion—‘the heated ‘centre of philosophical republicanism.’ But no class of Protestants has since been identified with any insurrectionary movement in the island. It is true that the Home Rule movement had its origin in the wounded pride and bitter discontent of a knot of Tories, who resented the disestablishment of the Irish Church; and that even Orangemen, from the prompting of ‘wounded loyalty and ill-requited allegiance,’ threatened for a time to join the irreconcilable enemies of the British connexion in a crusade against foreign government. But the aberration was only for a moment. The Protestants went back quietly to their old historic position; and Home Rule, though its present leader is a Protestant, is now an exclusively Catholic movement. The disaffection, however, does not exist universally even among the Irish Catholics themselves. Since justice has been done to the nobility and gentry, and since the prizes of political and professional life have been open to Catholic and Protestant alike, the discontent has no place among the higher classes of Catholic society. It is manifest only among the masses of the Catholic people, the peasantry of the country districts, and the small traders of the towns, who, by virtue of the political power in their hands, are able to influence the policy of the whole country.

Many different explanations have been given of ‘this ‘intangible feeling of dislike, not to say hatred, of England, ‘which most Irishmen inherit as their birthright,’ as it has been expressively described by one of themselves. Mr. Matthew Arnold seems to think that oppression has nothing to do with it, nor misgovernment, nor bad tenure, but that English civilisation is hopelessly disagreeable to the Irish people from its want of sweetness and light, of joyousness and charm. This solution is hardly consistent with the fact that the Irish come in great numbers to England, struggle side by side with us for the prizes of public life, and enter with us into every relation of business and friendship. Another explanation finds the incompatibility of the two peoples, like that of the Magyars and Slavs, in one of those fundamental differences which are covered by the word ‘race;’ but, as Mr. Froude remarks, the modern Irishman is of no race, so blended now is the blood of Celt and Dane, Saxon and Norman, Scot and Frenchman. The hostile feeling is strongest in Tipperary, where the race

is most mixed. Another more plausible explanation is the retrospective habit of a people with too slight a hold upon the present, and therefore disposed to brood morbidly over past wrongs. The injustice of centuries cannot be forgotten in two or three generations. It is only fifty years since the great mass of the people were allowed any voice in making the laws they were bound to obey, while no legislation can possibly undo the injury that still flows from the operation of some of the old penal laws. The industries of Ireland were destroyed many generations ago, one by one, except the fabric of linen, by the cruel jealousy of English landlords, English manufacturers, and English tradesmen. They have never revived, though the Imperial Parliament has abolished all the old impolitic restrictions on manufacture and trade; for it is not in the power of England to revive them. Likewise, the penal laws, which were designed to exclude the whole Catholic people from public life, have been repealed, but the spirit which they exasperated and embittered has continued to act because their repeal has left the administrative ascendancy of Protestantism in a Catholic country practically untouched. But the most plausible explanation is that which traces this discontent to a vague passion for a country no longer absorbed in the undivided greatness of the United Kingdom, but an independent self-sufficing member of the Empire. There is a desire for a more distinctive position, in which Ireland will no longer be obscured by the greatness of England, and perhaps an unexpressed wish for an opportunity of developing an independent policy of her own in domestic and foreign affairs.

These are the principal solutions offered in explanation of one of the most painful problems of our time. It is easy to see that there may be an element of truth in most of them. but we propose to test the matter decisively by a reference to the literature of Ireland. We want to know what the Irish people have been reading for the past generation. We have taught them to read. The question is, what are they reading? No one can deny that a test of this sort is of the fairest description. The literature of a nation, being at once the exponent of its intellect and the utterance of its passions, must exercise a powerful influence upon its political action. It includes intellectual products of all sorts—essays, histories, biographies, poems, ballads, squibs, romances, tales, orations, almanacs, and newspapers—many of them trivial and ephemeral productions, but their wide and rapid circulation may cause them to act more powerfully in society than works of greater literary pretension. It has been a question with some

historians whether the press as worked by Marat, or the guillotine as worked by Robespierre, was for the time the more destructive agency; for, if the one was red with its hecatombs of blood, the other ran with a more deadly venom that corroded the hearts of the living. It is certainly possible to neutralise by the direct agency of the press much of the advantage conferred by wholesome laws, constitutional government, and equal justice. The press may become the facile instrument of keeping an impulsive people in a chronic state of malignity against their rulers, and in a chronic state of discontent with all the existing relations of society. It can impart an education to the masses which will only develop the bad passions and nurture hatreds that too often, like curses, come home to roost.

Nearly sixty years ago this Journal complained of the wretched provision made for the literary wants of the youth of Ireland. Captain Rock was then the leading national instructor. The school and cottage classics consisted of the lives of rapparees, witches, smugglers, outlaws, and prostitutes, or of wild and extravagant tales, or of books which tended rather to inflame and strengthen the worst passions, or to fill the mind with extravagant and absurd notions of real life. And if the two generations of Irishmen who have since entered the world seem to have made but little advance in culture, in common sense, or in loyalty, it is owing, not to the want of a due and even generous provision for national education, but to the substance and spirit of the literature which has been created for their guidance by their political or religious leaders. There was no Irish press in existence forty years ago of sufficient influence or circulation to reach the masses of the people. It was only during the later years of the O'Connell agitation that it began to come into real contact with them, and as it was strongly imbued with Nationalist or Repeal principles, the political education of Ireland advanced rapidly in the direction represented by the racy journalism of Charles Gavan Duffy. This gentleman infused a new spirit into the Catholic press through the 'Nation,' and was still powerful, after the *fiasco* of 1848, in directing the youthful mind of the country in regard to current politics and general literary and social philosophy. He gathered round him a band of aspiring men, of whom Thomas Davis was the chief, the author of some fresh and original ballad poetry; and he projected for an extensive series of national works on Irish history and biography. Let us say, then, in a single word, that it is the literature of this Young Ireland school, in its various forms, that is now the sole

political reading of the Catholic masses. Its almost incredible cheapness is the best evidence of its wide diffusion and its abiding popularity.

We shall begin with a notice of the biographies most popular in Ireland, such as those of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Robert Emmet. They are threepenny productions, and are therefore within the reach of the poorest peasant in the country. They record in a brief space all that is worth knowing concerning the three darling heroes of the Irish heart. It is only just to say, however, that there is no Englishman whose heart will not be touched by the story of their passionate devotion to their country and their truly tragical end. The one matchless gem of national poetry, 'Who fears to speak of '98?' which must be anonymous while its Protestant author lives, describes as impressively the feelings of loyal Ulster men whose grandfathers fought at Ballinahinch or Antrim as it does those of the more impulsive Catholic of the South who has never laid down his arms. But the effect, as well as the design, of these biographies is to keep alive the national feeling, and to point to insurrection as the only hope of Ireland. Tone was 'the godfather at least, if not the actual parent, of the Society of United Irishmen.' Lord Edward Fitzgerald was a military leader of experience. Emmet was the promoter of an abortive insurrection. In the light of these facts we can understand the significance of the opening words of Tone's biography:—

'After seven centuries of foreign invasion and occupation our people are even less inclined to accept the position of the conquered and to efface their distinct nationality than their ancestors were in the days of St. Lorcán O'Toole; and they cling with a tenacity which nothing can shake to the great project of making their isle once more "free and grand."'

The biography ends with the words: 'Ireland is not yet a nation. To make her so is what her sons, especially her youthful sons, have yet to strive for.' The tendency of such writing is to incite to insurrection, as the only means of achieving Irish independence; though the facts of the three biographies, justly considered, demonstrate the utter folly as well as wickedness of such an enterprise.

The Young Irelanders likewise expended great strength on history as the best means of fostering a national spirit. But they had been already anticipated by O'Connell himself in an historic memoir of Ireland, which is still circulated among the masses at the low price of sixpence. It was first published in 1843, and consists of 256 pages. Its title is

'A Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon,' and it is dedicated to the Queen. Its author tells her Majesty that she ought 'to comprehend the secret springs of Irish discontent,' and, above all, 'should be intimately acquainted with the confiscations, the plunder, the robbery, the domestic treachery, the violation of all public faith and of the sanctity of treaties, the ordinary wholesale slaughters, the planned murders, the concerted massacres which have been inflicted upon the Irish people by the English Governments.' He assures the Queen that 'the Irish people would forgive these crimes if it were not that much of the worst spirit of the worst days still survives.' The great enemy in 1843 was 'the Tory landlord class,' but it would be difficult to discover from the memoir that there was then, or ever had been, a powerful political party in England that had laboured with great zeal and had made great sacrifices to place the Catholics on a platform of equal privilege with the Protestants. The book is constructed with great simplicity. It occupies forty-two pages with a condensed memoir of Ireland from 1172 till 1843, and then devotes the remaining two hundred pages to 'observations, proofs, and illustrations,' taken, as its author informs us, 'almost exclusively from English and Protestant historians.' It is indeed a terrible record, and is still read by the Irish masses with effects in no way conducive either to their comfort or their tranquillity. It is eminently calculated to foster the deepest hatreds, not of race only, but of religion. Let us supply a few extracts taken from different parts of the memoir :—

'No people on the face of the earth were ever treated with such cruelty as the Irish.' (P. 14.)

'It has been often said that it was not the people, but the Government of England, who were guilty of the attempts to exterminate the Irish nation. The observation is absurd. The Government had at all times, in their slaughter of the Irish, the approbation of the English people. Even the present administration is popular in England in the precise proportion of the hate they exhibit to the Irish people; and this is a proposition of historic and perpetual truth. But to the Cromwellian wars the distinction between the people and the Government could never apply. These were the wars emphatically of the English people. They were emphatically the most cruel and murderous wars the Irish ever sustained.' (P. 210.)

'These pages contain a faint outline of the sad story of the woes and miseries of Ireland. The features of that story are characterised by the most odious crimes committed by the English rulers on the Irish people—rapine, confiscation, murder, massacre, treachery, sacrilege, wholesale devastation, and injustice of every kind, continued

in many of its odious forms to the present hour. The form of persecution is altered; the spirit remains the same.' (P. 38.)

'It has been often remarked that in all the countries into which Protestantism entered, it owed its introduction to men remarkable for the badness of their character and the greatness of their vices. Protestantism was not more fortunate in Ireland than it was elsewhere. It owed its introduction into Ireland, as it did into England, to the foul passions of Henry VIII.' (P. 101.)

'I cannot help remarking that nothing was ever more unfounded than the notion that Protestantism was favourable to freedom of conscience, or that Protestants were not persecutors. The contrary is directly the fact. Protestants not only persecuted Catholics, but they persecuted each other to the death.' (P. 115.)

'There never was a people on the face of the earth so cruelly, so basely, so unjustly treated as the people of Ireland have been by the English Government.' (P. 33.)

'Ireland lost all and gained nothing by the Union. Every promise was broken, every pledge was violated. Ireland struggled and prayed and cried out to friends for aid and to Parliament for relief.' (P. 31.)

These are but a few extracts from a sixpenny book of history which is still circulated widely among the peasantry of Ireland. The exact mischief it is calculated to work will be still more manifest on a consideration of its value as a fragment of Irish history. If the author had contented himself with an honest and truthful story of cruelties and oppressions which it is impossible to deny, it is still questionable whether he was justified in publishing it. But the mischief of this work is its essential unfairness as estimated by the very meanest standard of historic workmanship. There are writers whose judgment on the actions of men proceeds on the tacit assumption that those they condemn and those they approve are morally separated by that broad line which marks off abstract right from abstract wrong. Their view of history is exceedingly simple, and it is, with important qualifications, the view of O'Connell and of nearly all Catholic historians who write about Ireland. There was no difficulty in O'Connell writing a book that would be a grave indictment against England; ample materials for such a work are to be found in the Protestant and English histories which he so ostentatiously quotes among his authorities. The peculiarity of the case is that the authors in question actually tell the truth, leaving it to produce its own impression, often adverse to their country and their faith, while the English Government itself is now publishing to the world ancient records that throw still further light upon many of the worst atrocities of the past. But the Catholic writers of Ireland, with few exceptions, withhold

all notice of the guilt of their countrymen, in the attempt to enhance the guilt of their adversaries; they either omit or deny the best established facts of history. They misrepresent or excuse what they cannot deny, and thus help to perpetuate party rancour or religious animosity. O'Connell quotes all the atrocities he can pick out of Protestant writers, but he does not quote any passages from the same writers reflecting on the atrocities or cruelties of the Catholics. His treatment of the 1641 Rebellion is the most characteristic part of his work. He follows, like other Catholic writers, the exact line of Dr. Curry, whose treatise Hallam has denounced as a 'tissue of misrepresentation and disingenuousness.' He denies that there was any massacre of Protestants in the rising of that eventful year, and does not even hint that religious fanaticism was responsible for some of its worst excesses; for he is careful to assert again and again that the Catholics of Ireland never persecuted their enemies. He never mentions the repeal of the Act of Settlement by the Irish Parliament called by James II. in 1689, nor the infamous Act of Attainder, condemning nearly three thousand Protestants for high treason without a hearing—'a law,' says Macaulay, 'without a parallel in the history of civilised countries'—adding that 'the colonists never came up to the atrocious example set by their vanquished enemy during his short tenure of power.'

It may be reasonably urged, however, that it is hardly fair to judge of the attitude of the Irish people by the spirit of a work written nearly forty years ago, when the country was still suffering from the denial of so many just and necessary reforms. But the book is still widely read over the length and breadth of Ireland. More recent productions, however, are neither better in spirit nor more just in their mode of handling facts than the memoir of O'Connell. The war of opinion is still potent in the region of history. We have Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee's 'History of Ireland;' John Mitchel's 'History of Ireland,' together with a volume with the significant title, 'The Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps);' A. M. Sullivan's 'History of Ireland for Young People;' and Miss Cusack's 'History of Ireland.' The literary merit of these works is exceedingly slight. They make no pretensions to original research; they have no breadth of view, making no attempt even to consider the English point of view, and they manifest the usual disposition to exaggerate all the cruelties and crimes of the English, and either to deny, ignore, or palliate the cruelties and crimes of the Irish. They are all thoroughly rational in spirit. Mitchel's History has had a very large

circulation, and has been issued even at the low price of three-pence. We do not propose to quote passages from any of these works, because it might be said that the price of most of them would place them beyond the reach of the masses of the people. We prefer to notice a single production, just a shilling in price, which embodies in the form of question and answer the substance and spirit of all these histories. It is a modern work with the title, 'Catechism of the History of Ireland, Ancient and Modern. A new and revised Edition, with Continuation to the Present Time. By W. J. O'Neill Daunt, Esq. Fortieth thousand: 1874.' This is a book for the masses. It is strictly Catholic as well as national, and its object is to prove the justice and necessity of establishing a native Parliament in Ireland.

The author unconsciously supplies one of the strongest arguments against his own main design by his record of the divisions and dissensions of his countrymen during all past ages. He asks:—

'Q. Why do we record these shameful squabbles? A. Because they show us the true cause of Ireland's subjection to a foreign Power. The Irish had numberless opportunities of establishing their own independence, and lost every one of them by their absurd and mischievous contentions.'

This is exactly what Mr. Froude has been telling Irishmen. But the author fails to draw the moral of the English historian:—

'Q. What do modern Irishmen learn from these facts? A. They learn that in order to regain their native Parliament it is absolutely necessary to forget all past dissensions and to work together as one man, cordially, heartily, and perseveringly.'

Irishmen have surely more to forget than their past dissensions, but it is the design of the historians of this school to perpetuate the recollection of all past cruelties and tyrannies, so that the hatred of England may never die out of the hearts of Irishmen. Mr. Daunt publishes all English cruelties, though they were seldom worse than those inflicted by the Irish upon one another, but he omits all notice of, or actually denies, the cruelties of the Irish inflicted upon their Protestant enemies. He constructs his catechism exactly like the memoir of O'Connell, with as profoundly Catholic a bias. If he admits the Bull of Pope Adrian, he attributes it to the English extraction of the Pope; if he describes the horrors of the Elizabeth period, he makes no mention of the Pope's excommunication of the Queen, and his absolving Irishmen from

their allegiance, or of three Spanish descents on Ireland in a single reign; if he charges the death of Oliver Plunket, the Catholic Primate, on English zealots, he does not inform his readers that it was three unworthy priests of his own Church who supplied the evidence that sent him to the scaffold; and so all through the catechism his omissions have a most significant character. Of course, like all Catholic historians since Dr. Curry, he denies the massacre of 1641. He likewise makes no allusion to the Act of Attainder passed on nearly three thousand Protestants by the Irish Parliament of 1689. Mr. A. M. Sullivan's history for young people makes no mention of it; Mr. T. D. M'Gee in his larger history refers to the atrocious transaction, but without one word either of censure or excuse. Mr. Daunt, however, praises the Parliament for its noble decree establishing liberty of worship in Ireland. Mr. Froude says very justly that 'liberty of conscience might be safely conceded in a country where, if the present measures could be maintained, no Protestant was likely to remain.'* Mr. Daunt's catechism has not a word of censure for the repeal of the Act of Settlement:—

'Q. Was the Act of Settlement repealed this session? A. Yes; the forfeited estates which the Cromwellian adventurers had obtained were thereby restored to their former owners who had lost them through their loyalty to the House of Stuart.'

He never mentions the anxiety of the Irish in 1704 to have a union with England. Mr. Daunt naturally makes much of the penal laws, and leaves upon the minds of his readers the impression that they were cruelly and effectively enforced. The fact is far otherwise, for we may fairly say with Mr. Lecky—'The best that can be said of them is, that that portion which related to the Catholic worship soon became a dead letter, while a crowd of legal evasions and a great and creditable laxness of local tribunals in a great measure defeated the provisions about property.' Yet they debased the whole Catholic population. Mr. Daunt's narrative of the 1798 Rebellion and of the events connected with the Union is a tissue of misrepresentations. The two events, as described by any truthful historian, throw no credit either upon England or Ireland; but it is the eager desire of Mr. Daunt to prove that the English are always wrong and the Irish always right, except when they quarrel with one another. He says the Rebellion of 1798 was the work of Lord Castlereagh, expressly provoked in order to carry the Union:—

* English in Ireland, vol. i. p. 191.

‘Q. Why did not the Government quietly crush the rebellion in its infancy, or rather prevent its explosion and thus avert the horrible destruction of human life? A. Because its object was to carry the legislative union; and that could not be done unless the country was first thoroughly exhausted by the paralysing influence of terror and mutual distrust among its inhabitants, and thereby rendered incapable of resisting the destruction of its Parliament.’

He further alleges that the Government might have arrested the leaders, and thus have prevented the rebellion from breaking out. He forgets that the Government made two successive arrests of the leaders, one of them more than a year before the outbreak, and that General Lake tried to disarm the whole population. With his usual desire to palliate all the excesses of the Catholics, he treats the Scullabogue massacre as an untoward incident having nothing to do with religion, and makes no allusion whatever to the piking of Protestants on Vinegar Hill and Wexford Bridge, under circumstances that vividly recall the bloody orgies of 1641. The Protestant rebels of the North had a very different view of the motive of these massacres, for they dropped their weapons on the instant, and their timely surrender saved Ireland to the English Government. The story of the efforts made by the Government to carry the Union is disgraceful enough in itself, but Mr. Daunt cannot tell it fairly. He represents the gentry and people of Ireland as striving to preserve their Parliament, though we did not need his authority for believing that the Irish oligarchy and borough-mongers were opposed to a change that would take the country effectively out of their hands; and much as he makes of the 707,000 petitioners against Union, he cannot destroy the authority of honest Catholic Plowden, that ‘a very great preponderancy in favour of the Union existed in the Catholic body, particularly in their nobility, gentry, and clergy.’* Mr. Daunt devotes a large portion of his catechism to a chronicle of the evils inflicted upon Ireland by her union with England, but makes no references to its undeniable advantages, to the legislative remedies provided for ancient evils, and to the progress of Ulster both in agriculture and in manufactures. He enters at great length into what he calls ‘the financial grievance,’ and attempts to show that England impoverishes Ireland by including her in the system of taxation now established for all parts of the kingdom, contrary to the express engagements of the Act of Union. Those who desire an effective answer to Mr. Daunt’s accusations may

* Vol. ii. part ii. 979.

refer to an article in this Journal, entitled 'The Financial Grievance of Ireland.'*

Another popular specimen of Irish literature is 'Speeches from the Dock, or Protests of Irish Patriotism,' a shilling volume of 415 pages, at present in its twenty-third edition. It contains biographic sketches of about thirty patriotic leaders, representing the men of 1798, of 1848, and of 1867, and gives portraits of the more celebrated characters. The preface says:—

'There is not a country in Europe, there is not a nationality in the world, can produce such another collection as that which we to-day lay before the people of Ireland. We live under a government which claims to be just, liberal, and constitutional, yet against no other government in Christendom have the same number of protests been made within the same space of time. Not Poland, not Hungary, not Venetia, can point to such an unbroken succession of political martyrs. . . . It is idle to think of subduing a people who make so many sacrifices and who are undaunted still; it is vain to think of crushing a spirit which survives so much persecution.'

Hardly any book in the English language is so well calculated to keep alive a feeling of disaffection among the Irish peasantry. One extract from John Mitchel seems to embody the spirit and design of the whole publication:—

'In plain English, my Lord Earl, the deep and irreconcilable disaffection of this people to all British laws, lawgivers, and law administrators shall find a voice. That holy Hatred of foreign dominion which nerved our noble predecessors fifty years ago for the dungeon, the field, or the gallows (though of late years it has worn a vile *nisi prius* gown and snivelled somewhat in courts of law and on spouting platforms), still lives, thank God! and glows as fierce and hot as ever. To educate that holy Hatred, to make it know itself, and avow itself, and at last fill itself full, I hereby devote the columns of the "United Irishman."'

We admit that many of those who suffered death or banishment* for sedition were actuated by a patriotic spirit, but history shows that they were utterly incapable of estimating the magnitude of the enterprise for which they imperilled their lives. They were not the men to overthrow kingdoms or to build up nations. The Fenian leaders, including such men as O'Donovan Rossa, are hardly worthy of a place in these 'protests of Irish patriotism.' If we can believe Mr. Rutherford, they were more corrupt than the men of 1848, many of them being merely dull *roués*, and some sharpers, who

* 'Edinburgh Review,' No. ccxc., October, 1875.

were ready to sell the secret minutes of the society for a consideration.* Others were remarkable for nothing but a turn for incendiary rhetoric. Yet they are all alike honoured by a place in this collection of State prosecutions.

We now come to 'The Irish Penny Readings,' neat shilling volumes, in green paper covers, which have already reached a tenth edition. The preface tells us that 'the national literature of the Irish people is of recent growth,' and then proceeds to remark:—

'The literature of Ireland, especially in recent times, is identified with the struggles and aspirations of the Irish people for freedom. Its noblest passages are either protests against oppression or appeals to the love of liberty, justice, and honour that glows in the Irish heart. Swift gave it that direction at the outset, and in our time it received extension and impulse from the warm Celtic genius of Thomas Davis. Our national literature is now essentially patriotic, and nearly all the additions that are being made to it are in the same character. In that fact, and the fact that it is loved and cherished by the whole Irish race, we see one of the surest pledges for the future independence and greatness of our country.'

The selections in prose and poetry are generally of a high literary class—the prose, perhaps, too rhetorical for a severe English taste; but they are mostly national alike in subject and in tone. There are many pieces on the Union, but not the slightest recognition is there anywhere of the efforts made by English Liberals to legislate for the benefit of Ireland. The reader is under the constant impression that the relation between England and Ireland is still exactly what it was fifty years ago, when the masses of the Irish people had nothing to do with the laws but obey them. Here is an extract from a speech made in 1869 which is deemed worthy of a place in this work:—

'**ENGLISH RULE IN IRELAND DESCRIBED.**—Generous conciliation and gracious mercy have always been foreign to the policy of our rulers. Tyrants they were from the beginning, and tyrants they seem to be resolved to be to the end of their baleful domination. England's sceptre has been the sword, her diadem has been the black cap, and her throne has been the gallows for the last seven hundred years. She is steeped in the blood of India; red-handed from the massacre of the women of Jamaica; she exists with the blood of twenty generations of dead Irishmen standing between her and God on high; and with brave Irishmen still suffering in her dungeons, she calls on us to applaud the proud policy of her government.'

Another popular reading-book, specially for the use of the

* Fenianism. By John Rutherford. London · 1877.

young, is 'The Sunburst of Ireland Reciter,' a sixpenny collection, with a green-paper cover, containing a hundred and fifty-nine pieces of prose and poetry, all intensely national. A picture on the title-page represents Robert Emmet in the dock addressing his judges. The contents are described as 'a selection of the most celebrated addresses delivered by Irish orators and patriots at the bar, from the dock, in the senate, and on the battle-field, with a variety of national pieces in poetry and prose suitable for recitation.'

Poetry has had a chief place in promoting the growth of Irish nationalism. The Young Irelanders pondered, as they tell us, Fletcher of Saltoun's well-known saying, 'Give me the ballads, let who will make the laws,' and they resolved to have poetry 'as a fosterer of national feeling and an excitement of national hope.' Thontas Davis was the chief poet of the party. The collection of his poems and ballads, which his editor justly describes as the 'psalter of nationality,' is sold at sixpence, and has gone through a great number of editions. Another sixpenny collection is 'The Spirit of the Nation,' in its fiftieth edition, now succeeding an older edition, of which a hundred thousand copies were given to the world. The Fenian period produced little of worth except 'Where glory's beams are seen, boys,' and 'The Wearing of the Green.' All this poetry that is not merely romantic or sentimental is, as a nationalist proudly observes, 'bright with the spirit of battle.' We cannot make room for more than one or two extracts:—

'A Song for the Irish Militia.

Yet, 'tis not strength and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel;
But wisdom, working day by day;
Till comes the time for passions' sway—
The patient dunt, the powder shock.
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

'The Gathering of the Nation.

Denial met our first demands,
And hatred met our love;
Till now, by Heaven! for grasp of hands
We'll give them clash of battle-brands
And gauntlet 'stead of love.
And may the Saxon stamp his heel
Upon the coward's front
Who sheathes his own unbroken steel
Until for mercy tyrants kneel
Who forced us to the brunt!

“ *Stamping Out.* ”

(Addressed to England.)

Our hate, though hot, is a patient hate,
Deadly and patient to catch you tripping,
And your years are many, your crimes are great,
And the sceptre is from you slipping.
But stamp away with your brutal hoof
While the fires to scorch you are upward cleaving,
For, with bloody shuttles, the warp and woof
Of your shroud the Fates are weaving.’

The following extracts are from an Almanac of 1882 :—

Time conquers all things here below,
Though tyranny still struggles on,
Diffusing misery and woe,
But Erin soon shall see it gone.
The star of Retribution now
Its blissful radiance seems to shed
On every vale and mountain brow
From Antrim’s shore to Mizen Head.’

Again :—

‘ Would to God we’d another such hero
As Hugh of the mighty Red Hand !
How we’d teach these usurpers a lesson,
And show them who owns the old land ! ’

The following piece by Miss Fanny Parnell is from ‘ *United Ireland*, ’ the lately suppressed organ of the Land League, which displaced the seditious ‘ *Flag of Ireland*. ’ It is addressed to England. We insert only two stanzas :—

‘ *The Land Bill of 1881.* ’

Call off your quacks of State !
Your mimes, prinked out in Brummagem reform !
Fought we, a landlord’s greed by newer plans to sate ?
To gorge the suckers of a lawyer swarm ?
Was it for this we chose to suffer, starve, and wait ?
For this we faced the nakedness and storm ?
For this the dogs have licked our sores outside your gate ?
Call off your imps of State !
We cannot love—but we can hate.

Tear up that parchment Lie !
You, Gladstone, sunk supine to quivering slush—
You, Forster, with the sign of Cain on breast and eye—
You, Bright, whose slopping tongue can gloze and gush—
You, puppet-brood, the lesser legislative fry—
A people’s might your bungled work shall crush,

A people's wrath your grinning cozenage defy ;
 We will not lose the land, we will not starve or fly ;
 Tear up your chartered Lie !
 This time we'll neither crouch nor die !'

And all this raving is about a Land Act which, as Mr. John Dillon admits, 'confers immense benefits on the Irish people'!

We have now to notice another sort of production, which has a considerable circulation among the Catholic peasantry of Ireland. It is the well-known 'Nugent's Almanac,' one of those popular prophetic almanacs which are sold at all the fairs and read in all the hovels. It is, no doubt, a good authority on fairs and markets, but it supplies its readers likewise with weather prophecies a year in advance and predictions of political, religious, and social events generally interesting to Irishmen. Old Moore still amuses the people of England with his astrological nonsense, but in Ireland the planets assume a far more malignant aspect.

'Oh, John Bull, a terrible retribution awaits thee. Nineveh, Babylon, and ancient Rome record a fearful lesson to the robbers of their kind in all ages.' 'Oh, John Bull, thy robberies and crimes have overtaken thee.' 'Poor John Bull is shivering in the gale. This month is particularly aspected. Aries in trine to Cancer, Mars in opposition to Mercury, all of which are indicative of coming ill to poor John.' 'Irish-America looks on watching her opportunity, the exiles particularly anxious to revenge their treatment and long imprisonment in the gaols.' 'Oh, John Bull, your race is nearly run.' 'Murders, robberies, and other outrageous breaches of our pure and divine law, are daily committed in virtuous and religious England.' 'Some conversions to the Catholic faith of much importance will occur this month.'

The predictions for 1882 are not very hopeful for Ireland:—

'It is most extraordinary that Venus and the Sun are not more than fifteen degrees from each other almost the whole year: an indication of the union of all sexes in the great struggle for freedom. The world over, England still rules, regardless of everything but law and order and the preservation of property, and thus rules by force a people who are already overruled, overtaxed, despised, and trampled on, then reproached by calling us disloyal subjects.' 'Irish-America still looks on with clenched teeth and vengeance in her eyes. We confidently hope all may end well.'

But it is the newspaper press which supplies the Irish people with much the largest portion of their education in politics. Of the hundred and fifty-three newspapers published in Ireland, we estimate that no less than fifty-nine are devoted to the advocacy of nationalism. To these must be added the Fenian papers of New York, such as the 'Irish

'World,' which have a wide circulation in the country. The object of this press is to minister to the seditious spirit that prevails among an ignorant population by a studious misrepresentation of English politics, English society, and English character. Nothing is ever allowed to appear in its pages calculated to exhibit the Government in a favourable light. The people are told, week after week, that their rulers are oppressors; that the most honourable and philanthropic statesmen are bloodthirsty tyrants, or cowards, or hypocrites; that they are incapable of doing an act of justice through any noble motive, for each Irish reform has been extorted by the influence of fear. The weekly papers of Dublin also issue cartoons which always represent England as the tyrant and Ireland as the victim, with Mr. Gladstone occasionally standing by, surveying with complacency scaffold or triangle, drum or cannon.

The papers of this class copy the abuse of England collected from all quarters of the globe; they take special delight in exposing the moral scandals of English society, like the Ultramontane journals of the Continent, as if to demonstrate the morally debasing effect of Protestantism; they depreciate all our triumphs in war; they magnify all our disasters, and eagerly exaggerate all our misfortunes. Newspapers in England think it necessary to give their readers the news of the world; but four-fifths of the space in Irish national papers are devoted to the wrongs of Ireland, the tyranny of England, and the glorious prospect of Irish self-government. They express no gratitude for any great effort of English legislation, simply because they are written, as well as read, on the assumption that England is still tyrannical as well as anti-national, and to acknowledge that any act of the Imperial Parliament deserved gratitude would be to convict themselves of injustice, and to undermine their trade in sedition.

The great want of the South of Ireland is an independent, honest, impartial press, capable of stating the simple and direct truth, or capable of giving the two sides of any question. The national newspapers flagrantly disregard the political obligation of honestly facing facts, and thus the people are demoralised by rhetoric, by appeals to their vanity, by false history, by every artifice of misrepresentation. They are never allowed to hear from such guides the words of political truth and soberness. If the 'Flag of Ireland' drops to the ground, 'United Ireland' lifts it in the name of the Land League, and tells the Irish farmers—'The people of this country can keep their own money in their own pockets. They

'can refuse to pay rents, and they will not pay one shilling rent if they are not irredeemable slaves.'* Another weekly organ issues a catechism, with question and answer, adapted to the times. 'What is Irish landlordism? A system of legalised plunder, by means of which a small number of idle and wicked men are enabled to rob the industrial classes of society of nearly all the fruits of their labours.' A cartoon of one of these papers, published in December last, represented Pat with the 'fee simple' of his farm coming to him as a Christmas-box.

It is impossible, in estimating the influence of Catholic journalism, to overlook the immense influence exercised by the 'Freeman's Journal,' which not only directs the whole course of nationalism through the country, but has been foremost in promoting the organisation of the Land League. It has the unique fairness to publish the comments of English journals and the speeches of English statesmen, but its example is seldom followed by the newspapers of the same school. It has three distinct political characters, which rather puzzle a constant reader. It is a sound Liberal journal, in thorough sympathy with the fortunes of the great Liberal party of the United Kingdom; it is a passionate national journal, reflecting with more or less clearness the varied shapes of a movement singularly unstable in character; it is a trenchant Ultramontane journal, raving like Veuillot against the religious policy of Continental powers, and supporting the schemes of Irish Catholicism with all the zeal of a seminarist. We see, not in the 'Freeman's Journal' only, but in nearly all Irish journals of the class, a union of Ultramontaniam and Nationalism, of which there is no example on the Continent. The home policy of most of these journals may be Radical or revolutionary, but their foreign policy has always been reactionary and Ultramontane. They favour nationalism in Ireland and in Poland, but not in Italy, or Germany, or Hungary. They sent a Papal brigade to crush the patriots of the Roman States, and the very journals which are never silent in the narration of Irish wrongs had the audacity to defend the royal tyrants of Italy. They have never shown sympathy for any class of patriots but those contending against non-Catholic sovereigns. These facts must be recalled that we may be in a position to understand the influences at work in Ireland that affect her relations with the English Government. The influence of this press is, in a

word, illiberal, narrow, and degrading, to a proverb. We may pity an impulsive people their deplorable ignorance, their misguided enthusiasm, their pertinacity in the pursuit of visionary ends, but we can employ no language of reprobation too strong to describe the conduct of writers who pursue a most unworthy vocation, either from an instinct of national hatred or from a sordid calculation of the profits to be derived from so base a trade.

We have thus given some extracts from the literature most widely read by the Irish people, that our readers may be better able to judge of the true causes of their disaffection. At first view, this literature seems to suggest that the discontent which it is so well fitted to excite has its roots in the past, because the spirit which oppression or injustice once exasperated often continues long after the original provocation has been withdrawn. Perhaps nine people out of ten imagine that it springs entirely from the recollection of past wrongs. But there is a fragment of Irish history which throws much light on the question. The Catholics were not the only people who suffered wrongs in Ireland. Take the case of the Presbyterians. Though they mainly contributed to the victory of William III. and the successful completion of the Revolution, they were the first to be excluded from its benefits. They were persecuted by the Anglican bishops both before the Revolution and after it. Their assemblies for worship were without the protection of the law; their church-courts were prosecuted as seditious meetings; their ministers were thrown into gaol. Any Presbyterian attempting to teach a school, unless it was of the very humblest description, was liable to three months' imprisonment. The Presbyterians could hold no commission of the peace nor fill any municipal office in any corporate town any more than the Catholics. Their disabilities, like those of the Catholics, extended to all civil and military appointments under the Crown. No Presbyterian could hold any office in the army or navy, in the customs, in the excise, in the post-office, or in any of the courts of law in Dublin or the provinces, without first taking the sacrament after the form of the Church of England. Presbyterians, moreover, were forbidden to be married by their own ministers, and the laity were prosecuted in the ecclesiastical courts as guilty of fornication because they had so married.*

* The authorities for all the statements in this part of the article are Reid's 'History of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland,' vol. ii. pp. 340-42, 421, 483; vol. iii. p. 54; and Killen's 'Ecclesiastical History of Ireland,' vol. ii. pp. 191-241.

The time came at last when, in the midst of the revolutionary excitement of 1798, the men whose original motto was 'Reform 'to prevent revolution' found themselves driven into rebellion. But the Scullabogue massacre drove them back into the main body of the Protestant host. They have never since been connected with any national movement in Ireland, and are at this moment the most resolute supporters of the union with Great Britain. The question then arises, Why is it that the Presbyterians, who suffered side by side with the Catholics for nearly two centuries, now cherish no resentment against England and have no share in the national aspirations of their Catholic countrymen? The answer is that they have shared in the benefits of all the great reforms wrought by the splendid statesmanship of the last fifty years. The Catholics have been even more successful than the Presbyterians in getting access to positions of honour and profit in their own country, though they have both still just reason for complaint that those who were the instruments of their oppression for centuries still hold an administrative ascendancy in the country. It is perfectly clear, then, that the disaffection of the Catholic peasantry is not to be accounted for by the mere recollection of past grievances.

The true cause of the disaffection so manifest in the literature of Ireland is Nationalism. It is the one constant aspiration of the Irish people, which the mere redress of grievances may weaken, but cannot wholly destroy. Its historic continuity is undeniable. It has its roots far back in history, though it never came clearly into view till the time of the Young Ireland movement thirty-five years ago. The original idea of Duffy did not greatly differ from that of O'Connell, for he tells us himself that he was 'a nationalist of the school of Roger O'Moore, 'who burned with desire to set up again the old Celtic race 'and the Catholic Church.' Thomas Davis, however, overruled him, and declared for a nationalism that would include all Irish creeds. We shall see how far the course of events caused it to swerve back to the old ideal of Duffy. The Young Ireland movement was thwarted by many difficulties, the hostility of O'Connell, the impatience of Mitchel, the intrigues of Sadleir, the secret conspiracies of the Fenians, and now it claims to stand behind the Home Rule movement of to-day. Now, there are characteristics in this national movement which require due consideration if we would understand the hostility which it directs against the English Government. It has both a political and a religious side. It is the union of the two that makes the principal difficulty, not only in achieving

a union of Irish parties, but in promoting a conciliatory or kindly understanding with England. We do not say that the political or the religious element may not for a time become quiescent—the religious is almost entirely quiescent at the present hour—but they are both essential features of Irish nationalism. The political element has always found its chief justification in the land question. Therefore the national cry has always been ‘The soil of Ireland for the people of Ireland.’ The political element is further manifest in the desire of the people to have a larger share in the government of their own country. They have a potent voice in Parliamentary affairs, but it is the landlords who still govern the country. There is also a deep-seated conviction, especially among the traders in small towns, that a native Parliament is needed to establish a variety of industries by means of bounties, and to protect Irish products against English competition. The existence of the Union is believed to be the great obstacle to the restoration of native manufactures. There may be also an idea that if Ireland were mistress of her own destinies she would hold a more visible place, and perhaps be able to pursue an independent policy, in the affairs of the world.

But it is the religious side of nationalism which increases the difficulty of uprooting the discontent of the people, while it accounts for some singular incidents in recent Irish history. It is quite true that the Young Irishmen in 1842 resolved to found a party that was to include Irishmen of all creeds. They found fault with O’Connell because he made too much of religious questions. But the Irish people are the most passionately religious peasantry in Europe. This fact has a significant bearing upon the question under consideration. The very year that witnessed the failure of Mitchel’s impatient attempt to throw off the British yoke was the beginning of a long series of disasters to the Papacy. The ‘Revolution’ was beginning to lay the whole Papal world in ruins and to reconstitute society everywhere on the Continent on lay principles. Politics and statesmanship fell away from the Church; while France, Austria, Belgium, Italy, and Spain, once so subservient to the Papacy, were compelled to abandon their obedience, and the Papacy itself was ultimately bereft of its temporal possessions. All these changes, giving liberty and happiness to Catholic nations, were supported by the moral sympathy of the Protestant nations, and especially by England. Nationalism was a great factor in the mighty struggles that brought about these changes, and was therefore hated by the Ultramontanes for the ruin it had brought upon

the Church. A crisis of this sort was a trying test for the newly constituted nationalism of the Young Ireland party. It soon became evident that it was a purely selfish idea, without sympathy for the struggling nations of the Continent. The Papal brigade, as we have seen, was sent out to assist the Pope in crushing the rising liberties of his subjects. The nationalists, who threatened to rebel against English rule, saw nothing inconsistent in a foreign crusade against the liberties of other nations. They showed that they execrated freedom except where the oppressed had the misfortune to suffer under heretical sovereigns. There was a time, during the discussions on Catholic emancipation, and long afterwards, when there was no public dinner at which the Irish Catholics did not give the toast of 'Civil and religious liberty;' but no such toast has been heard of since O'Connell's death. This, then, is the characteristic of nationalism on its religious side. It is this which accounts for the fact that Protestants decline to join in a movement controlled by Catholic ideas. It also accounts in part for the dislike of England, which is opposed at heart to the whole policy of Ultramontaniam.

It will, no doubt, be urged in reply to this view of matters, that the leaders of the Catholic people are not inspired by such ideas, that some of them are Protestants chosen in preference to Catholics by Catholic constituencies, that others of them are indifferent or hostile to religion of any sort, and that religion is no more potent in the movement for national independence than in the operations of the Irish Land League itself. It must be remembered, however, that the nationalists have always displayed an anxiety to secure Protestant co-operation in a movement which can only succeed by a union of Irish parties and Irish creeds. But when Catholic constituencies find Protestants like Mr. Parnell ready to do all purely Catholic work better even than Catholic members whom he could venture to denounce as 'Papist rats,' because they declined to fight for still greater advantages in University legislation, exactly in the same manner as the reckless Irish politicians of New York, who never enter a chapel, are the men who plunder the treasury of the city for the support of Catholic schools and orphanages and reformatories, it is useless to say that the nationalism of the masses is without its distinctively religious side. It may be said, however, that religion counts for far less than it did in Irish agitation, as is manifest by the action of the Land League. There has undoubtedly been a remarkable subsidence of sectarian feeling during the last two years, which some have attributed to

disestablishment, as if religion were never again to be a cause of division in the country. The fact is, however, that Ireland has not room for more than one strong passion at a time, and that the whole people, Catholic and Protestant, have, for two or three years, thought of nothing but the failure of successive harvests and the prospects of protective legislation against their landlords. The Catholics have given their whole heart to the Land League, and the Orangemen have been less identified with sectarian displays, because they were as deeply interested as their Catholic neighbours in obtaining a reduction of rent. The question of religion could not possibly enter into the agitation about land. Besides, Ultramontanist has become a less aggressive factor in Ireland, as well as elsewhere, since the accession of the present Pope, a man as unlike Pius IX. as possible, with a clear conception of the several spheres of temporal and spiritual authority, and striving earnestly to establish more easy relations with all the great powers of Europe in the face of the greatest difficulties.

We cannot suppose, however, that Ultramontanist will always be so quiescent. And so long as the Irish people read their present literature, so long as they are made to look with dislike upon England as the head of the Protestant world and as their own ancient persecutor, so long as their leaders are prepared to support every feature of Catholic policy, as they have always consistently done from the single standpoint of creed, it is folly to suppose that political causes alone operate as factors in the deep and sullen discontent of the nation. It is this nationalism, then, in its double aspect, that will be likely, if nothing can be done to counteract it, to perpetuate the discontent. This view of the matter does, we admit, lay open a rather discouraging future. But let us remember the words of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in the statesmanlike letter in which he asks his countrymen to accept the Land Act: 'The Irish race will never make peace with England till their rights as a nation, shamefully snatched away, shall be frankly restored.'

The very important question now arises, Is there a remedy for this discontent? It is hoped that there are several remedies, some of which can be brought into immediate operation, but others can only be reached after a considerable process of time. These remedies are not to be summed up in the single demand for self-government, though it comes recommended by the mature wisdom of Sir Charles G. Duffy. With this hostile literature in the hands of the people, which no

political change can annihilate in a day, it would be madness to cut Ireland adrift. Whether we consider the interests of Ireland itself or the larger interests of the Empire, the restoration of an independent legislature would be most disastrous to Ireland. There is nothing in the past history or present attitude of her people to justify the confidence that they would co-operate harmoniously for any considerable period in the just ends of government. What would be the probable career of a country governed by a party representing the opinions of Mr. Parnell? Judging by past experience, moderate politicians would be pushed aside by men of a more revolutionary stamp. The Celtic preference of a Parnell to a Shaw is the best evidence of the utter unfitness of Irishmen for self-government. The Catholics could command a numerical majority of the whole population, and would, on any possible theory of representation, return to a native Parliament a corresponding majority of deputies. What security have the Home Rulers contrived for the safety of property or of the Protestant population? Judging by the conduct of the masses under the guidance of the Land League during the last two years, property of every sort would be at the mercy of the most unreflecting but the most powerful class in the whole community. The avowed purpose of Mr. Parnell and the League is to 'abolish landlordism,' but they have not waited for the forms of Irish legislation to decree this abolition in the interest of the tenants. Then it is all too certain that there would be a movement on the part of the South to crush the North, just as Mr. Parnell has been trying to obliterate the Presbyterian influence of Ulster by a disgraceful alliance with the Tories. He will not tolerate independent opinion anywhere in Ireland. The events of the hour are full of warning to statesmen. Ulster, with its strong English sympathies, its expanding industries, its enterprising population, cannot be left to its fate. We must remember that we never had a firm foothold in Ireland till we planted Ulster with Scotch and English settlers; that it was the descendants of these settlers who held Derry and Enniskillen, and sealed the fate of the Stuarts in Ireland; that it was the yeomen of Ulster who, as Mr. Froude reminds us, stemmed the first rush of the last great rebellion, and doomed it to failure. The advocates of independence could scarcely say that Protestants should rely on the tolerance of Catholics or on the moderation of some middle party in Irish politics, for not only is there no such party in existence, but there is nothing in the past history of the country to justify such a confidence. There is, in fact, no

unity in Irish society to make such an experiment safe. It does not exist even among the Catholic masses themselves, except for purposes of hostility or destruction. But we should like to know what prospect there could be of unity or tolerance in Ireland with Ultramontaniam as a leading factor in its politics.

But, disastrous as a separate government would be to Ireland, there is too much reason to apprehend that the change would be gladly hailed by the masses of its people as a means of enabling Ireland to turn back effectively the course of British progress. As we have already remarked, the temper of the people, as reflected in their literature, would not be changed in a day. Independence would only give a better opportunity of making the hostility effectual.

With two independent Parliaments in these islands, differing so widely in their view of home affairs, there could be no common policy in foreign affairs; yet a confederacy is an agreement to have the same friends and the same enemies. The Irish Catholic members in the Imperial Parliament have always supported Catholicism on the Continent of Europe. We have no desire to interfere with the action of foreign powers in such matters. Indeed, our position of neutrality is a necessity imposed upon us by geographical conditions. But if circumstances should ever arise to justify a departure from our rule of non-intervention, it might be difficult, if not impossible, for the British Government to command the resources of Ireland in a great war with a Catholic power.

It is satisfactory to know that all political parties in Great Britain are unanimous in refusing the Irish demand for independence. Whig, Tory, and Radical are of one mind on this point. It is necessary to have no misunderstanding upon it, because the Irish people at present believe that the temporary success of the Land League in paralysing the authority of Government encourages the hope of success in still larger designs, and that the time is near at hand when, either with or without the help of English Radicals, Mr. Parnell's mysterious threat, that 'Ireland will be worse before she is better,' may be verified by startling events. Dismissing, then, the idea of Home Rule as a remedy for the discontent of the Catholic masses, we must now consider whether it is possible to diminish or uproot it in some other way.

The deepest root of discontent has always been the land. The land question was prominent in O'Connell's agitation; it was the first question with the Young Ireland party; and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy only took his natural place in recom-

mending his countrymen to accept the Act of last year as a grand measure of Imperial justice. Nationalism was never so quiescent as in the period of the highest prosperity of the Irish agricultural class. The year 1876 was the central point of this period. The country was then wonderfully prosperous. The uniform testimony of priests, attorneys, bankers, and men of business, about that time, was that the people thought of nothing but making money, and the complaint of the national journals was that they had lost all interest in politics. This is a significant fact. The new Land Act has not yet had time enough to affect the temper of the people, but they already see that it embodies an attempt to conciliate the conflicting interests that attach to the possession of the land. The very efforts made by the Land League, reinforced undoubtedly by the hitherto dormant Fenianism of the small towns, to prevent the people from using it, imply a conviction that it will gradually work the pacification of the country.

Time, however, is the one thing essential to the full success of this experiment in legislation; and that is the very element which, judging by the obstructive zeal which supports national agitation, will not be allowed to it. It is therefore most necessary that the Government should repress with the utmost severity the intimidation that is applied to prevent the practical settlement of the land difficulty. It is important also to remember that if any considerable number of the tenants should be in a position to become owners of their farms by the assistance of Government loans, there will be a gradual growth in the community of a class with a real stake in the soil, and with the deepest repugnance to anything like revolutionary changes. It was the remark of M. de Tocqueville, that a good system of land tenure promotes conservatism in the best sense—a love of settled order and a dislike of restless change; and we may look to it as one of the main factors in diminishing the discontent which has been so great an obstacle to the political fusion of the peoples of these kingdoms.

But something more is needed. The discontent may be lessened still further by giving all classes of the people a larger share in the government of the country. We have detached the Catholics of the higher classes from agitation because we have done them justice and given them a career. But very little has been done for the body of the people. Englishmen do not understand the nature or extent of the grievance of which the Catholics so justly complain. They are not now debarred from the exercise of any political privilege; they are not now prevented from acquiring land, or lending money on

mortgages, or teaching schools, or even from acting as guardians of their own children. But there is a practical exclusion still remaining to destroy the good effect of the concessions already made, for they are excluded from nearly all official positions of emolument even in the most Catholic counties, and from situations and offices of trust, which are held by Conservative Episcopalians, who are only one-eighth of the whole people of Ireland. The Presbyterians, who are almost as numerous as the Episcopalians, have even still more reason to complain of the practical inequality that exists in the distribution of public honours and offices of trust. Not only in county appointments, which include offices connected with the grand jury, lunatic asylums, infirmaries, and, till lately, the prisons, but in the magistracy, in the constabulary, in the militia, the central Poor Law Board in Dublin, and in all sorts of educational boards, the Episcopalians have an immense preponderance.* The Catholics are nowhere well represented but on the bench of judges. But there is no part of Irish administration more indefensible than its county government. Indeed, in most parts of Ireland, it supplies a strong and expensive electioneering agency for the return of Conservative candidates, while nineteen-twentieths of the cess distributed by the grand jurors is paid out of Catholic and Presbyterian pockets. It is understood that the Government will in due time introduce a Bill to establish county boards, which will help to develop rural opinion, and give the people a deeper stake in the government of the country, while it will also help to diminish the administrative ascendancy of Toryism, which is now so warmly resented not only by Home Rulers, but by Liberals of all shades. It is not strange that Irish Liberals, whether

* Take one or two examples respecting the magistracy. The County Tipperary contains 203,227 Catholics and 13,486 Protestants of all sects. Yet of its 227 magistrates, 173 are Protestants, 50 are Catholics, and 4 are Quakers. Nearly all the officials of this Catholic county are Protestants. The County Tyrone contains (1871) 215,766 of a population of whom 119,937 are Catholics, 49,201 are Episcopalians, and 42,156 are Presbyterians. There are 129 magistrates in all; of whom 113 are Episcopalians, and only one of these is a Liberal; 10 are Presbyterians, of whom 4 are Tories and 6 Liberals; and 2 are Catholics, both Liberals. County Derry, which is predominantly Presbyterian and Liberal, has 110 magistrates, of whom 100 are Episcopalians and almost all are Tories. It is computed, indeed, that over all Ireland eight-ninths of the magistrates are Episcopalians, and the great majority of these are Conservatives. It is only fair to state that the present Liberal Government is trying to rectify this inequality.

Presbyterian or Catholic, should either keep aloof from public life, or cast themselves on the people and take up extreme views which will open their way into Parliament through the suffrages of the more perverse elements of Irish society.

The remedies we have already suggested are happily within the power of Parliament to carry out. They will weaken, if not destroy, the political side of nationalism. They may be all brought into operation within a reasonable space of time. But there is another remedy of slower operation, never yet fully tried, upon which we depend still more for uprooting the discontent of the Catholic people, because it will act upon the religious side of nationalism and destroy the taste for the wretched literature now current in the country. That remedy is the thorough education of the people. Though the national system of education has been almost fifty years in existence, it has done little more than teach the people to read and write, enlarging the circle of readers without greatly increasing their intelligence. It has had many difficulties to contend with in the poverty of the people and in the quarrels of the sects, and, above all, in the want of an intermediate system of education to connect it with the university system of the country. What the people learned under it was calculated rather to increase than to diminish their discontent by opening their eyes to the fact that they had fallen behind in the race of life, and that in all the elements of national strength, intelligence and enterprise, they were far inferior to the English and the Scotch, and even to their own countrymen in Ulster. Happily, however, we are just now at the beginning of a new era in Irish education. The Intermediate system has been three years in existence, and is already doing wonders. The Royal Irish University has just come into being, and has begun its work with every prospect of developing the original talent of the country. They have both still to surmount the lesser obstacles which impede the full operation of all new mechanism.

We believe that the thorough education of Ireland will tell with a powerful effect upon both sides of nationalism. It is obvious to anyone studying Irish character that the worst faults of the people, and especially what the English call their intractableness, are due to the want of education quite as much as to the miseries of a hard lot or the vices of bad government. They are the defects of an uneducated people who have long struggled with untoward circumstances. They have had no firm possession of the present, and therefore they have thought too much of a splendid past or of a hopeless future. They want the capacity to look realities in the face, while they

have a narrowness of mind that shuts their eyes to all interests but their own. They are singularly wanting in moral initiative; they have no courage to denounce what is popular, though they neither like it nor believe in it; and their theatrical wrath and their habits of wild exaggeration suggest any idea but that of conscious strength. Education will do more than correct these defects of character. It will open their eyes to larger interests than their own, and enable them to bring to the consideration of political and social questions a judgment not to be misled by plausible fallacies or fervid rhetoric. John Stuart Mill said that half of our difficulty lay in our not understanding the Irish people; but that was due to the virtual absence of any powerful and intelligent middle class among the Catholics competent to act as natural exponents of the wishes of the peasantry. Education will not only effect a shading off of one class into another, but will organise Irish society under men of a better intellect, capable of judging statesmen sincerely and supporting them sincerely in all methods of wise legislation. It will also help Protestants and Catholics to understand each other better and to discern the common ground on which, whether political, or social, or moral, they can meet with public advantage.

We admit that nationalism may still survive, weakened or almost destroyed on its political side by the redress of grievances, but possibly strengthened on its religious side by complications of Ultramontane policy working from outside these islands. The great error of the old penal policy was the displacement of the educated lay element and the relative augmentation of ecclesiastical power in the social system of Ireland, and our present desire is to create an educated Catholic laity in the country that will view even religious questions in a spirit different from that familiar to an ignorant but devout peasantry. We do not say that University education will loosen the hold of Catholicism on the Irish people, but that Catholicism will always be held very differently by an educated and by an uneducated laity. Educated Catholics will have most influence with educated Protestants, just because, while they are consistently Catholic, their minds are open to larger considerations that enable them to allow for, if they cannot sympathise with, the Protestant inability to bow to a religious authority that is final with themselves. We may hope that education will do for the lower classes of Irishmen what it has already done for the highest, without weakening their attachment to their faith. Protestants and Catholics of the better classes manage to live beside each other on terms of mutual tolerance and respect.

The education now so vigorously prosecuted will in due time deposit facts and reasonings in the minds of young Irishmen which must tell their own story in the generation to come. Nationalism may no doubt still exist, but it will be more literary than political in its interest, and will help to unite Irishmen of all creeds in their love of a common country.

Meanwhile, till a better temper prevails in Ireland, our duty will be to administer its affairs with justice, firmness, and wisdom. We must strive to give to just and liberal laws the same vigour of execution that was once reserved for the decrees of tyranny. If we are always careful to give no reality to Irish grievances, we may afford to ignore the mutterings of temporary discontent. There will still for a time be spirits in Ireland whose element is turbulence and sedition, and who would lament a more blameless administration of affairs as taking away the pretext and materials of complaint—men who do not even distantly approach in capacity, or even in breadth or moderation of view, the great man who disturbed Ireland for so many years with his passionate but sterile agitation for Repeal. The Government must meanwhile remember the observation of Mr. Parnell, that ‘the Irish are not a ‘people to run away from’—a saying which Mr. Froude interprets, in his rather severe manner, to mean that no people are ever so easily checked by the prompt, steady, and vigorous execution of the law. History teaches us how the conflict which always raged in Ireland between the native principles and those of a more advanced civilisation—a conflict in which the smaller island was often too successful in asserting its own individuality—only prolonged the degradation and misery of the country. Imperial legislation has now established one rule for both countries as to law, commerce, and education, while it has taken just account of original peculiarities in the constitution of Irish society. The union, so amply justified on national, geographical, and political grounds, is now cemented by a million social ties. There must be, in spite of national movements, no inconsiderable number of Irishmen capable of apprehending and acknowledging the benefits of the union with this country. But when we remember that our history, our institutions, our blood, are now essential and indestructible elements of Irish life, it would be madness to arrest the civilising influences that are now at work in the sister country by an attempt to restore a native Parliament.

- ART. VII.—1. *Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of Rio Plata.* By Sir WOODBINE PARISH, K.C.H. 8vo. London: 1839; Second Edition, 1851.
2. *Blik paa Brasiliens Dyreverden för sidste Jordom-væltning.* Af Dr. LUND. 4to. Kjöbenhavn: 1838.
3. *Anales del Museo Público de Buenos Ayres.* Por el Dr. BURMEISTER. 4to. Entrega primera, 1864; Entrega duodecima, 1871.
4. *Zoology of the Beagle, Fossil Mammalia.* By RICHARD OWEN. 4to. London: 1839.
5. *Description of the Skeleton of an Extinct Gigantic Sloth (Mylodon robustus).* By RICHARD OWEN. 4to. London: 1842.
6. *Memoir on the Megatherium.* By RICHARD OWEN. 4to. London: 1860.

IN a recent historical sketch of the ‘Origin and Progress of the Present State of British Geology,’ William Smith’s ‘Geological Map of the Strata of England and Wales,’ 1815, followed, in 1816, by his ‘Strata identified by Organised Fossils,’ is defined as a ‘great discovery,’ which threw a new light on the history of the earth, and as ‘providing a law for the identification of formations which, geographically, are often widely separated from each other, not only in England, but also easily applicable to great areas on the neighbouring continent of Europe.’* In reference to this extension of the above-cited author’s law of the determination of strata by their fossil remains, a passing tribute might have been paid to a geologist and palæontologist of a ‘neighbouring continent,’ to whom William Smith loyally acknowledges his indebtedness.

In the ‘Stratigraphical System of Organised Fossils, with reference to the Specimens of the Original Geological Collection in the British Museum, explaining their use in identifying the British Strata,’ by William Smith, the author cites among the works consulted, Cuvier’s *Géographie Minéralogique des Environs de Paris*, and ‘*Les Annales du Muséum d’Histoire Naturelle.*’ In the first of these works the name of the elder Brongniart should be associated with that cited by William Smith; the geologist doubtless depended in an all-important degree upon the anatomist for the progress

* British Association for the Advancement of Science, Section C, Geology, ‘Opening Address,’ by A. C. Ramsay, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. 1881.

they conjointly made in the knowledge of the structure of the earth, actual and historical, both as it is and as it had been. These researches were recorded in the volumes of the '*Annales du Muséum*,' from their issue in 1795 to the year 1811. The majority were contributed by Cuvier alone, and it would be a mistake to suppose that he did not take a full share in the appreciation of the geological evidences from phenomena apart from the fossil remains. Cuvier not only indicated the relations of particular extinct species to particular strata, but discerned the different dynamics to which such strata owed their formation; as, for example, when from the summit of Mount Pierreux, at Fontainebleau, he called the attention of his companion to the evidences of those strata which owed their existence to the action of fresh waters, and to those that were due to marine deposits—a recognition of geological dynamics which Brongniart defined as an inspiration, and accepted as one of the strongest proofs of the periodicity of the demonstrated elevations and subsidences of the earth's surface.

The volumes from which William Smith derived his knowledge of the fruitful principle of associating the characters of the fossil remains with geological evidences of strata are those he cites. They are the volumes Cuvier enriched by the series of memoirs which, year by year, appeared on the fossil remains of the tertiary deposits in the Paris basin. By these, through application of his law of the correlation of structures in an animal body, and of the subordination of a given modification of tooth or bone to those of other parts of the frame, Cuvier not only proved the former existence of species which had become extinct, but also the relations of such species as, *e.g.*, the Teleosaurs, the Palæotheres, the Mastodons, to different and definite successive strata or formations of the earth's crust, to strata not only differing in mineral constitution, but as to the period of their formation and the order of their relative dates.*

* 'Comme on ne peut avoir des notions un peu claires sur l'origine des os fossiles qu'autant que l'on connoît bien les couches qui les recèlent, celles qui les couvrent, celles sur lesquelles ils reposent, et surtout les autres dépouilles animales et végétales dont ces trois ordres de couches peuvent être remplis, il' (l'Auteur) 'a annexé à son "Discours préliminaire" un travail qui lui semble pouvoir servir d'exemple pour la méthode à suivre dans l'étude des couches; c'est celui qu'il a fait, avec M. Brongniart, sur les environs de Paris.' '*Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles*,' &c., 4to, Paris, 1812, tome premier; '*Avertissement*' au '*Discours Préliminaire sur la Géographie minéralogique*,' p. iii.

These original and remarkable 'Memoirs,' demonstrative of the fertile principles on which the science of geology is based, were given to the world in four quarto volumes (Paris, 1812) five years before the 'Stratigraphical System of Organised Fossils, with their Use in identifying the British Strata,' saw the light. In the year 1811 Cuvier had determined and characterised 158 species, distributed into 50 genera, of which genera 15 were new; and the present activity of what our German friends have called the 'gattungs-macherei' would, through Cuvier's materials alone, considerably add to the number of such extinct genera, which the more sober estimate of generic values permitted the great originator of palæontology to claim as 'new to science.' The influence of this work, with its notable Preliminary Discourse on the science of geology, may be estimated by its happy application to that of the United States of America by Dr. Mitchell. And we may likewise add the instructive geological Notes appended by Professor Jameson, of the Edinburgh University, to his translation of the 'Discours Préliminaire' for testimony of the status of Cuvier in the history of geology prior to the publication of the works of William Smith.

The novelty and unexpected results of these researches and discoveries of ancient forms of animal life, and their bearing upon worlds of like antiquity, revived and augmented the interest in the geographical distribution of animals to which the eloquent pages of Buffon had called the attention of naturalists. The predecessor of Cuvier in the Jardin des Plantes and the Académie des Sciences had shown that the quadrupeds of South America were distinct from those of other quarters of the globe, some generically, others specifically. No soliped, or single-hoofed quadruped, horse, ass, or zebra, was found in America at the period of its discovery; no sheep or goat, gazelle, or musk-deer existed there: the so-called 'Rocky Mountain sheep' of North America is distinct in kind from that of our pastures. The ox is represented by the bison; the camel and dromedary of the Old World are remotely indicated in the New by the llama and vicugna; the hog by the peccari; the feline quadrupeds of Asia and Africa by jaguars, pumas, and ocelots; the pangolins and orycteropes by the hairy toothless anteaters. The very monkeys of South America are generically distinct from those of the Asiatic and African forests, and show a lower step in the scale of life; the slow lemurs of Madagascar are still more remotely represented by the sloths; even the tapir of South America is a distinct species from that of Sumatra,

and is the largest of the living original South American quadrupeds. Some inferiority in either stature or structure characterises all the indigenous mammals existing in that continent. Not one of these American species to be found at the present day is comparable in size to the giraffes, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, and elephants of Asia or Africa. And of the American species referable to the same genera as those of the Old World, all of the so-called New World are smaller—the jaguar than the lion or tiger, the peccari than the wild boar, the llama than the camel, the howlers and coatis than the baboons, oranges, and gorillas.*

Thus the general result of additions to knowledge of the kinds of animals native to the several larger divisions of the dry land of the globe is that, in the main, different species have been allotted, if the expression be permitted by our evolutionists, to different continents; and that, as regards South America, the quadrupeds are not only distinct—some as to genus, all as to species—from those of Europe, Asia, and Africa, but are inferior in organisation as well as size and power. The monkeys that enjoy their existence in the vast and varied forests of the tropical and warmer parts of the continent are of lower grade in a dental character than the Old World *Simiade*. Instead of agreeing, as these do, with the *Bimana* in the important taxonomic character of the dental formula, they show a nearer affinity to the lower quadrupeds, both as to kinds and number of teeth.†

A chief peculiarity of South American mammalian life was,

* Buffon, 'Histoire Naturelle des Animaux,' 4to, tome xiv., 1766. 'Dégénération des Animaux,' p. 361.

† The accomplished author of 'The Natural History of Monkeys,' &c., in the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge,' was not aware of the fact that the genera which he groups under the term '*Simiade* with 'anthropoid teeth' differ from the genera grouped under the term '*Simiæ* with anthropoid teeth' in the following formulæ. That of the latter group is expressed by—

$$i \begin{smallmatrix} 2.2 \\ 2.2 \end{smallmatrix}, c \begin{smallmatrix} 1.1 \\ 1.1 \end{smallmatrix}, p \begin{smallmatrix} 2.2 \\ 2.2 \end{smallmatrix}, m \begin{smallmatrix} 3.3 \\ 3.3 \end{smallmatrix} = 32;$$

that of the *Simiade* of Ogilby is characterised by the formula:—

$$i \begin{smallmatrix} 2.2 \\ 2.2 \end{smallmatrix}, c \begin{smallmatrix} 1.1 \\ 1.1 \end{smallmatrix}, p \begin{smallmatrix} 3.3 \\ 3.3 \end{smallmatrix}, m \begin{smallmatrix} 3.3 \\ 3.3 \end{smallmatrix} = 36.$$

If the number of teeth becomes, exceptionally in this group, the same as in mankind, viz., thirty-two, the marmosets show the deficiency by the loss of a 'true molar,' *m*, on each side of both jaws, but retain the differential number of the 'false molars,' or premolars, *p*, $\begin{smallmatrix} 3.3 \\ 3.3 \end{smallmatrix}$, and so exemplify their nearer affinity to the *Lemuride*.

however, brought before the time of Buffon to zoological knowledge by Marcgraf* and other contemporary contributors.† It was strikingly shown by examples, brought or transmitted to Europe by those early explorers of the New World, of the singular creatures now known as sloths and armadillos. No quadrupeds submitted to the philosophic gaze of Buffon and the keen scalpel of Daubenton presented more extraordinary and unexpected organic characters than those transmitted from South America.

The cold-blooded crocodile and sluggish tortoise might well be indebted to a kind Nature for defensive armour; and she had given to the skin of one rows of bony scutes, and had invested the other with a coat of mail. But that active, warm-blooded, comparatively intelligent viviparous quadrupeds should need such armour, and possess it superadded to the special clothing of their class, the hairs growing freely from every undefended portion of the skin, could not have been foreseen or conceived as among the many modifications of mammalian structure. Yet such was the spectacle presented by the little active armadillos which attracted crowds of the gay population of Paris to witness at the Jardin du Roi their gambols and their instantaneous enclosure of head and limbs within their jointed coat of mail when assaulted, presenting an impenetrable ball of bone to the yelping assailant, and recalling the defensive manœuvre and attitude of the spiny hedgehog. More extraordinary still was the quadruped that could not walk, but crawled on the ground with outstretched long-clawed hands and feet, in a much slower and slothful fashion than the grub or beetle.

Waterton, in his 'Wanderings'—a work giving a lively picture of what he noted of the natural history of the woods and wilds of South America—first taught us the adaptation of the structure of the misnamed 'sloth' to its allotted theatre of life. This was not the earth's surface, nor the waters under the earth, nor the aerial ocean aloft; the creature could neither run nor swim nor fly; but it could climb, and it was indeed the climber *par excellence*. Each limb being terminated by two or three long and strong hooks, with these it could securely cling to the branches; along these it moved, often rapidly; there was nothing slothful in its arboreal mode of progression. Suspended always with its head and trunk downwards, it so

* Hist. rerum Naturalium Brasilæ, libri 8, fol., 1648.

† Pisonis 'Hist. Naturalis et Medica Indiæ occidentalis,' libri v., 1658.

traversed every branch and part of the tree yielding food by leaf or fruit. In that clinging attitude it rested, suspending itself to sleep. Amid the boughs it so lived and bred, the mother carrying her suckling young securely clinging to her neck.

Perhaps no part of the earth's surface naturally presents forests so extensive, so thickly massed, as the warmer latitudes of South America, well watered by many and broad rivers, mainly bounded by natural walls of greenery. The sloth, having exhausted the supply afforded by one tree, and occasionally not helped by parasitic ropes to another, takes advantage of the storm. When the tropical gale is roaring, and the branches are wildly waving and crashing against each other, then is seen the activity it can put forth. The naturalist, as fearless of falling timber and acutely observant as Waterton, then appreciated how libellous was the common name applied to the quadruped which vindicated its agility by seizing the branch of the still unplucked tree brought within its reach, and transferring itself to a new and well-stored habitat.

At the geographical phase of mammalogical lore, so attractively pictured by the classical pen of Buffon, Cuvier in 1795 commenced the task of interpreting the bony evidences of giants of some kind, the fossil remains of which had attracted the astonished attention of the Spanish colonists of Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. Such evidences had been revealed in the beds of rivers left dry at their seasons of lowest level, or accidentally struck upon in occasional excavations of the soil at greater depth than the needs of the settlers' simple agriculture called for. Some of these fossils coming to the knowledge and possession of the Viceroy, the Marquis of Loreto, he transmitted them in 1789 to Madrid, and being there sorted by an anatomical prosector, sufficient were found to enable Sr. Jean-Baptiste Bru to build up, or 'articulate,' a nearly entire skeleton, which is still preserved, and is the most striking specimen to this day in the Royal Cabinet of Natural History of that capital. Drawings of this skeleton were engraved and formed the subject of five plates, which illustrated a brief '*Descripción de un Quadrupedo muy corpulento y raro,*' by Señores Bru and Garriga (folio, 1796). Prior to the appearance of this work, impressions of the plates had been transmitted to the Académie des Sciences, Paris; they were submitted to M. Cuvier for a Report thereon, and he felt himself enabled to determine, notwithstanding its superior size, the affinities of the huge beast to the diminutive sloths still existing in, and peculiar to, South America. Cuvier gave to the

extinct animal the name of *Megatherium*, but, though it surpassed the hippopotamus and rhinoceros in bulk, it did not attain the dimensions of the elephant. A more perfect skeleton of the megatherium than that at Madrid is now articulated and exhibited in the noble gallery appropriated to the Fossil Remains in the Museum of Natural History, Cromwell Gardens. Great was the surprise, and not small the scepticism, with which this conclusion of the young founder of palæontology was received. The bulk of his megatherium forbade the notion that it could climb trees, like the living sloths, to feed on the foliage; and Cuvier expressed an opinion, since the teeth of the extinct giant plainly pointed to a vegetable diet, that it had probably applied its robust fore-feet and huge tearing claws to dig up roots.* M. Faujas railed at this conclusion of the junior member of the Academy as ‘an abuse of ‘an artificial method—as one compelling Nature to bow to ‘factitious classifications which she never recognised.’ The elder geologist averred also that ‘so huge and powerfully ‘clawed a beast could not have existed without destroying ‘many others, and that it was ridiculous to associate it with ‘the sloths—*ces êtres malheureux, faibles, indolens,*’ &c.† In Germany, Professor Lichtenstein, giving a contemporary summary of the state of science in France, urged that ‘this ‘skeleton at Madrid evidently included limb-bones of such ‘diversity of size as must have come from different animals, ‘and hence that all M. Cuvier’s reasonings fell to the ground.’ Now, Cuvier in summing up his observations had alluded to analogies in the fossil bones which he studied to those of different genera of the order or group of existing quadrupeds, which he had called ‘Edentés’—a group equivalent in the main to the order *Bruta* of the system of Linnæus. ‘Although,’ he remarked, ‘the skull and shoulder-blade of the megatherium ‘were those of a sloth, the legs and feet offered the curious ‘combination (*mélange*) of characters peculiar to the ant-eaters ‘and armadillos.’ Whereupon a third critic indulged in the pleasant remark, that ‘all the known edentates of M. Cuvier’s ‘system might dance at ease within the carcase of his megatherium.’

* ‘Ses dents prouvent qu’il vivait de végétaux, et ses pieds de devant, ‘robustes et armés d’ongles tranchans, nous font croire que c’étaient ‘principalement leurs racines qu’il attaquait.’—*Annales du Muséum d’Histoire Naturelle*, tom. v. p. 377; and *Mémoires de l’Académie des Sciences* (Séance d’Avril, 1795).

† Faujas-Saint-Fond, ‘*Essai de Géologie*,’ t. i. p. 319, 1795.

It is well, perhaps, to recall these conditions of contemporary thought amid which the young comparative anatomist was labouring to throw light upon phenomena of Nature which, prior to his way of interrogation, had suggested little else save startling announcements of the finding of the bones of some giant of romance, or one of those that might be posed as a 'homo diluvii testis.' Few, very few, of Cuvier's fellow Academicians could discern in his early 'Memoirs' the indications of a new science, most fertile in teaching mankind the age of their planet, with the ways, the forces, and successive epochs in and through which the surface now trodden by man had become such as it is seen to be.

It happened that shortly after the subject of Cuvier's early Memoir reached Europe, other fossils were found in South America under circumstances similar to those which had brought to light the bones of the megatherium, but which consisted of portions, more or less complete, of a bony cuirass, big enough to have fitted the back of the extinct 'gigantic sloth.' Cuvier, accordingly, in the second edition (1822) of his great work, composed mainly of his previous successive Memoirs in the *Annales du Muséum*, appends a Note on these discoveries, which had been communicated to him by M. Auguste St. Hilaire, and which announced, he writes, 'that the megatherium had pushed its affinities to the armadillos so far as to be covered, like them, with a scaly cuirass.*' This opinion was adopted by Professor Desmarests in the article 'Mégathère' of the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Naturelles*, 1823. It seemed also to derive confirmation from a description by Professor Weiss, of Berlin, of portions of an osseous tessellated armour of some gigantic quadruped, discovered (1826) in the 'Banda Oriental,' South America, by the traveller Sellow, transmitted by him to Berlin,† and referred to the megatherium.

About this period Great Britain was fortunately represented at Buenos Ayres by a gentleman as accomplished in diplomacy as he was distinguished by his enlightened interest in taking advantage of every opportunity of his position to promote natural knowledge. With his original observations on the geological features of the Pampa formation, given in his work 'On Buenos Ayres,' Sir Woodbine Parish adds an

* 'Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles,' 4to, ed. 1822-3, tome v., pt. 1, p. 285.

† Weiss, *Abhandlungen der Königl. Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin*, 'Megatherium,' p. 6, 4to, 1827.

Appendix by Professor Owen, containing the description of a drawing transmitted to him by Sir Woodbine of a 'monster' found on the bank of a rivulet near the Rio Matanza, about 'twenty miles to the south of the city of Buenos Ayres, 'about five feet below the surface.' With this drawing a tooth of the same animal was fortunately transmitted to our then young professor. He instituted a comparison of this tooth with those of the megatherium, of which fossil animal Sir Woodbine Parish had also sent an instructive collection of bones to the Royal College of Surgeons in London, supplying important parts and facts, completing and, in some particulars, correcting the original Cuvierian Memoir.* Mr. Owen demonstrated the generic distinction indicated by the comparison of these teeth, and pointed out the nearer resemblance of the tooth he had received to those of the armadillos. The bony dermal covering agreed also in its composition of a mosaic of ossicles with that of the small existing mailed quadrupeds, but the drawing of the cuirass transmitted showed no division into rings allowing of any flexure of the coat of mail. The result was the announcement that there had existed in South America a giant of the armadillo family, as well as one of the sloth tribe; and for the former the name of *Glyptodon*, or sculptured-tooth, was proposed. The author remarks that 'the form and structure of the tooth indicate its adaptation to 'masticate vegetable substances, and that it is more complicated in shape than those of any recent or extinct species of 'the order Bruta hitherto discovered.' Two views of the fossil tooth and a reduced copy of the drawing are given in the work by Sir Woodbine Parish which stands at the head of this article.

Nevertheless, it continued to be believed that later additions to the evidences of the extinct quadruped received in 1795 tended mainly to add a bony armour to Cuvier's gigantic sloth. The palæontological naturalist, or student of the evidences of extinct species, has a harder task than the zoological one, who deals with specimens of existing kinds. The late learned Professor of Natural History in the University College, London, in the lecture reported in the *Lancet*, March 22, 1834, describes the megatherium as 'allied in structure to the bradypus, and shielded with 'cutaneous plates like the dasypus.' And thus it seemed to

* These fossils formed the subject of the excellent paper by Wm. Clift, F.R.S., in the 'Transactions of the Geological Society,' vol. iii., second series, 4to, 1835.

offer to the evolutionists the example of 'a more generalised structure.' Professor de Blainville, moreover, who succeeded Cuvier in the chair of Comparative Anatomy in the Jardin des Plantes, and who omitted no opportunity to prove his predecessor in the wrong, rejecting the inference of any resemblance or affinity to the sloths, affirmed that the 'so-called megatherium is proved to have been certainly covered by an osteo-dermal carapace, by the disposition of the spinous processes of the vertebrae, by the angles of the ribs, and by the articulation of the pelvis with the vertebral column;' and he concludes by the dictum *ex cathedra*, 'that the megatherium was a gigantic species of armadillo, most nearly allied to the diminutive chlamyphorus.'

It is true that this existing species of armadillo, as Mr. Yarrell had pointed out, wore a coat of mail without the joints which had earned for its congeners the specific names of *trincinctus*, *septem-cinctus*, *novem-cinctus*, &c., according as the coat of mail was provided with and interrupted by moveable cross-bands of bony pieces three, seven, or nine in number. No wonder, therefore, that under this weight of evidence the brief notice of an actual gigantic extinct armadillo in the appendix to an octavo volume on a more general topic was overlooked, and that the megatherium was introduced to the readers of an attractive and popular 'Bridgewater Treatise' as having been defended by a bony tessellated armour, and that they were assured that 'a covering of such enormous weight would have been consistent with the general structure of the megatherium; its columnar hind legs and colossal tail were calculated to give it due support; and the strength of the loins and ribs, being very much greater than in the elephant, seems to have been necessary for carrying so ponderous a cuirass as that which we suppose to have covered the body.*' We may remark that Cuvier drew no such inferences from the parts of the skeleton above referred to, and those of Dr. Buckland are here quoted because, as we shall presently see, they were well worthy of the consideration of the physiologist, and indeed a different interpretation has been given of them which seems to have commanded general assent.

The comparative anatomist who had concluded from the characters of a tooth that the armour of which a drawing had been transmitted to him had not covered a gigantic sloth, but an armadillo of nearly equal bulk, now felt it incumbent

* 'Geology and Mineralogy considered in reference to Natural Theology.' By the Rev. Dr. Buckland, F.R.S., F.R.S., &c.

upon him to study afresh the parts of the megatherian framework on which Buckland and De Blainville had based their conclusions; the more so as he had been enabled to compare those parts with corresponding fossils discovered, in association with portions of bony armour, in the bed of a rivulet at Villanueva, Monte Video, which Sir Woodbine Parish had subsequently transmitted to the Royal College of Surgeons in London. The results of the comparisons of these remains with the skeletons of existing sloths and armadillos were communicated in a notable Memoir, read and discussed at the meeting of the Geological Society of London, March 23, 1839.*

Taking the dorsal vertebræ of the recent armadillo, the author pointed out their peculiar structure, and the relation of the bony pillars diverging obliquely from the median upright spine, and of equal length therewith, to the support of the superincumbent cuirass; the oblique processes were shown to correspond in form and use with the 'tie-bearers' in the architecture of a roof: and, besides that office, another purpose was obtained by extension of their base. 'The ordinary spinous process transmits the superincumbent weight simply to the vertebra from which it springs; but the oblique processes transmit the weight partly to the vertebra to which they belong, and partly to the vertebra next in front, because one half of their base is extended over the hinder oblique processes of the adjoining vertebra.'† The corresponding bones of the megatherium showed no such structure; they resembled in this relation the vertebræ of the sloths. So, likewise, as to the bearing on the armour question of the bones of the limbs: the differences of structure were pointed out between the megathere and the sloth on the one hand, and the glyptodon and the armadillo on the other.

The 'Paper,' in fact, was decisive. Dr. Buckland, who was present, accepted both facts and conclusions with characteristic candour, nor has the question of the coexistence of both gigantic sloths and gigantic armadilloes in ancient periods in the South American continent been since contested. On the contrary, it has received unexpected corroboration from subsequent discoveries of other extinct species of both genera,

* 'Description of a Tooth and Part of the Skeleton of the Glyptodon *clavipes*, &c., with a Consideration of the Question whether the *Megatherium* possessed an analogous Dermal Armour.' By R. Owen, F.R.S., F.G.S.

† Trans. Geological Society, second series, vol. vi. p. 100.

well described and figured in the work of Burmeister. The entire skeleton—*endo* and *exo*—representing a gigantic ‘hog ‘in armour,’ now attracts the wondering gaze of the visitors to the instructive museum in Cromwell Road, and we are tempted to condense the explanations which are afforded by the officer to whom mainly the public are indebted to this storehouse of the national treasures of natural history.

The framework of the head of the glyptodon is, relatively to the size of the animal, the most massive—taking the casque, with the endoskeletal part—of any known mammal. So far as relates to the joint between the occiput and foremost neck-bone, and to that between the ‘atlas’ and ‘axis,’ or second neck-bone, the head must have been limited to some minor movements, with a slight amount of rotation. The main movements were in one plane, up and down, like those of the fore-limb of a horse, and the framework of these movements consists of two long bones and one short bone, connecting the head with the trunk. What may be termed, in relation to the latter, the ‘proximal’ of these ‘long’ bones consists of the last (seventh) neck bone, or vertebra, and the first and second dorsal vertebrae, welded together with the ribs of the latter into a single mass. It answers teleologically to the ‘humerus’ in a horse. The second bone, like the equine ulna, is of greater length, and consists of five coalesced vertebrae, viz., the second to sixth cervical ones inclusive; it is a ‘five-vertebral bone.’ The distal segment (from the trunk) is the shortest, and consists of the foremost vertebra of the neck. Now, the singularly developed dermal armour of the glyptodonts—for they are grown to a numerous family since 1838—was defensive against other than passive assaults, such as the fall of timber. Palaeontology has shown that a carnivorous quadruped as big as a lion and called ‘sabre-toothed’ (*machairodus*) because of its proportionally longer and sharper laniary or ‘canine’ teeth, forming part of a typical feline dentition, was a contemporary of the glyptodonts, and with them has happily become extinct. We shall see in the above-noted mechanism of the movements of a helmeted head the relation of the defensive armour of the weaponless vegetarian to the deadly assaults of such a carnivore. The trunk of the glyptodon was amply provided with an arched bony covering of corresponding size, slightly convex lengthwise, sufficiently convex transversely to form both roof and side-walls. It needed only for the assaulted animal to bend its short equal fore and hind limbs within the carapace, and sink the latter over them, to have both body and feet protected. But how

about the tail? The tortoise can twist its short caudal appendage within the hind slit of its bony box; not so the glyptodon. Its tail is relatively longer and larger, and it has its own special armour of defence; a series, namely, of thick bony rings, presenting to the teeth of an assailant an impenetrable crust, and, in some species, a further defence of stout horn-like spines. And now for the head, the part containing the most precious vital organs of the beast. That also is provided with a bony covering, superadded to the skull, applied like a casque to the upper surface, not extending so far forward as to interfere with the movements of a flexible snout, nor so far down each side as to act as 'blindlers.' The front aperture of the body-dome is shaped and proportioned so as to allow the casque to fit it close, like a lid. The joint between the short and thick 'proximal,' *quasi* 'humeral,' portion of the head-limb and the trunk is what the anatomist calls a 'trochlear' one; so likewise are the joints between the 'humeral' and *quasi* 'ulnar' segments and also that 'short-est segment articulated with the skull.' These joints limit the movements of the skull they support to one plane, upward and downward. By the downward movement the head of the glyptodon was brought within the front entry of the body armour, which entry became closed by the casque as by a door. The hind aperture of the body-dome fits just so much of the circumference of the fore ring of the tail-sheath as to equally baffle an assailant of the great crouching armadillo.

The megatherium being finally despoiled of its armour, what, it might be asked, would be the nature of its defence against such a fierce and predacious assailant as that to which its contemporary offered a passive resistance? Whoever gazes at the three long, large, curved, sharp-pointed claws, though represented only by the 'fossilisable cores' which sustained and wielded those horny weapons, will admit that the great Unguiculate must have been more than a match for the sabre-toothed tiger.

The largest of the existing ant-eaters of South America has no better defensive covering than the megathere possessed; yet the jaguar and the puma find in the claws of *myrmecophaga jubata* the weapons of an opponent with which they do not willingly engage in fair combat. The ant-eater may be wounded, even severely; yet such is its tenacity of life and muscular grip that the strongest of its carnivorous assailants, once seized, is only released when death has relaxed the forces wielding its offensive weapons.

No subjects in existing nature could have afforded Paley

such striking instances of adaptation to needs as the fossil framework of the great extinct armadillos has revealed to its physiological reconstructors; for not only has the restoration of whatever could be conserved of these huge and strange creatures been complete, but many species with more than mere specific modifications have been brought to light chiefly by the co-operation of the Danish and German palæontologists—Lund and Burmeister—with Parish and the English comparative anatomists, to whom our former Minister at Buenos Ayres had transmitted his acquisitions.

Similar progress has been made in a knowledge of both the nature and number of the great extinct sloths of South America. It was evident, at first view of the skull and teeth, that the megatherium had been a vegetarian. Cuvier, as we have seen, concluded from the structure of the limbs that this diet was supplied by roots; his ‘*racines*’ not meaning, it may be supposed, the innutritious dense and woody ramifications of the imbedded foundations of forest-trees, but those succulent kinds afforded by the bulbous families of plants. Destruction of the bulb, however, implies that of the plant, and the number requisite for the sustentation of the frame of so enormous an uprooter must soon have become a condition of the starving out of the species. Subsequent palæontologists, therefore, suggested other hypotheses.

Dr. Lund, whose work is cited at the head of this article, a Danish naturalist long resident in the Brazils, and engaged in the exploration of the caves of that country, collected a rich series of the remains of its extinct beasts, now in the Museum at Copenhagen. In regard to the megatherium, adopting the Cuvierian view of its affinities, Lund conceived that it must have fed on fruits and foliage; that it climbed trees like the small sloths of the present day; and that so huge and heavy a beast was, therefore, provided with a supplementary climbing organ, not possessed by its diminutive congeners, viz., a long and powerful prehensile tail. To the objection of the inadequacy of most of the branches of the existing forest-trees to sustain the enormous weight of the hypothetical despoiler of the foliage, Lund replied, that it would be consistent with analogy to assume that the trees of the antediluvian New World might have borne a proportional size to the huge sloths which, with them, had become extinct. And this conjecture proves not to be so far-fetched by the subsequently discovered sequoian giants of Californian forests, some of which could doubtless have carried more than one

megathere if the resinous hard-scaled cones and filamentary foliage had been any temptation to such supposed climber.

De Blainville, however, rejected the scansorial hypothesis together with the leafy food; and, with consistent antagonism to his predecessor, denied the inference from the jaws and teeth as to a vegetable diet of any kind. Confounding the megatherium with the glyptodon as one and the same species of animal, he writes: 'D'après cela il est plus que probable que ces animaux ne grimpent pas aux arbres, qu'ils n'avaient pas de trompe, mais qu'ils avaient les mœurs et les habitudes des tatous' (armadillos), 'et par conséquent ils se nourrissaient de chair, et peut-être aussi de racines.'*

These divers and conflicting hypotheses led our own palæontologist, after determining the distinction between gigantic sloths and armadillos, to a repeated and close study of the complete series of the megatherian remains with which the British Museum and the Royal College of Surgeons had become enriched. And we know not how better or more briefly to place his conclusions before our readers than by giving a condensed recollection of the demonstration, to which we were favoured to listen, of the adaptation of the perfect skeleton to the mode of life of the megatherium, now exhibited in the new Museum in Cromwell Gardens. Pointing to the hind foot, the Professor remarked that though it had, like the existing sloths, but three toes, two of these—the outer ones—were deprived of claws and terminated in rough stumpy ends, indicating that they had been imbedded in a sort of hoof, which, through the partial inversion of the foot, would be applied to the ground in the progressive movements of a terrestrial quadruped. The innermost of the three toes, saved by this inversion from the wear of walking, was developed for carrying and using an enormous subcompressed but deep and sharp-pointed claw. Why should the strong and massive hind-limb have but one claw to wield? Because it was used as a pickaxe. No one applying such tool to dig away the earth from the interstices of a tree's root would have it with two or more blades. Roots being exposed and detached from the soil were not disturbed by the megatherium for the purpose of being eaten, but as a preliminary for prostrating the tree, the foliage of which was coveted by the uprooter. What then was the mechanism for hauling down a giant of the forest? A firm basis for the appli-

* 'Recherches sur l'ancienneté des Edentés terrestres à la surface de la terre,' *Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences*, Paris, 1839, p. 65.

cation of the grasping organs was essential. The Archimedean *ποῦ στῶ* of the megathere was a tripod formed of a pair of the most massive hind-limbs in nature, which, though shorter than those of the elephant, were of more than twice the circumference, with a tail to match. This appendage, not present in existing sloths, was added to their type of limb-structure, of length and massiveness on a par with the hind legs, and with firm joints not susceptible of inflection for grasping, but able to bear the strain of pressure. Upon this tripod the huge pelvis, also far surpassing in size that of the elephant, was firmly sustained when the giant sloth raised himself to grapple with the trunk of the tree whose roots he had exposed. What relation had the size of the pelvis to this work? It gave origin to a pair of immense muscular analogues of what is called in other beasts the 'latissimus dorsi.' The thick rugged border of the arched iliac bones bespeaks the unusual development of those muscles; and their attachments to the fore-limbs on which they had to operate were of a kind to match the bony developments for their origins. The grasped tree had to be pulled backward, and, for due attachment of the insertional tendons of the hauling muscles, not one, but two, crests of the blade-bones were developed, besides proportional ridges on the arm-bones. The provision for the grasping-machinery is as follows: the hoof at the outer border of the fore-foot was limited to one roughened digit, the weight of the fore-part of the body being less than that of the hind-part; three other digits are developed and armed like the single unguiculate one of the hind-foot. Their work was of another kind—to secure a firm grasp of the trunk of the tree whose roots had previously been exposed and more or less loosened from the soil. The varied movements in swaying to and fro the tree thus grasped called for an organisation of the fore-limb more complex than that in existing elephants and rhinoceroses, and it combines all the modifications save one which make the arm and hand of man so fitted for their manifold applications. The megatherium had no opposable thumb, the uses of its hand were mainly in grasping; but the varied directions in which the hauling power had to be applied called for all the other bimanous perfections of the limbs immediately exerted by the grappler.

Prior to the discovery of the megathere, man was the largest of mammals possessing the collar-bones. Had the clavicle only of the great sloth been found, it would have been a better foundation for the inference of the giants of old than any of those on which the early investigators of fossil remains based their evidence of these subjects of fable. The megathere's

collar-bone has the same slight 'sigmoid' bends, the same perfect articulation with the breast-bone at one end and the blade-bone at the other. Many of the smaller quadrupeds have clavicles as complete; they are those in which, as in monkeys, the fore-limbs are applied to many other uses than support and progression. The clavicles act as buttresses to the joints of the arm-bones with the blade-bones; they give the needed stability and resistance to the cup in which the ball at the top of the humerus rotates. True it is that the use of the tridactyle paw in the present hypothesis is reduced to that of grasping. But its application for that purpose needed to be varied according to the directions of swaying, of resistance, of yielding of the tree to prostrate which the four-footed giant was putting forth all his mighty strength. Accordingly the elbow-joint of the megatherium shows all the complex and beautiful adaptation of 'radius' to 'ulna,' and of both bones to 'humerus,' which the corresponding parts of the human skeleton exhibit. The fore-limb had not only the movement to and fro in one plane, as in the existing hoofed quadrupeds, but the fore-foot, paw, or hand, could be rotated—turned in those directions which the physiologist terms 'pronation' and 'supination.'

It is a grand picture to present to the mind this old-world wood-beast tugging, riving, and swaying the root-loosened tree until the crash of prostration echoed through the primeval forest. The characteristic of tropical and sub-tropical South America is still its vast and almost interminable woods. The soil and climate favour the rapid germination and growth of whatever seeds find space for development. One is naturally curious to discover indications in its fossil remains of the ways in which the great ground-sloth set to work to enjoy the leaves now brought more or less within its reach. Branches could be readily torn off by the instrument that brought down the tree. But if the paw could only roughly grasp the trunk and larger branches, how did the animal strip the smaller ones, and bring to mouth the coveted foliage?

Here the demonstration grew in interest. Our Professor explained that the lingual nerve of motion and that of sensation, arising from different parts of the brain of the sloth, as in other mammals, have each its distinct and peculiar exit from the skull. The hole transmitting the 'motor' nerve to the tongue (then moving for our instruction) escaped, we were told, by what in human anatomy is called the 'anterior condyloid foramen.' Our comparative osteologist had observed that it was of unusual size in beasts such as the

ant-eater and giraffe, which have tongues of unusual length, muscularity, and mobility. The corresponding foramen was considerably larger in the megatherium. So complete is the skeleton, the subject of the demonstration, that the bones of the tongue—'hyoidean'—are also preserved, and show a corresponding proportional relation to a powerful muscular tongue. But of what shape might have been the perishable part of the organ? Our attention was directed to the curious forward production of the lower jaw in front of the part supporting the teeth. It is like a long spout, and is hollowed out above into a smooth semi-cylindrical canal. Along this canal a rope-like tongue, of size to match, could be protruded and retracted, gliding 'to and fro.' The indicated shape is that of the prehensile tongue of the giraffe. The moving fibres, according to their nerve supply, must have formed a mass of at least twice the size of that in the tongue of the great browsing ruminant. The giraffe obtains its coveted foliage by its length of limbs, of neck, and the build of the trunk from which the long neck springs. The megatherium, with broad, robust proportions, and raised rump, contrasting with the light and slender frame of the large existing leaf-eater, applied a similar prehensile organ to the foliage brought in another way within the reach of its mobile, flexible tongue. Of the adaptation of its teeth to mastication of its food nothing need be said; their cross-ridges remind one of the elephant's grinders.

When this novel explanation of the megatherian fossils was submitted to the judgment of fellow-interpreters of organic remains, it was subjected to the usual healthy truth-testing questions and objections, one only of which, however, was deemed to have a claim to some measure of validity. 'How,' asked Dr. Buckland, 'could the beast avoid having its head 'broken if' it were condemned to get its living by pulling 'down trees?' To this the propounder of the theory could only reply that he supposed, by instinct and practice, the megatherium had learned to dodge a dangerous bough of the falling timber.

A year had not elapsed when the bones of another megatheriid of somewhat smaller species than Cuvier's reached England; they had been discovered in fluvatile deposits of the Rio Plata, seven leagues north of the city of Buenos Ayres, when Sir Woodbine Parish was H.M.'s Chargé d'Affaires. With his wonted zeal and tact Sir Woodbine induced the finder to sell the specimens, and they were purchased, at the recommendation of the Curator and Hunterian Professor, by the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, in whose

instructive museum they are now exhibited, articulated, as an almost perfect skeleton. Conceive our Professor's surprise and pleasure when he discovered evidences of two distinct fractures of the skull, neither of them due to injury in the exhumation or package of the fossils, but both plainly inflicted during the lifetime of the animal. One of the fractures, at the fore and upper part of the cranium, four inches in length, had completely healed—a unique pathological specimen in the Surgeons' collection; the other, over the hind part of the skull, was a more extensive smash, yet attempts at healing had followed, and new bone had been partially formed; evidence of inflammation and suppuration in the cellular subjacent structures was detected, and the Professor's opinion is that the animal had finally succumbed to this injury.

But might not these fractures of the skull have been made by blows of an enemy—by the club of an Indian, for example, if such prehistoric hunter had coexisted with the great sloths, or by a blow inflicted by the fore-paw of the great extinct feline, certainly a contemporary? The response of our physiologist was as follows:—Either of these fractures is of an extent and kind indicative that the blow inflicting it must have stunned the beast; it would have fallen in a state as helpless as the ox prostrated by the butcher, and death-wounds would have ensued, placing the carcase at the disposal of the hypothetical flesh-eating assailant had such a one dealt the primary blow. And if the fossil skull had presented evidence of recent fracture the inference would have been that it had not survived the injury. The existing sloth is remarkable for its tenacity of life: the extinct one, after lying stunned for some time, recovered, shook its head, and returned to its usual way of daily life. It survived long enough after the first accident for complete healing to ensue, nor did it immediately perish after receiving the second stunner. Therefore the inference is that both blows were inflicted by a passive or inanimate force, and most probably by that which the ingenuity of Buckland conceived to be a proper consequence of the way of work by which it was suggested that the megatherioids got their living.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Reports from the Select Committees of the House of Commons on Public Business in the years 1837, 1848, 1854, 1857, 1861, 1869, 1871, and 1878.*
2. *Reform of Procedure in Parliament to clear the Block of House of Commons Business.* By W. M. TORRENS, M.P. London: 12mo. 1881.
3. *Parliamentary Procedure.* A Paper read at the Annual Provincial Meeting of the Incorporated Law Society of the United Kingdom, on October 11, 1881, by W. T. MANNING.

THE House of Commons was startled last session by the Speaker suddenly rising in the course of a debate and putting the question before the House for its decision, that the debate be at once terminated without further discussion. The House was fairly taken by surprise. A faint attempt to challenge the Speaker's proceeding was ineffectually made, and the incident ended. One or two members had during the Recess been exercising their ingenuity in the endeavour to discover precedents for the exercise of such a power, and they averred that they had disinterred certain ancient rules of the House, which had been lying buried for centuries past, conferring such a power on the Speaker. It was affirmed, however, that they were viewed with disfavour by the Speaker himself, who did not interpret them in the sense which the discoverers sought to place upon them. The question was, therefore, relegated to its original position, and the House relapsed into that state of suffering endurance from which there appeared to be no deliverance. Here was a Nasmyth-hammer power which, whilst it could crack the nut of individual transgression of the rules of Parliament, could equally, with one blow, smash the Parliamentary machine itself by putting an end to the debate at the will and pleasure of the Chair.

This occurrence proved, however, that the Speaker of the House of Commons has powers larger than those which Sir Henry Brand and his immediate predecessors have cared to exercise, and if the question could be settled by precedents from the reigns of the Tudors and the Stuarts, it might be more easily dealt with. But these historical investigations are of little real assistance. We want to know, not what was done two or three centuries ago, but what should be done now to restore to the House of Commons its full efficiency and power, and to deliver it from an incubus more formidable

than the ancient prerogatives of the Crown. We therefore hail with the utmost satisfaction the declaration already made by Ministers, that the reform of procedure in Parliament will be the first subject to which the attention of the House of Commons will be directed in the ensuing Session. This Journal may claim a long priority in dealing with these questions. An article on 'The Machinery of Public Legislation' appeared in our pages in January, 1854,* and another article on 'Private Bill Legislation' in January, 1855.† We venture to say that these articles, proceeding, as they did, from writers of the highest authority, and perfectly conversant with the subject, are exhaustive: and it is mortifying to reflect that seven or eight and twenty years have elapsed without any serious effort to remedy evils which have in the meantime grown to an intolerable excess. From the year 1837 to the year 1878, Committees have sat upon the business of the House, with the result that infinitesimal reforms have been adopted. The irregularity of Parliamentary proceedings has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. The House of Commons has set itself to the task of investigating and prescribing remedies for the evils which have gradually developed themselves—with the imperfect success, however, which the existing condition of the House, and the paralysis of business, abundantly testify.

We propose to lay before our readers some of the acknowledged results of these enquiries, and we shall avail ourselves also of the spirited and able volume which Mr. Torrens has just published, for it is one of the best of his literary productions, full of Irish vivacity and English experience, and likewise of an address delivered by Mr. W. Manning to the Incorporated Law Society of the United Kingdom. The suggestions of these gentlemen are valuable, and concur in many respects with those originated long ago by ourselves. But the main source of information is to be found in the evidence taken on several occasions by committees of the House itself. Yet although, at the expiration of nearly forty-five years, the evil, so far from diminishing, has gone on increasing, no sooner is a remedy proposed than a hundred voices are raised against it, and the sacred rights of minorities to overbear majorities and obstruct the business of the House by interminable talk are invoked in support of rules devised for a far

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xcix. p. 243. This article has recently been reprinted by Mr. Rathbone.

† *Edinburgh Review*, vol. ci. p. 151.

different body of men from the present obstructionists of the House of Commons.

In 1837 the same despairing cry went up from the House of Commons demanding a remedy for the evils which still exist. The Committee appointed in that year to consider the best means of conducting the public business with improved regularity and despatch, reported that they were of opinion that they should best discharge the duty assigned to them by an attempt to trace the causes to which the unsatisfactory condition in which the public business avowedly was might be attributed; that it was almost unnecessary for them to show by any reference to the state of the business that the evil existed; that the appointment of the Committee was sufficient evidence that in the opinion of the House this was the case, and the daily experience of every member or the most cursory glance at the order book established the fact. The Committee proceeded to point out that it was the undoubted privilege of every member to interpose any amendment that he might think fit, even without notice, upon any occasion whatever; but this privilege, conferred for purposes of public utility, was clearly only intended to be practically taken advantage of in cases of extreme importance. It was obvious that it would be better to dismiss from the standing orders the rule giving orders of the day precedence to notices on certain days, than to go through the mockery of first enacting and then upon every trifling question violating it, and the Committee recommended the House to interfere to compel a rigorous observance of the rule laid down.

The Committee of 1861, in their Report, referring to the Reports of the Committees of 1837, 1848, and 1854, state that on all these occasions the House and its Committees have proceeded with the utmost caution. They have treated with respect the written and the unwritten law of Parliament, which for ages has secured a good system of legislation, perfect freedom of debate, and a due regard for the rights of minorities. This respect for tradition, and this caution in making changes, have proceeded on the principle that no change is justifiable which experience has not proved to be necessary; and that the maintenance of the old rules is preferable to new and speculative amendments.

The Speaker, Mr. Charles Shaw Lefevre, in his evidence before the Committee of 1848, said:—

‘The attention of the Committee should be specially directed to motions to adjourn the House and to adjourn the debate. These motions he considered as the great interruptions to the course of business; and

he suggested that all questions of adjournment of the House and adjournment of debate should be decided without debate. Under this rule a member would no longer have any inducement to move the adjournment for the purpose of making a speech or some extraneous matter (as is now so often the case), as the questions must be decided without debate. Great advantage would result from this change; it would in truth only carry into effect the intentions of the House. The rules of the House provide that on days called order days, certain orders shall be considered; and on days called notice days, notices of motions shall be considered. If members can move the adjournment of the House without any notice of any sort, and upon that question may debate any other question, it is evident that all the regulations adopted for the conduct of the business of the House may be rendered quite ineffectual.'

He proposed that the following rules should be adopted:—

'1. That every motion for the adjournment of the House which shall be made before the business of the day has been disposed of, and every motion for the adjournment of a debate, shall be proposed and seconded and the question thereupon decided by the House without debate. 2. That no such motion shall be repeated within one hour after either of such motions shall have been withdrawn, or a question thereupon shall have been resolved in the negative. 3. That no division shall be permitted upon any such question unless twenty-one members by standing up in their places shall declare themselves with the ayes. 4. That in Committee of the whole House every motion that the Chairman do report progress, or that the Chairman do now leave the chair, be made, and every question thereupon decided by the Committee without debate; and that no division shall be permitted upon any such question, unless twenty-one members, by standing up in their places, shall declare themselves with the ayes. And 5, that before the order of the day for resuming an adjourned debate is read, it shall be competent for any member who shall have given due notice of his intention to move, "That such debate shall not be further adjourned," and such question shall be decided by the House without debate, and no amendment shall be made thereto; and if the same shall have been resolved in the affirmative, and the debate shall not have closed before two o'clock in the morning, no member shall rise to speak after that hour, but Mr. Speaker shall put the question.'

The Committee reported that it was not so much on any new rules, especially restrictive rules, that the Committee desired to rely for the prompt and efficient despatch of business by the House. The increasing business called for increased consideration on the part of members in the exercise of their individual privileges. The Committee desired to rely on the good feeling of the House, on the forbearance of its members, and on a general acquiescence in the enforcement by the Speaker of that established rule of the House which required

that members should strictly confine themselves to matters immediately pertinent to the subject of debate. The experience of recent Sessions has unfortunately shown the futility of the hope thus expressed, and has sufficiently demonstrated that there is a class of members who are restrained by no considerations of decorum or even decencies of debate, and whom it is therefore necessary to restrain by putting them to silence, unless the House is to lapse into chaos.

Lord Eversley, in his evidence before the Committee of 1854, said —

‘In all the improvements we have made in the conduct of public business, we have endeavoured as much as possible to let the House understand exactly what questions they will have to discuss, and to prevent surprises, and also to give some certainty to our proceedings.’

Mr. Speaker Denison said

‘that the most important thing to which the attention of this Committee can be directed is certainty, day by day, so far as it is possible, as to the business to be transacted; and that for the despatch, for the convenience of members, and for decorum of things, certainty is to be regarded as the primary object.’

How, it may be asked, can these objects be secured under the present practice, when, by an abuse of the forms of the House, debates on the most important subjects are initiated without notice on motions for adjournment, frequently made at the time of questions to Ministers?

Repeated motions for adjournments which have been previously rejected by overwhelming majorities are a scandal to the House, and an intolerable oppression on the part of minorities, against which, more than against majorities, a remedy has to be applied if the House is to remain master of its own proceedings. Mr. Speaker Denison, in his evidence before the Committee of 1871, stated that in the previous Session no fewer than five working days were occupied in taking divisions. In the last Session *seventeen working days* were engrossed in this process alone. This evil is aggravated by the slow and tedious process by which all divisions are now taken, each of them occupying from twenty to thirty minutes. If divisions on a motion for adjournment were taken, as a rule, by simply counting the members who support the motion in their places, and without debate, they would cease to be made as an instrument of obstruction.

Another great cause of delay is, the numerous stages through which every public Bill has to pass. There are still fourteen questions necessarily put upon every public Bill, exclusive of

the proceedings in Committee, and of amendments, and also exclusive of proceedings in the preliminary Committee, in the case of Bills relating to religion, trade, and taxes. From this fertile source any number of speeches may be elaborated, independently of motions for adjournment.

The then Speaker, Mr. Lefevre, in his evidence before the Committee of 1848, said: 'I consider the most obvious way of saving the public time will be to limit the opportunity of debate, by reducing the number of questions.' The debates on these questions must be limited if the loquacity of honourable members is to be checked. They should be confined to the introduction of the Bill, the second reading, and the Report from the Panel or Committee, to which it is suggested every opposed public Bill should, after the second reading, be referred; limited however to any clauses not touching the principle of the measure, which might be singled out for discussion on special grounds. It should nevertheless be competent for any member to divide the House on every stage of the Bill, but without debate. Ample opportunity would thus be afforded of stopping any obnoxious measure, and the House would have a full *locus penitentie* both on the Report and subsequent stages, if the Bill were so altered in Committee as to render it unacceptable to the House.

But it is in Committee of the whole House that the resources of the obstructionist develop themselves in their full intensity. There is here no limit to the speeches which every member may make upon each clause and line of a Bill, interspersed with reading of extracts from Blue Books, and illustrations drawn from every conceivable topic. What wonder is it that the legislative wheels move slowly, and eventually become clogged altogether?—and they will continue to do so until Parliament consents to work with a less force than a 650 member power in passing every Bill through Parliament. It is needless to point out that almost every other representative assembly has altered its procedure from that of the English Parliament; no other legislative body, nor any municipal corporation, attempts to discuss the details of its proceedings in the presence and through the medium of the whole body. All work by means of committees, the result being reported to the general body; and their proceedings are adopted, altered, or rejected, as the case may be.

Mr. Torrens draws an amusing picture of what is called a Committee of the whole House. He affirms that, except in extraordinary cases, the number of members who form the 'whole House' in Committee rarely exceeds 200, seldom

reaches half that number. What is called a Committee of the whole House generally consists of a few score members who take an interest in the particular subject. But what is really consumed is the *time* of the whole House, since, while the House is in Committee, no other business can be proceeded with. He therefore concludes 'that all the pedantic talk about its constitutional indispensability is simply fanfaronade.'

Mr. Torrens proposes to meet this and other causes of delay by the following remedies, for he is opposed to the introduction of the *clôture*:—

'1. Distribution of the House into three panel committees, to one of which each Bill should be referred after second reading instead of a committee of the whole House.

'2. The reference of every private and local Bill to a joint committee of three peers and three commoners, with a judge for president, appointed alternately by the Chancellor and the Speaker, instead of the present system of double trial.

'3. A standing order enabling seven members to call in writing on the Speaker to count out the debate instead of counting out the House.

'4. A statute authorising the House of Lords to defer after second reading the further stages of any Bill sent up after June 1 by the Commons until the ensuing Session.

'5. A motion for adjournment of the House to be put without debate when made without notice; and no member to be allowed to move the adjournment a second time during the sitting.' (Torrens, p. 21.)

Mr. Manning, in the address which we have placed at the head of this article, offers the following suggestions:—

'Lord Eversley, the then Speaker, in his evidence before the Committee of 1854, stated "it would be desirable that a Bill which had "been committed to a Select Committee should not in all cases pass through a Committee of the whole House, and that the present "practice of the House might be modified in this particular." Mr. Evelyn Denison, the then Speaker, in his evidence before the Committee of 1861, said that he decidedly concurred in this opinion, and that "while other recommendations would perhaps tend more to certainty in the conduct of business, some alteration with regard to the "proceedings in Committee would perhaps tend to expedite public "business more than anything which had yet been considered." The Committee, in their Report, stated that they trusted this opinion would receive the careful consideration of the House. Sir Erskine May, in his evidence before the Committee of 1869, said that the reference of public Bills to a Select Committee was an advantageous practice, and one which might be usefully extended; that generally it obviated objections—the members most actively concerned in opposing the Bill having had an opportunity of proposing amendments in the Committee.

Notwithstanding the foregoing opinions, expressed by authorities best competent to form them, no step whatever has been taken to carry out their recommendation. Under the existing system private members find it almost impossible to pass an opposed Bill through Parliament, the result being that the entire legislation of the country is practically thrown into the hands of the Ministry of the day, who, nevertheless, have for many years been unable to pass more than one first-class measure in a single Session. The spectacle of members, in the early days of the Session, putting down Bills for second reading for the month of July, which have therefore not the "ghost of a chance" of becoming law, is calculated to lower Parliament in public estimation. Many useful measures are consequently lost each Session. Every private member, therefore, should be an advocate for the proposed change, which, while reserving to the House the decision on the principle of every Bill, would leave the details to be worked out in Committee, and thus enable private members to forward the measures with which their names have become identified. If the precedent of private Bill legislation is considered, it will be seen that formerly it was held that it would be quite impossible to concede such enormous interests as railway interests to a Committee of five members; but they are now referred to even a smaller Committee. The rules applicable to Committees of the whole House should be observed by the Committee with this important alteration, that no member should be permitted to speak more than once on each clause or amendment, and that no debate or amendment attacking the principle of the Bill should be allowed. The Committee should be attended by experienced draftsmen, who should be responsible to the House that the Bill, as passed, was in conformity with the general law, and that the various clauses were consistent with each other. The avoidance of litigation, the saving of the time of the judges in the interpretation of Acts infringing these principles, and of costs, which such an officer would effect, can be best appreciated by the legal profession. Equal publicity would be afforded to the proceedings of the Select Committee, as to the debates in Committee of the whole House, by admitting the public and allowing reporters to be present. These Committees would also be the means of developing the capacity of the younger members, who are debarred by the present system from assisting in the legislation of the country. It should be borne in mind that the proposed reform would not involve any alteration in the Rules of the House, which already provide for all Bills being referred to a Select Committee. A great objection to the proceedings of Select Committees is the power to take evidence, for which they are not properly constituted, and which occupies so considerable a portion of their time. Members ought not to be compelled to undergo this drudgery. If the subject is of sufficient importance to warrant legislation, the necessary evidence should be provided for the Committee by means of a Royal Commission, where evidence can be taken by those best qualified for the purpose.

He therefore contends that the House of Commons, if it is

ever to escape from the Slough of Despond, must adopt the proposed reform, referring all opposed public Bills to Select Committees; but the very grave question remains unsolved, how such Select Committees should or could be appointed, and whether their recommendations would carry sufficient weight to be accepted by the House.

The question of summarily closing the debate is one of the most difficult with which Parliament has to deal, opposed as it is to all the best traditions of that most ancient and honourable assembly. The rights of minorities are sacred; and, as Mr. Torrens well points out, it is by the persevering exertions of minorities in Parliament that all the great reforms of the present century have been carried. No one seriously desires to invade or impair them. Nevertheless, there is high authority for some limitation of the right of speech in debate, even amongst the ranks of the most Conservative and Liberal statesmen. Frankly we may admit it is a choice of evils to which we are driven, and on this basis it must be confessed that the balance of testimony is infinitely in favour of the change. What is the evil to be dealt with? Speech, indefinite, uncontrolled speech. What is the remedy? Cut off the endless facilities for speaking in season and out of season, and the difficulty will vanish, or might at least be abated.

It has been objected that the best debaters will be silenced by the adoption of the rule. But to this it may be replied that the Speaker rules the order of debate, and he may be trusted to take care that the leaders on both sides of the House shall not be excluded. But it is said that one man will occupy the attention of the House to the exclusion of all others. It should be borne in mind, however, that members do not stand alone; they are associated and act with others, who would resent their exclusion from the debate, and soon bring the recalcitrant member to reason. The House may be trusted to hear the men whom it desires to hear because they are worth hearing. It would never suffer them to be excluded.

The late Speaker, Mr. Denison, in his evidence before the Committee of 1848, was asked the following question:—

‘Looking to the opinion that you have expressed, that the good sense of the House may be trusted where there is a large number of members present, do you think it is possible that the introduction of the *clôture*, to be demanded by not less than a certain number of persons, would be attended with advantage?’

To which he replied—

‘I am aware that in most public assemblies it has been found necessary to have recourse to some such expedient; but I should be disposed

myself to try what could be done by other means rather than proceed at once to that extremity.'

On this important point it may be well to consider the evidence which has been taken with reference to the practice of the French and American Chambers for limiting the length of debates.

M. Guizot, who gave evidence before the Committee as to the conduct of business in the Chamber of Deputies, in answer to a question whether the rules and orders of the French Chamber were not originally nearly the same as those of the House of Commons, said:—

'In the beginning of our Constituent Assembly, at the Revolution, Mirabeau asked Etienne Dumont to give him a sketch of the proceedings of the English House of Commons, and Etienne Dumont gave to Mirabeau such a sketch. It became the model of the first rules of our National Assembly. So that in the beginning of our revolution the proceedings of your House of Commons became the source of ours. In 1814, when the Charter was granted by the King, the same rules were adopted with some changes. I think it was at that time the *clôture* as a means of closing the debate was introduced. Before it was introduced the debates were protracted indefinitely, and not only were the debates protracted, but at the end, when the majority wished to put an end to the debate, and the minority would not, the debate became very violent; and out of the House among the public it became the source of ridicule, and then a measure for demanding the closing of the debate was introduced. The proceeding is this: a member, or two members, call *la clôture*, the President puts it to the vote; if any member objects, he can speak against the *clôture*; one only can speak, and no reply is allowed, and then the President puts the question: Must the debate be closed?

'Q. When there have been very great party conflicts in the Chamber, has this power of *clôture* been used in a way that has been oppressive to the minority?

'A. I think not. Upon some special occasions the minority have complained that the debate was closed; but generally when the question has been decided in the affirmative, the minority have submitted without difficulty. I think the majority never abused that power. The debates lasted very long; even with the power of *clôture* we have had a debate of more than a fortnight.

'Q. When the *clôture* is demanded, if a member rises to speak against it, is he allowed to speak on the main question?

'A. No; he speaks only on the question, Is the *clôture* proper and just? If he speaks upon the main question, the President tells him, "Sir, you cannot speak upon the main question; speak upon the question of *clôture*."

'Q. With the existence of the power of *clôture*, is it your opinion that all subjects have been amply and fairly debated?

'A. Yes, it is quite my opinion; I never knew in the Chamber of Deputies a debate which did not last sufficiently long.

‘Q. Do you think that without some power of closing debates, the public business in your Chamber could have been conducted satisfactorily?’

‘A. I think not. I think the *clôture* in our Chamber was an indispensable power. Calling to mind what has passed of late years, I do not recollect any serious and honest complaint against the *clôture*.’

‘Q. Have you any limit put to the length of speeches by any order of the House?’

‘A. None at all. There is no limit to the length of speeches, either on the main question or on amendments.’

Mr. E. Curtis, of New York, a Member of Congress, gave evidence as to the conduct of business in the House of Representatives of the United States of America. He was asked—

‘Q. Can you state to the Committee whether the Rules and Orders of the House of Representatives in Congress were the same as those of the English House of Commons?’

‘A. The Rules and Orders of the House of Representatives at the establishment of the Government in 1789 were nearly the same as those of the House of Commons.’

‘Q. Have the rules in process of time been varied, and what are the main causes which have led to these changes?’

‘A. The Rules have been considerably varied, chiefly from the necessity of facilitating the despatch of business.’

‘Q. Were the debates protracted to an inconvenient length?’

‘A. They were protracted, as was thought, to an unreasonable length. There was felt to be a necessity of finding some mode of closing the debate. The difficulty was not being able to close a debate.’

Mr. Curtis proceeds to state that as early as the year 1794 it had been settled that the question of adjournment was not debateable, and the practice has from that time continued, and now exists, that a motion to adjourn shall be decided without debate.

‘Q. Will you be so good as to describe in what way a debate is brought to a close?’

‘A. It is by the operation of what we call the previous question. The previous question with us is not the same as that known in the British Parliament. By Rule 50 of the House of Representatives, the previous question shall be in this form: Shall the main question be now put? It appears that on the previous question being demanded it must be supported, or, as the phrase is, seconded by a majority, and on this being ascertained, the Speaker announces: The previous question is demanded by the House. If it should pass in the negative, the subject under debate is resumed; if in the affirmative, the debate ceases, and the amendments having been considered, the main question is put to the vote without debate.’

The number of the House of Representatives is 229; they

sit round the Speaker in a half-circle, the seats rising as in an amphitheatre. The vote is taken by each party rising in turn; but, in case of its being demanded, the ayes and noes may be called. The Speaker attains to great accuracy in estimating the respective numbers, and to great quickness in counting them. Members of the Executive Government have no seats in the House. Twenty-eight standing Committees are appointed at the commencement of a Session, and all Bills originate in these Committees. No question of order is debated; all such questions are decided by the Speaker, and if his decision is appealed from to the House, it is decided by vote, without debate. In this way questions of order, questions of adjournment, and the previous question to bring a debate to a close are decided by vote without debate. Besides this, a rule has been adopted to limit speeches to one hour; this rule, called the one-hour rule, was adopted in the year 1841.

Mr. Curtis, speaking of this one-hour rule, says it has greatly facilitated business. It has improved the quality of the speeches; public opinion is decidedly in its favour. The best proof of this is that as these rules are adopted only from session to session, and there have been changes of parties since they were adopted, both parties have in turn adopted these rules and acted upon them. The most intelligent and experienced gentlemen of the country approve of them, both the previous question and the one-hour rule. The present Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Winthrop, has lately in a letter expressed his opinion in favour of the one-hour rule. Mr. J. Randall, an advocate practising in the Federal Courts of the United States, in the city of Philadelphia, confirmed Mr. Curtis's statements, and expressed an opinion that 'the previous question' and 'the one-hour rule' have worked well. At first the one-hour rule was much opposed, but it has worked well; it has fought its way into public favour, and has the support not only of the members of the House, but of the people at large.

A considerable portion of the evidence taken before the various Committees has been with reference to the appointment of standing or, as they were formerly termed, Grand Committees, into which it has been proposed to divide the whole House for the purpose of legislating in different sections. This was the suggestion made by this Journal in 1854. We proposed that the House should be divided into six Grand Committees of 100 each the Ministers and Privy Councillors having access to them all, and each Committee having a department of its own, as law, finance, trade, &c. Mr. Torrens's three

panels are a larger division of the same kind. Select Committees, as they are now constituted, of about fifteen or twenty members, would, in our opinion, be deficient in numbers and in weight. The chief objection to this scheme appears to be that it would not be easy, consistently with our Parliamentary habits, to name the time of day at which these Grand Committees or Panels could sit, without interfering with the occupations of the morning or the business of the evening.

The system pursued in the French Chambers is well deserving of consideration. Those bodies are subdivided by lot into a certain number of bureaux, or grand Committees of about fifty members each. Every member of the Chambers belongs to some one of these bureaux, unless specially exempted; some members, we think, to more than one. A Bill is referred to one of these bureaux for critical examination before what we should call the second reading, and is brought up by a reporter, named on the Committee, who explains all its provisions. The Budget of the year is referred to one of these Committees, who examine every detail of it with the greatest precision. This ensures practically a far stricter control of the financial proposals of the Government than can be obtained by a desultory discussion on a supply night in the House of Commons.

In the Session of 1880 the block of business had reached such a state that the Government of Lord Beaconsfield felt constrained to endeavour to cope with it. In Committee on the South African Bill the House had been debating and dividing for twenty-six hours, led by the hon. member for Liskeard, and supported by five or six other members. These tactics being repeated by the Irish members on numerous occasions led to the adoption by the House of the rules to prevent obstruction, under which a member may be suspended for the sitting, or, after three suspensions, for the remainder of the Session. In the last Session these rules of discipline were enlarged by others, providing for urgency being voted on the demand of a Minister of the Crown. The oppressive character of this rule was shown by the fact that the leader of the Opposition was driven to address his constituents and the public through the press as the only means of obtaining a hearing.

The insufficiency of these rules to prevent organised obstruction was amply demonstrated by the proceedings of the obstructionists on the earliest opportunity, which presented itself in the debate on the Address at the commencement of the Session, which, instead of being concluded, according to precedent, in a single sitting, extended over no less than eleven sittings. This

debate was an entire waste of the time of the House, the whole subject having to be again discussed on the passage through Parliament of the various Bills to which it related. The necessity for a controlling power being placed in the hands of either the House or the Speaker was rendered obvious by this proceeding, even if the action of the malcontents on a subsequent occasion, culminating in the temporary expulsion of thirty-five of their number from the House, did not afford ample testimony to the necessity for a change in rules permitting liberty of debate to degenerate into license.

It has been contended that if the power be given to a majority to close a debate, the rights of members will be abrogated, and the House placed at the mercy of the Ministry of the day, and this would no doubt be the case if the power were vested in a bare majority. The happy medium has to be struck, unless Parliament is to be controlled by a clique bent on its destruction, or unless, like Pharaoh with the Israelites, it will let them go. This number must exceed that of the obstructionists, and not exceed the usual numbers of the Opposition voting in a division. A three-fourths majority would meet these requirements, and, whilst checking the tyranny of a bare majority, would effectually protect the rights of a *bonâ fide* minority. It may be safely affirmed that in no other representative assembly in the world would the spectacle of recent Sessions be tolerated, in which a handful of members (avowing as their object the degradation and dismemberment of the Legislature of which they formed a part, and of the empire of which they were fellow-citizens) was permitted night after night to stop the Parliamentary machine and block the progress of every measure, and even the necessary votes in Supply to carry on the service of the country.

How soon this odious system of obstruction is to be applied to our foreign and colonial policy time will show. Hitherto the course of debates on these subjects has been so arranged that no obstacle has arisen to their being concluded within a reasonable time, and complaints have never been heard of their being insufficiently discussed or arbitrarily closed. The most important subjects to be brought before Parliament are precisely those on which rapid action may, on some sudden emergency, be required; and it is on these questions that systematic obstruction might be applied with the most fatal and disastrous effect.

Having dealt with the salient points of public legislation, we have to consider the mode of regulating the private business of Parliament so as to make it consonant with the suggested

alterations in public business. The reference of opposed private Bills to various tribunals, such as the Board of Trade, local governing bodies, and roving commissioners, has been proposed. The existing tribunal of a Select Committee is an excellent one in many respects; for instance, in breadth of view, independence, and the high character of its members, it is second to none which can be devised, although Lord Brougham in his celebrated Resolutions expressed a contrary opinion. Against these qualities, however, is to be placed the consumption of the valuable time of members which is required for other and greater objects. We think, however, that this inconvenience has been somewhat exaggerated. The business of Select Committees on private Bills is entirely conducted in the daytime, between the hours of twelve and four in the afternoon. The public business of the House begins at the latter hour, and if all the private business of Parliament were transacted elsewhere, it would add little or nothing to the time available for the debate of public measures. This we believe to be the opinion of the experienced and able officer of the House, Sir T. Erskine May.

On this question of the private Bills Mr. Manning has the following remarks:—

‘Under the present practice, about a hundred members of the House of Commons, independently of the House of Lords, are occupied every Session on committees on opposed private Bills. Many of them are the most experienced members of Parliament, and, in order that their services may be available on public Bill committees, they must first be set free from attendance on committees on private Bills. This difficulty has no doubt been one of the obstacles to carrying out the reform so long since recommended on such high authority.

‘Under the existing system the attention of Parliament is occupied with the vast and heterogeneous mass of work which is thrust upon it by the various counties, cities, and boroughs, by the railway companies, water and gas companies, and other corporations and interests all over the country, with the result of impeding the entire public legislation of the Empire.

‘Five members of the Lords and four of the Commons now sit on opposed private Bills in their respective Houses to hear evidence and decide on passing or rejecting them. The members of this dual tribunal may, and sometimes do, differ on the conclusions at which they arrive, and it thus happens that a Bill passed by five members of the Lords’ Committee may be rejected by two members of the Commons’ Committee on the casting vote of the chairman.

‘It is needless to enlarge on the additional cost to the promoters and opponents of this double enquiry. Sir Erskine May, in his evidence before the Joint Committee of 1869, stated that he was persuaded that, if one tribunal only had been introduced fifteen years previously, it

would have saved the promoters and opponents of private Bills many millions in costs. The Committee reported that it was expedient that opposed private Bills should be referred to a Joint Committee composed of members of both Houses.

‘It should also be borne in mind that the uncertainty attending the present system, where promoters have incurred enormous costs in one House, which are thrown away by the rejection of their Bill in the other House, operates to prevent the introduction of many useful measures to the public detriment.

‘Various reforms have already taken place in private Bill legislation and the trial of election petitions, by which the attendance of members on Committees has been dispensed with, and other tribunals have taken their place, of which the following are instances :—

- (1) The abolition of Committees on Standing Orders, and the appointment by both Houses of examiners in their stead, who enquire into the compliance with the Standing Orders of both Houses at the same time.
- (2) The appointment of referees.
- (3) The appointment of election judges for the trial of election petitions.

Mr. Manning then goes on to recommend that every private Bill should be referred after the second reading to one of the election judges. The proposal to create new and untried tribunals for the purpose of informing the mind of Parliament on the weighty matters which are the subject of the majority of private Bills is not one which commends itself to us. The experience of those which have been set up by the side of the existing legal tribunals has not been satisfactory, and a further increase of them is to be deprecated. The instance of the Railway Commission, which has failed to secure the confidence of the railway companies, which are nevertheless compelled to appear before it, is a case in point. Other instances to the same effect might be adduced. But still less can we accede to Mr. Manning’s suggestion that the investigation of private Bills should be transferred to the judicial body. The judges of the High Court of Judicature have quite as much to do as they can satisfactorily accomplish. To deal with these private Bills would demand a considerable increase of the judicial staff, which we think undesirable. Moreover, these investigations turn chiefly on questions of fact, having very little connexion with the law. To apply the first legal intellects of the country, which are never too abundant, to adjudicate on competing railways, canals, or street improvements, would be to cut stone blocks with razors, and the work would probably be much better done by men having more practical knowledge of these subjects than of the principles of law and equity. But we

agree with Mr. Torrens that it is highly desirable that the mixed Committees of the two Houses appointed to report on private bills should be presided over by a judicial functionary, who need not be a member of either House of Parliament, or a judge of the land. Some such judicial officer is much needed to give greater regularity and uniformity to the proceedings of these Committees. The question of private Bills is, however, a secondary part of the matter. No great difficulty or obstruction has arisen in the present mode of dealing with them, and a little simplification of the procedure by abolishing the double enquiry would probably meet the exigencies of the case.

It has been intimated with authority that the first business to be brought before Parliament in the ensuing Session is this all-important subject of Parliamentary procedure. Mr. Gladstone will apply to it all his wonted energy and his vast Parliamentary experience. We trust that his proposals will be met by the leaders of the Opposition in a candid spirit, for this is no question of party. Neither party seeks to take an unfair advantage of the other. Both are equally concerned in restoring and maintaining the dignity and efficiency of the House of Commons.

ART. IX.—1. *The Life of Napoleon III.* Derived from State Records, from unpublished Family Correspondence, and from Personal Testimony. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1874–82.

2. *The Marriages of the Bonapartes.* By the Hon. D. A. BINGHAM. 2 vols. London: 1881.

3. *Recollections of the Last Half-Century.* By Count ORSI. London: 1881.

A CONSIDERATION of the weakness and inherent childishness of human nature permits us to understand how it is that in France a large party should even now ignore the crimes of the First Napoleon; should forget the evil fate which his tyranny, covetousness, and ambition drew down on the country of his adoption; should remember only his military glory and the grandeur of his genius, and should thus base their political principles on the worship of his name and on devotion to his family; but we confess to finding it impossible to understand how any Englishman of ordinary, and still more of cultivated, intelligence can be subject to the same hallucination. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has been known for many years

as a pleasant writer, and by hereditary claim as a politician of Liberal or even of advanced views; but in undertaking this present work he would seem to have pledged himself to a blind admiration of anything and everything that any member of the Bonaparte family has ever done, to an approval of everything that his hero has ever said, or, by anticipation, of everything that he ever thought. He appears before us not so much as a biographer or an advocate as a devotee, more Bonapartist than the Bonapartes, more imperialist than the Emperor, with the necessary result that his book as panegyric is exaggerated and fulsome, as history is worthless, and as art is detestable. Even his language is at fault; although a practised writer, he is frequently ungrammatical, he falls into French idioms, or makes use of French words which have very exact English equivalents. A school examination, for instance, is a *pro loco*; to have come to grief in it is to have *dégringolé*; and a police-van is a *panier à salade*. On the other hand, he is careless in translating, so much so that we might miss the meaning, and still more the point, were it not that the French originals are commonly inserted as footnotes or appendix.

It is impossible for us to say how far all this has been recognised by the Empress Eugénie or other representatives of the late Emperor of the French; but notwithstanding the continued announcement on the title-page, we notice that whilst in the first two volumes there are frequent references to private papers and letters, these are altogether wanting in the later volumes, in writing which Mr. Jerrold would appear to have been thrown on his own resources, and to have been compelled to patch up his eulogium as he best could, out of such materials as the newspapers and pamphlets of the day have left at his disposal.

For history, properly so called, the reign of Napoleon III. is still too recent. The storm and revolution in which it began have left their mark on the whole period; and the angry strife of parties has rendered it impossible for a Frenchman to speak or write except as a partisan. We may sometimes think that, even amongst ourselves, party warfare and constitutional opposition are apt to degenerate into rancour and violence; but for any political parallel in our own history with that of modern France, we must go back to the end of the seventeenth century, to the reign of James II. or of William and Mary, and to the conditions of public feeling which culminated in the Bloody Assize or the Massacre of Glencoe. We must consider that the differences between parties are not, as with

us now, mere graduated shades of opinion, seeking to modify the details of government in accordance with changing conditions; but are rather a number of absolute discrepancies, in which Socialists, Republicans, Bonapartists, Absolutists, Orleanists, Legitimists, all mingle, to render confusion more confounded. It would be temerity rather than judgment which would venture to say that the future of the Republic now is more assured than that of the Empire was twenty years ago. In face of the possibilities which may become realities before the French government is established on a firm basis, even speculation is silent: we can only argue, from the analogy of our own history, that some one of the contending divisions must establish a firm supremacy; faction must tone down into party, and the spirit of revolt fall as dead as the day-dreams of the Jacobites: but how this is to come about, or what, in twenty years' time, will be supremacy, what will be revolt, we neither know nor prophesy. But we trust it will not be the supremacy of the Bonapartes.

Of the public history of the First Napoleon we have nothing now to say. The mist with which his military genius long surrounded his name, has, little by little, given way before the sun of truth; and the work of Lanfrey put his character soberly and honestly before the world. Lanfrey does not appear as a partial critic; but the publication of further material, and, more distinctly, of the *Memoirs and Letters of Madame de Rémusat*, shows that even Lanfrey's estimate is too favourable. Mr. Bingham's *'Marriages of the Bonapartes'* has few pretensions to originality or deep research, and would seem to have sprung out of the author's love of gossip, scandal, and naughty stories, which, as often as not, he spoils in the telling; but he has brought together a great deal of the evidence on which we base our estimate of the private character of Napoleon, his brothers, his sisters, his kinsfolk and acquaintance, the examination of which forces on us the conclusion that Lewis Goldsmith spoke within the most rigid truth in saying 'that had the French nation searched their galleys, their bridewell, or a common brothel, they could not have selected a more infamous family to govern them.'

When Goldsmith published his *'Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte,'* in which he enlarged on this text in exceedingly plain language, the world was still under the fascination of the Emperor's genius: it recognised him as an enemy, as cruel, ambitious, and unscrupulous; but was willing to believe that his crimes and vices must be heroic; that petty fraud, mean falsehood, cheating, and spite were incompatible

with the assumed grandeur of his character; and that the fouler vices of which he was accused were simple impossibilities. Lewis Goldsmith was therefore pronounced to be not only a liar, but a filthy liar; and, from that time to this, his book has been held to be a model of all that is worthless and scurrilous. But the whirligig of time brings its revenges: revelation after revelation has confirmed Goldsmith's allegations, however foul, however coarse; and he must now take rank not as the ill-tongued, low-minded slanderer of brave men and honest women, but as a writer curiously well-informed in the secret history which he professed to set forth, and to have had reasonable grounds for his statements, even where the secret history was fiction, as secret history often is.

More than once the persons who crossed the path of the First Napoleon disappeared in a mysterious manner, and those who knew him best believed him to be capable of any enormity. There is, on the other hand, no direct proof that their death was caused by Bonaparte; nothing but concurrent suspicion. The Empress Josephine herself was convinced that if she thwarted his wishes, she too would be found to have committed suicide. 'Who knows,' she said to her *confidante*, Madame de Rémusat, 'if he will be able to resist the necessity of getting rid of me if I stand in his way?' Madame de Rémusat, in relating this, adds:—

'Whatever I might think of the facility with which Bonaparte yielded to political necessity, I did not believe for a moment that he would be capable of conceiving and executing the black designs of which she then suspected him. But he had acted in such a way on several occasions, and he had used such language, that it was not surprising her misery should inspire her with suspicions of this terrible kind; and I was unable to make any other reply than "Madame, be quite sure that he is not capable of going so far."'

But the Emperor's brother, Joseph, felt no such assurance, and, when urging him to the divorce, said to him plainly:—

'If a natural cause should bring about the death of this woman, then, for all France, for Europe, and for myself who know you well, you will be a poisoner. Who will believe that you did not do what it was in your interest to do? Better be beforehand with such shameful suspicions. You are not married. You have never consented to have your union with this woman consecrated. Leave her for political reasons, and do not allow it to be believed that you have got rid of her by a crime.'

Some criminal lawyers are said to have laid down the axiom that, as between man and wife, no further grounds for murder need be looked for: the relationship is one in which long

experience has shown that extremes meet; and Josephine was very far indeed from being perfect in her conduct. Had the fear of her husband hung over her by reason of any one of her numerous frailties, the suspicion would have been at least human; but not for such reasons was Napoleon murderously inclined. He had no reason to suppose the cast-off mistress of Barras to be a model of virtue; and although he was well aware of her frequent lapses, he had never shown any disposition to judge them harshly. 'During the first campaigns in Italy,' wrote his aide-de-camp, Count de Lavalette, 'he sent away several of Josephine's lovers from headquarters, and others on his return from Egypt; but he deprived none of them of either life or liberty.' In fact, although he would seem to have had, at first, a certain coarse animal passion for his bride, it soon expended itself; and the two may be said to have thenceforward acted on the familiar precept, slightly modified—love and let love.

Earlier writers have dwelt principally on the romance of Josephine's career, the circumstances of which have been much obscured and even falsified. Napoleon was not fond of having the antecedents of either himself or his wife too closely enquired into; although of a family that fairly ranked as gentle, he was wont to say that his patent of nobility dated from Montenotte; and of his wife all that was officially supposed to be known was that she was a creole, the widow of the Viscount de Beauharnais who had perished on the scaffold. Napoleon himself related the story of his first introduction to her. An order had been given to disarm Paris: every person having arms was ordered, under severe penalties, to give them up. Eugène de Beauharnais, a bright intelligent boy of ten or eleven, waited on General Bonaparte to beg leave for his mother to retain his father's sword. Bonaparte, pleased with the child's manner and appearance, gave up the sword; and the next day Madame de Beauharnais called to thank him for his goodness. He saw, loved, wooed, and married. The story was, of itself, enough to captivate all lovers of the romantic, and, told in verse, was popular as an English song for at least fifty years afterwards. Unfortunately, there is no more truth in it than in any other story vouched for by Napoleon. The order to disarm referred explicitly to fire-arms: the possession of the sword was never questioned; Eugène de Beauharnais, who was then not ten or eleven, but nearly fifteen, preferred no request for it; and General Bonaparte first made the acquaintance of Madame de Beauharnais under very different circumstances.

It appears that, by the date of her birth, Josephine was born an English subject; Martinique being at the time, by the good service of Sir George Rodney, an English possession, though given back to the French when Lord Bute patched up the hasty and undignified peace of 1763. An alliance between her family and that of Beauharnais had long been contemplated, and was arranged to be carried out in the persons of the young Viscount and Josephine's younger sister Désirée. Désirée, however, died; and after some negotiation it was decided that Josephine, then of the mature age of sixteen, should take her place; the principal objection made on behalf of the bridegroom being that she was too old; for he himself was, at the time, only nineteen. The objection was waived; she was sent home to France and married to M. de Beauharnais on December 13, 1779; but, as Mr. Bingham puts it, 'there is only too much reason to suppose that Josephine's conduct was of a character to give rise to jealousy.' A separation was threatened, and in the course of 1783 was actually decreed. Eight years later they were reunited; but Beauharnais, although he had taken service in the Republican army, did not escape suspicion as a *ci-devant*, and as such was duly guillotined.

Josephine, though she narrowly escaped the same fate, was far from being an inconsolable widow. In prison, she had contracted an intimacy with Madame de Fontenay, the mistress and afterwards the wife of Tallien, as well as the not too Platonic friend of Barras. Even in love, Madame de Fontenay was not selfish: she introduced Josephine to Barras, and between these two a relationship of a by no means doubtful character almost immediately sprang up. It was in this libertine set, to which his position as military governor of Paris introduced him, that Bonaparte first saw Josephine, a woman, as we may readily believe, infinitely superior in grace, in elegance, in refinement, to anything a young fellow, whose only idea of society had hitherto been the barrack-room, had ever seen; and Barras, finding the young soldier in a convenient frame of mind, easily persuaded him to marry the charming widow, salving his scruples, if he had any, with the command of the army of Italy. This view of the situation is neither heroic nor romantic, but it is true. Josephine herself was not especially eager for the match, but it was pressed upon her. 'Will you believe it?' she wrote to one of her friends, 'they want me to marry Vendémiaire;' and to another:—

'Barras assures me that if I marry the General, he will obtain the command-in-chief of the army of Italy for him. Yesterday Bonaparte,

in speaking to me about this favour, which already makes his comrades murmur, although it is not yet accorded, said : " They think then that " I need *protection* in order to succeed. They will be too happy some " day if I only condescend to accord them mine. My sword is at my " side, and I shall make my way with it."

This sounds well, and better in the French than in the English, which is Mr. Bingham's : but the fact remains that Barras promised the appointment on certain conditions ; that the conditions were fulfilled ; and that Barras himself attested the marriage, which took place on March 9, 1796. With a fib peculiarly feminine, Josephine stated her age to be four years less than it really was. Napoleon has been supposed, on the other hand, to have antedated his own birth by eighteen months. M. Lanfrey, in 1869, thought that he did so to gratify a whim of Josephine, and accepts the usually received date, August 15, 1769, as correct ; but more recently, Colonel Jung, after examination of papers in the French War Office, is of opinion that Napoleon was born at Corte on January 7, 1768, and that it was Joseph who was born at Ajaccio on August 15, 1769. There seems, in fact, to be a great deal of evidence all tending to the same conclusion ; in addition to which, it appears well established that in the home circle, and long before he had achieved greatness, Napoleon was always recognised as the head of the family : and Mr. Bingham, convinced that Napoleon's age has been deliberately misstated, suggests that the falsification took place in December 1778, when Count Marbœuf, the governor of Corsica, gave Madame Bonaparte a nomination to Brienne for one of her sons. The nominee was limited to ten years of age, and the choice would thus necessarily have fallen on Joseph, who, being of a gentler disposition, gladly gave place to his turbulent elder brother. The point of principal interest about it is that if the earlier is the correct date, Napoleon was not only not a French subject by birth, but his father, at the time, was actually in arms against the French usurpation : the settlement of Corsica was in June, 1769.

The passionate love which Bonaparte bore to Josephine has been dwelt on by all writers, down to the latest. His early letters to her seem indeed to have been dictated by passion, but a passion very different from pure love. They might, Mr. Bingham thinks, have offended Josephine's modesty, had she not been ' a woman of the world, who had already been married ' and repudiated, and who had been met by her second husband ' in the midst of a dissolute society of a dissolute epoch.' Whatever the passion, it did not last long. Within the year his

relations to his wife had become cool and business-like; and in the following May we find him writing that Eugène is 'the son of that General de Beauharnais, whose death everyone regrets.'

From the first, Josephine had shown little love for her husband. She had indeed only accepted him under a pressure which, to her gentle, indolent nature, amounted to compulsion; nor did she pretend to any grief on his having to leave her for the army. Her amours were, all along, sufficiently notorious; and those of Napoleon, after a year of abeyance, were a scandal, more or less public, wherever he went. Of the incestuous attachments attributed to him there is perhaps no proof, and humanity would fain discredit them; but leaving these out of the question, there is no doubt that Napoleon and his sisters led lives of the grossest immorality, for the most part without even a tinge of romance. His first acquaintance—it can scarcely be called his intrigue—with the Countess Walewska has indeed a certain comic strain which takes off some of its grossness.

On the occasion of the Emperor's first entry into Warsaw, Murat had persuaded the Countess to attend him in the neighbouring castle appointed for his residence. He was busy writing when her arrival was announced, and, without disturbing himself, ordered her to be shown to her apartment, to be offered supper, a bath—whatever she wanted—and to be told she might go to bed if she chose, and went on writing until a late hour.

'At last'—it is Madame de Rémusat who tells the story—'his business being finished, he proceeded to the apartment where he had been so long waited for, and presented himself with all the manner of a master who disdains useless preliminaries. Without losing a moment, he began a singular conversation on the political situation of Poland, questioning the young lady as if she had been a police agent, and demanding some very circumstantial information respecting the great Polish nobles who were then in Warsaw. He inquired particularly into their opinions and their present interests, and prolonged this extraordinary interrogatory for a long time. The astonishment of a woman twenty years of age, who was not prepared for such a cross-examination, may be imagined. She answered him as well as she could, and only when she could tell him no more did he seem to remember that Murat had promised, in his name, an interview of a more tender nature.'

The *liaison* so entered on proved more lasting than might have been expected, and was not dissolved till the final overthrow of Napoleon and his being shipped off to St. Helena. One result of it was the birth, in 1810, of that Count Walewski

who afterwards filled several high posts under the Second Empire, and was so well known in this country.

Count Léon, another son of Napoleon, born in 1805, died only last April. His mother, Madame Revel, the Emperor took possession of by the simple process of putting her husband, Captain Revel, in prison. According to Mr. Bingham, 'he was 'accused of having been engaged in a fraudulent transaction ; 'but the charge was evidently trumped up, his only crime being 'that, like Uriah, he was the husband of a pretty woman.' This Léon is described as singularly like his father, both morally and physically ; the moral resemblance seems to have shown itself principally in cheating at cards and fighting duels ; on the strength of the physical resemblance, he appealed to the people both in 1830 and in 1848 ; his known and worthless character, however, rendered his appeals ineffectual, and he never emerged from obscurity.

Whether amongst Napoleon's many passing amours must be numbered one with his step-daughter, Hortense Beauharnais, has long been a burning question. True or false, the scandal is a very old one ; and adds that when Hortense proved likely to become a mother, she was, sorely against her will, married to Louis Bonaparte, in order that her son, if she should bear one, might, by reason of the apparent consanguinity, be recognised as the presumptive heir to the throne. It is, at any rate, quite certain that at an early date, and whilst the idea of empire was not fully developed, the son of Hortense was spoken of as the heir of Napoleon, in preference to his acknowledged father, Louis, or his elder uncle, Joseph. Joseph was loudly indignant, and expressed his indignation in no measured terms ; his sister Caroline, married to Murat, was no less vehement. Such scenes were pleasing to Napoleon ; they gave zest to his sense of mastery, and he sought rather than avoided them. Thus, in the presence of the family he said one day to the 'little Napoleon,' a still unconscious infant, 'Do you know, my little fellow, that you run the risk of 'being a king some day ? And mind, my poor child,' he added for the express benefit of Madame Murat, 'I advise you, if you 'value your life, not to accept invitations to dine with your 'cousins.'

Louis Bonaparte was more indignant than either Joseph or Caroline, for the scandal which explained the proposed succession was to him a more direct injury ; and as the boy's reputed father he could take a more determined tone.

'Why,' he said, 'should I yield my share of inheritance to my son ? How have I deserved to be cut off ? What will my position be when

my child, taking that of yours, finds himself very much higher placed than I, and quite independent of me, standing next to yourself, and regarding me with suspicion, if not with contempt? No; I will never consent to this; and rather than renounce the proper course of succession to the royalty which is to be yours, rather than consent to humble myself before my own son, I will leave France, taking Napoleon with me, and we shall see whether you will venture openly to take a child from his father.'

That Louis believed the story of the boy's parentage is probable; it is certain that the indifference he had felt for his wife turned to bitter hatred. According to Madame de Rémusat, Hortense was a most virtuous and deeply injured woman—an opinion which many well-established facts discredit, and that so positively that even Mr. Jerrold can only say, 'She was not without error. They who loved her best were constrained to admit her follies, to bow their heads when it was asserted that she wronged her husband'—which is as delicate a way of expressing disapproval of adultery as has come under our notice. The 'little Napoleon,' however, died of croup in May, 1807; and though Hortense had by that time a second son, Napoleon Louis, and within the year a third, Louis Napoleon, the Emperor never transferred to either of these the very marked affection which he had shown towards their elder brother. The project of divorce, which had meanwhile been in abeyance, was again brought to the front, and was finally carried into execution in December, 1809; in the following spring Napoleon was married to the Archduchess Marie Louise; and the King of Rome, afterwards better known as the Duke of Reichstadt, was born on March 20, 1811. For years afterwards, nothing was heard of the children of Hortense as representing the Bonaparte family.

Louis Napoleon, the third son of Hortense, and, by legal presumption, of her husband, Louis Bonaparte, was born in Paris on April 20, 1808. The character of his mother is no guarantee for his legitimacy; according to the popular scandal, his real father was a Dutch naval officer, Admiral Verhuell. Victor Hugo, whose republican exaggeration is as well known as his poetical genius, has written of him: 'He belonged to no family, as he could hesitate between Bonaparte and Verhuell; he had no country, as he could hesitate between France and Holland;' and again: 'He who writes these lines, talking one day about Louis Bonaparte with the ex-King of Westphalia,' remarked, "In him the Dutchman tones down the Corsican." "If there be any Corsican," answered Jerome.' In this, Victor Hugo but repeated the belief of a very large section

of the French people, which, however, seems to us ill-founded. It is admitted that in the summer of 1807, consequent, as we may suppose, on the death of the 'little Napoleon,' the object of Louis' jealous suspicions, the King and Queen of Holland, who had long lived apart, were, for a time, reconciled; and Mr. Jerrold, though feigning ignorance of the whole question, has quoted a letter from Louis to his wife, dated April 24, 1808, in which he clearly enough recognises the new-born babe. It runs thus:—

'M. de Bylandt has arrived in less than fifty hours, and he brings me the news of your deliverance. I have begged mamma and I have requested Madame de Boubers to give exact accounts of your health. I hope they will soon acquaint me with your complete convalescence. When M. de Villeneuve returns, I will beg you to let me know what the Emperor has written to you. I should like the little one to be only christened, so that he may be solemnly baptised here; but I subordinate my wishes to yours and to that of the Emperor.'

If we may accept the genuineness of this letter, to the origin of which Mr. Jerrold gives no reference, it may be considered as fairly setting the doubt at rest; for Louis was neither unsuspicious nor forgiving. His reconciliation with his wife was of no long continuance; even before the birth of this child, they had found it better to be separate; and when Holland was in name as well as in fact absorbed into the Empire, Louis went off by himself into Styria, whilst Hortense remained in Paris; it was many years before they met again. At some late period, Louis Napoleon seems to have entertained a fleeting purpose of writing an autobiography, but not to have gone further than noting down some of his childish recollections.

'I often went,' he says in this fragment, 'with my brother, who was three years my senior, to breakfast with the Emperor. They used to conduct us to a room the windows of which open on the Tuileries gardens. When the Emperor entered, he came up to us, took us by the head between his hands, and in this way stood us upon the table. This exceptional way of carrying us frightened my mother very much, Corvisart having told her that it was very dangerous to children. In 1815 my mother had obtained permission to remain in Paris. When the first news of the landing of the Emperor came, there was great irritation among the Royalists and the Gardes du Corps against my mother and her children. The rumour ran that we were to be assassinated. One night our governess came with a valet de chambre and took us across the garden of my mother's house to a little room on the boulevards, where we were to remain hidden. It was the first sign of a reverse of fortune.'

This 'little room' was the home of Mimi, an old black-

woman who had come from Martinique with Josephine, and had been the nurse of Eugène and Hortense; and Mr. Jerrold tells us:—

‘It was from Mimi’s garret that Queen Hortense heard the different notes that sounded the approach of the Emperor: from those of vituperation when he was distant to the sweet accents of praise when he was at hand and his legions were marching to and fro in the streets of Paris. The poet said that he had come back with the violets; and when it was safe for the loyal and devoted Hortense to go forth from her hiding-place with her boys, she made her way through happy crowds to the Tuileries, up the staircase of which the victor of Austerlitz had been carried in the arms of his soldiers.’

The ‘loyalty’ and ‘devotion’ of Hortense were family affairs; to whom should the woman be ‘loyal and devoted’ if not to her step-father, her brother-in-law, and her benefactor? and in referring to the happy crowds and the exultation of the soldiers, Mr. Jerrold is but accepting the idea which has been very commonly accepted by others. The truth, as it appears to us, is that Napoleon, on his return from Elba, was welcomed and borne to power by a very small minority of the French soldiers and the French people. That Napoleon was the darling of the French soldiers has been so constantly said and repeated, that the changes coinciding with the different stages of his career have been lost sight of. The Napoleon of Lodi, of Austerlitz, or of Jena, was adored; the feeling towards the Napoleon of Moscow or Leipzig was rather terror, which the rigorous enforcement of the conscription had strengthened and enhanced. The effect of this was really very marked. Of the thousands that escaped from the horrors of the Russian campaign, very few rejoined the colours; and of the hundreds of thousands who were returned to France, in 1814, from the prisons of Russia, Germany, and England, the number that supported Napoleon on his return was trifling. The royal army, of about 150,000 men, accepted him readily enough; but his utmost exertions could not increase that number by more than 100,000; and he hurried on the Belgian campaign and the battle of Waterloo, distinctly and avowedly because delay would give the allies time to concentrate their forces, but could bring him no accessions. When we consider that at that time there must have been in France, at the lowest estimate, more than 500,000 soldiers, exclusive of those serving; that the number of officers returned from Russia alone was over 3,000; that for a period of twenty years the whole intellect of France had been turned to the army; that all ambition, aspiration, energy, centred in it,

all education was directed to it; and that of the men so brought up, the career was at once cut short by the downfall of Napoleon; but that most of them preferred, in the life of a citizen, the death of all the ambitions, hopes, and dreams of their youth—we are forced to conclude that the Napoleon of 1815 was not quite so much the idol of the soldiers as he has been represented; that their worship of him, based on his success, died out with his failure; and that the military spirit was insufficient to lead even these old soldiers to resume, in the dark hour of adversity, such habits of order and discipline as they had once had.

After the final overthrow of Napoleon, the ex-Queen of Holland, now Duchess of St. Leu, was ordered to leave Paris. With her two boys, she went, in the first place, to Geneva, where, however, the people did not receive her with gushing affection. Mr. Jerrold thinks this strange, and is shocked at the conduct of some officers who ‘actually held a banquet in ‘her hotel—that is, the hotel in which she happened to be ‘staying—to celebrate the fall of the Emperor.’ It does not appear that they went out of their way to do this, or that they were able to make other arrangements; and we are not prepared to admit that the Swiss owed any especial respect to a woman whose only claim to consideration was that she had married a Bonaparte. However, as Geneva was not likely to prove a pleasant resting-place, the Duchess passed on to Aix in Savoy. Even here, we are told,

‘her ease was ever and anon broken by the cruel scraps of news that reached her retreat. The assassination of Marshal Brune at Avignon, the fate of Ney and Labédoyère, the hard destiny allotted to Napoleon—in short, all the brutalities that followed fast upon the second restoration—came as so many stabs to the overwrought mind of the Queen. Her dwelling, too, was surrounded by Royalist spies. Fellows of evil aspect were continually seen skulking in her vicinity. The Royalist terrorism was intense.’

A more real trouble was the loss of her elder son, Napoleon Louis, who was claimed by his father, then residing in Rome. She was permitted to keep the younger, Louis Napoleon. But in October she received an intimation that she could not be permitted to remain so near the French border. She went to Constance; but the Grand-Duke of Baden sent word that she must not stay either there, or within his territory. Eventually, however, and after some changes, the prohibition was withdrawn; on February 10, 1817, she purchased the *château* of Arenenberg; and there for the future she made her home, although much of her time was passed at Augsburg,

where her son Louis studied for the next eight years, and 'although she made frequent visits to Rome, where 'she spent 'many agreeable winters in the midst of her family, and helped 'to form Louis' tastes and character by giving him the society of the great and gifted.' As she was virtually separated from her husband, as her elder boy stuck to his father, and as she had no other relations in Italy, Mr. Jerrold's reference to the family circle is somewhat out of place, and, if it means anything at all, can only mean that she and Louis were a good deal together. This undoubtedly was so. The boy's training and education were indeed carried on almost entirely under his mother's eye; and though he acquired a respectable amount of scholarship, and even of excellence in physical exercises, the development of his character was in many respects feminine. The cat-like secrecy, the cunning, the fixedness of purpose, and the patience which marked his later years, appear to us as so many imprints of this early influence. And through life the relations between Hortense and her son continued to savour of the nursery.

In December 1830, Prince Louis Napoleon was preparing to take part in the Italian uprising, which ended as an uprising so ill-considered might have been expected to end. Mr. Jerrold's account of this is vague and unsatisfactory; we are happily able to compare it with that given by Count Orsi, who at this time first made the acquaintance of Prince Louis, and entered into close relations with him, some recollections of which he has, during the last few years, given to the world in occasional articles, and has now collected into an interesting little volume. We may add that though written by a foreigner, the English is excellent; where the author goes astray it is not in introducing foreign idioms or foreign words, but rather in the use of half vulgar or American colloquialisms, which here and there read strangely. But, mere style apart, Count Orsi is happy in conveying to us an impression of his perfect honesty and trustworthiness; his notes, he tells us, were taken at the time; and his partialities and prejudices are natural and allowable: he makes no attempt to conceal them. He writes, indeed, subject to a certain, we may suppose, necessary reticence; but what he has to tell, what he considers himself permitted to tell, he tells, and in a pleasant, manly, straightforward manner, which carries with it a full belief in the accuracy of the record, so far as it goes.

The French Revolution of July 1830, like all the other French Revolutions, sent a tremor through every country in Europe. Even in England it was not without result in

quicken the progress of the Reform Bill; but on the Continent its effects were more marked and more violent. Belgium proclaimed and asserted her independence; Poland was crushed in attempting to do the same; and in Italy the desire for independence and political liberty called numbers of the noble and high-minded to arms. Into this attempt the two sons of Louis, now known as the Count of St. Leu, eagerly threw themselves. Mr. Jerrold considers that their doing so was the simple outcome of their love of liberal institutions; that they had no personal aim, but 'helped the cause as lovers of freedom.' It is therefore interesting to compare with this assertion Prince Napoleon's own statement, as now repeated by Count Orsi, which runs:—

'In the midst of the turmoil which seems to set Europe topsy-turvy, it is hateful to my brother and myself to remain idle spectators of current events, and to shut ourselves out from the rest of the world. The name we bear, the spirit that enlivens us, coupled with a great desire of being useful to this country that gave our family the most heartfelt hospitality, inspire us not to resist the opportunity of joining the insurgents in the Romagna. . . . No other field seems open to us for the exercise of mental and bodily exuberant activity.'

With the sentiments thus manifested we find no fault, but they do not show that godlike purity of motive which, according to Mr. Jerrold, directed every action of either of the two brothers. Napoleon Louis had been from early youth the pupil and companion of his father, a man of austere character and studious habits, the only one of the Bonapartes of whom even scandal has no ill to tell. 'A good, honest, well-meaning young man,' wrote Lewis Goldsmith, adding withal, 'No one will accuse me of partiality for the Bonapartean race.' The young Napoleon thus comes before us as a man of distinctly more masculine tone than his brother: remarkably handsome, writes Count Orsi, above the middle size; in shape and gait perfection:—

'An expression of great intelligence and sweetness, a keen look in his eyes mingled with simplicity and kindness that was most fascinating, had made him the idol of Florentine society, and the pet son of the Comte de St. Leu. His education had been carefully attended to, and his stock of knowledge and proficiency in classics, foreign languages, and in sciences particularly, had brought the most eminent men in Florence to court his acquaintance and friendship.'

This is the verdict of a friendly judge, but there is no reason to doubt its substantial accuracy. Prince Napoleon Louis died too soon fully to confirm the good opinion of the friends of his youth, but he is everywhere spoken of as a young man

of very remarkable promise. It was at his special invitation and in his company that Orsi attended a meeting of the patriots. Orsi was heart and soul in the cause of independence, but did not believe in the prudence of revolt without support. The Prince, on the other hand, maintained that, with the French pledged to the doctrine of non-intervention, circumstances had never been so favourable for Italy; but Orsi would put no faith in the French promises.

'Louis Philippe,' he said, 'is not the man to risk his long-coveted throne in a war with Austria. He will give in at the first summons of the Austrian premier. He will become cowed. Austria will sweep us away before we are in the battle-field, and the French king will be the better for his treacherous policy.'

That this was fully understood by the statesmen of Europe would appear from the letter of Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, to Lord Granville at Paris:—

'I have not yet taken the opinion of the Cabinet; but I should myself say to France that it would not be worth her while to risk involving all Europe in war for the sake of protecting the revolutionists in Romagna. If we could by negotiation obtain for them a little share of constitutional liberty, so much the better; but we are all interested in maintaining peace, and no one more than Louis Philippe.'

It was, however, entirely on the understanding that France would forbid the intervention of Austria, that the meeting was held. The younger Menotti explained the details of the proposed rising under the leadership of the Duke of Modena.

'He alone,' he said, 'can make us an independent nation. . . . The understanding between the Duke of Modena and my brother is complete, and the King of the French is secretly abetting all that is concocted for a war against Austria, under protection of the principle of non-intervention solemnly proclaimed by him. . . . The whole plan rests on a fact which cannot be questioned now—the principle of non-intervention. Austria is shut up in her fortresses; she is forbidden to move. She is doomed to be the simple spectator of what we do. Such an event could never have been hoped for, or even dreamed of, by the most sanguine on earth. If we let this opportunity escape without making a desperate attempt to free our country, posterity will be right in its judgment to stamp the Italians with the stigma of cowards and slaves.'

Against all this, Orsi protested at great length. He did not believe in Louis Philippe; he did not believe in the Duke of Modena, who was, he said, the most conspicuous champion of absolutism, cruelty, and lust for money, notorious for his subserviency to the will of Austria, and to the bigotry of Rome.

'One of the most remarkable features of this meeting,' Count Orsi

tells us, 'was the complete silence of Prince Louis Napoleon. He had just arrived from Rome, and the information he was to give us concerning the real position and plan of the insurrectionary forces already in the field was the very thing I had been anxiously awaiting. Not a word was uttered by him. I could not account for it, nor did I deem it advisable to appear to notice it.'

Afterwards, when the meeting had broken up, and Orsi was again urging on the Prince the ill-advised nature of the insurrection, and the evil consequences which it would entail, on him most of all, since, as a Frenchman, he ought to reserve himself for French affairs, Prince Louis said: 'You lose sight of the engagements we have entered into, which we swore to perform.' 'Engagements! with whom?' said Orsi. 'With the secret society of Carbonari, of which we are members,' answered the Prince. 'I was not aware of it,' rejoined Orsi; 'such being the case, I cannot help feeling even more anxious than I did before.' Prince Louis' connexion with the secret societies has been often discussed, very positively asserted, and very stoutly denied. Mr. Jerrold quotes a letter from Count Arrese which says, 'It cannot be said that he was a Carbonaro, for the Prince always appeared strongly opposed to sects of all descriptions, even when their object was a generous one.' It would seem, therefore, that he told Count Orsi that he was, and Arrese that he was not; the presumption is, that his story to Count Orsi was the true one.

It was only two days after the meeting that news came of the Austrian army, 20,000 strong, having crossed the Po. The Duke of Modena notified to Menotti that this intervention of the Austrians changed the face of affairs, and he would have nothing more to do with the projected insurrection. On this, Menotti called his people to arms and rose against the Duke; but was overpowered, taken prisoner, and executed on a scaffold set up in front of his own house. Those who took up arms in the Romagna were equally overpowered by the Austrian troops; many were shot, many more were thrown into the dark noisome dungeons that have played so prominent a part in Italian politics. The two Bonaparte Princes were obliged, like the rest, to look out for their own safety; had they been arrested, their shrift would probably have been excessively short. Hortense was, at the time, at Florence. An English friend obtained for her a passport as 'for an English lady travelling with her two sons through Paris to England;' and so armed, she set out to look for them. The elder was meanwhile taken ill of measles, and died after a few days' illness; Louis also was presently taken ill, but, being joined by

his mother, was nursed through his sickness, and eventually, after many adventures, smuggled out of the country. They were prohibited from entering France upon pain of death; but, with the English passport, they made for Paris, and threw themselves on the forbearance of the King, to whom Prince Louis wrote:—

‘ . . . I pray you, Sire, to open the gates of France to me, and to allow me to serve as a simple soldier. I could console myself for absence from my country when, in an unfortunate land, liberty called me under her standards; but now that courage has been compelled to yield to numbers, I have found myself obliged to fly from Italy. Nearly all the states of Europe are closed upon me. France is the only one where it would not be reproached to me as a crime that I had embraced the sacred cause of a people’s independence; but a cruel law banishes me. Separated from my family, inconsolable for the loss of my brother . . . life would be insupportable to me if I did not continue to hope that your Majesty will permit me to return as simple citizen to the French ranks, happy if one day I may die fighting for my country.’

It has been said that Louis Philippe was not averse to permitting him to remain in France; but his ministers pronounced it impossible. The Prince and his mother were ordered to leave Paris. They replied, that the Prince was confined to bed with a severe relapse. But his presence in Paris began to be talked of. On May 5 there was rioting round the column in the Place Vendôme; cries of ‘ *Vive l’Empereur!* ’ were heard. It was reported that Prince Louis had been seen in the crowd; and a peremptory order was sent, that ‘ unless the Prince’s life ‘ was absolutely in danger, they must leave instantly.’ They accordingly passed over to England.

Mr. Jerrold, who takes his account entirely from the statements of the Duchess of St. Leu, says that ‘ not a single ‘ friend knew that they had been twelve days in Paris; the ‘ Prince had been a prisoner in his room nearly all the time.’ If this was true, if the Prince was in bed in a high fever, and with leeches on his throat, the story of his having been seen amongst the rioters on the Place Vendôme might be put on one side, although M. Guizot, in his ‘ *Mémoires*, ’ seems to attach some weight to it. Unfortunately, however, for his argument, Mr. Jerrold relies exclusively on Queen Hortense’s statement, and supports the story of Prince Louis’ illness by no corroborative evidence. But clearly if the illness was a pretence, and Louis, instead of being in bed, was actively engaged in fomenting disturbance, the Queen was a party to the plot, and her evidence is worthless. And, on the other hand, M. Claude, the Chief of the Police, whose ‘ *Memoirs* ’

are now in course of publication, says positively that at this time, while Prince Louis was supposed to be sick in bed, he himself met him, in disguise, in one of the worst haunts of thieves and murderers, over whom he had some mysterious influence, and whom, in fact, he was preparing to take part in a violent outbreak. He says also that, by a curious accident, the Prince, on leaving this den, was arrested by a party of police, imprisoned in Sainte-Pélagie, and from there hurried out of the country to join his mother in England; that but for this the riot of May 5 would have been merely the prologue to a serious insurrection. He further adds his conviction that some of these midnight adventures of Prince Louis were known to Eugène Sue, and that they suggested to him the character of Prince Rodolphe, and some of the incidents of the 'Mystères de Paris.' We are not prepared to say that Claude's 'Mémoires' are to be accepted as rigidly historical; we think that much of the colouring may be romance, and that the writer is often biassed by his political prejudices; but we believe that the principal facts are correctly stated, and that, so far as relates to the visit of Prince Louis to Paris in 1831, M. Claude's evidence is at least as good as that of Queen Hortense.

The death of Napoleon Louis had opened a new vista to Louis Napoleon. Next to the Duke of Reichstadt, he was now the recognised head of the Bonapartes, for the older generation had retired from the field. Lucien indeed was not consulted; it was admitted by the Bonapartists that he and his family were barred from the succession. But an attempt was made to rouse Joseph to action. Joseph, as Count de Survilliers, was in America, and refused point-blank to put himself forward in any way. Count Orsi gives an interesting account of a journey he made across the Atlantic, in order to try and rouse him. Joseph was only anxious to be allowed to spend his days in peace.

'Bear well in mind,' he said to Orsi, 'that if the French people want any of our family to establish a provisional government in the name of the son of Napoleon I., they know where we are; but as to our agitating the country by underhand proceedings or conspiracies, or by abetting military revolutions likely to create civil war, never shall we lend ourselves to anything of the kind. United Europe has vanquished my brother, the Emperor. His downfall has brought our own. He gave up the throne rather than foster civil war, which he had a horror of. We must not act at variance with his principles. We do not think much of power acquired by illegal means.'

Louis, Count de St. Leu, was morosely of the same opinion.

He dreaded any act which might give umbrage to the great Powers, and had already expressed his displeasure at the part his sons had taken in the Italian insurrection. And though in name the undoubted head of the family, and the centre of the hopes of the Bonapartists, the Duke of Reichstadt was virtually a prisoner of state in Vienna. He was, too, in delicate health, and he does not seem to have had either the temper or the genius of a conspirator. Had he lived, he would have acted rather as a drag on Bonapartist aspirations; but he died young, on July 22, 1832, and the day-dreams of Louis Napoleon began to assume a more visible form. The intimate friend of his youth, Madame Cornu, has said that 'from the day of his brother's death he was a different man. 'I can compare his feelings as to his mission only to those 'which urged our first apostles and martyrs;' and that by his mission he understood 'a devotion, first to the Napoleonic 'dynasty, then to France;' 'his duty to his dynasty was to 'perpetuate it; his duty to France was to give her influence 'abroad and prosperity at home.' His actual mission, meantime, was to write pamphlets and to bring his name continually before the public. For the next few years, during which he resided with his mother at Arenenberg, he was occupied principally with such work, setting forth under different pretexts the merits of the Napoleonic government. Here is a sample as rendered by Mr. Jerrold:—

'Let us be just, Frenchmen, and let us render thanks to the man who, sprung from the ranks of the people, did everything for their prosperity, who enlightened them, and secured the independence of their country. If, some day, the people [*les peuples*] are free, they will owe it to Napoleon. He accustomed the people [*le peuple*] to virtue, which is the only basis of a republic. His dictatorship should not be cited against him; it led us towards liberty, as the iron bar [*le soc de fer*] which turns up the earth creates the fertility of the fields. He spread [*c'est lui qui porta*] civilisation from the Tagus to the Vistula; he rooted [*qui enracina*] in France the principles of the Republic.'

Or again:—

'It was not for the sake merely of giving crowns to his family that he made his brothers kings, but that each might be, in his country, the pillar of a new edifice. He made them kings that people should believe in his security and not in his ambition. He put his brothers in power because they alone could conciliate the idea of change with the appearance of immutability, because they alone could, in spite of their royalty, submit to his wishes, because they alone could be recompensed for the loss of a kingdom by becoming once again French princes'—

in fact, because they alone could or would be puppets in the

hands of Napoleon. And, strange as it may seem, Mr. Jerrold has not the faintest idea that Prince Louis was writing nonsense; his only comment on it all is:—‘In these and other passages we perceive how thoroughly Prince Louis’ mind was saturated with the Napoleonic idea, and how he persisted in interpreting it as that which was to free and regenerate the nations of the earth.’

His first step towards freeing and regenerating them was the attempt at Strasburg on October 30, 1836. The details of this are familiar enough. Dressed up to resemble the First Napoleon, and introduced to the artillery of the garrison by their commanding officer, he was recognised by them as Napoleon II.; but, passing on from the artillery to the parade-ground of the infantry, he was there arrested, and together with his immediate following was, ignominiously enough, shoved into prison. Mr. Jerrold denies the dressing up; he says the Prince wore his Swiss military coat, but adds that he wore also the star and riband of the Legion of Honour, a cocked hat, and the epaulettes of a colonel. But in the Swiss army he was a captain. ‘The colonel’s epaulettes,’ he says, ‘were put on in obedience to the Napoleonic tradition. Napoleon I. was always dressed as a colonel of the chasseurs or grenadiers of his guard.’ We think, then, that we might almost leave Mr. Jerrold to confute himself; but regardless of this, and quite irrespective of the accounts published at the time, it was sworn on the trial, by an old officer who knew Napoleon I. well, that the Prince ‘was dressed in a costume similar to that which the Emperor used to wear.’

But it is not only in such matter of detail that we differ from Mr. Jerrold. We are distinctly at variance with him in our estimate of the whole affair. His position is:—

‘That the motives of the chief actor were neither base nor selfish; that he had been a close student of the living history of his time, and had formed a theory of government based on that of his uncle, in which he believed with his whole heart and soul; that he never intended to seize upon the crown of France, but to submit her destinies to an orderly expression of the national will; and in fine, that the means to the end had been prepared and adjusted with the greatest patience and skill. The failure was an accident; and after the failure the means were hidden in order to screen scores of officers who had held themselves ready to support the Prince.’

There is scarcely one clause of this that we can accept. We believe indeed in the patience, but not in the skill; and we know of no accident to cause the failure, unless the presence or the loyalty of the infantry colonel is to be so considered.

We have already seen that the Prince considered the re-establishment of the dynasty as the first object of his mission, the advantage of France as but secondary; and we are convinced that the mark at which he aimed then and afterwards was the crown of France. Base he may not have been; selfish, as preferring his dynastic claims to the welfare of the country, he assuredly was.

Prince Louis being a prisoner, caught in the very act of sedition, his guilt required no proof, and the Government, unwilling, probably enough afraid, to make his name a centre of excitement, determined simply to send him out of the country. He was accordingly shipped off to America on board a man-of-war, going in the first instance to Rio. It was thus not till nearly five months after his departure that he landed at Norfolk, in Virginia, and was able to communicate with his friends in France. His accomplices had meantime been brought to trial; the main facts charged against them had been proved or indeed admitted—for the defence found little to urge beyond idle rhapsody and appeals to the magic of Napoleon's name. Napoleon, the conqueror of Austerlitz; and the jury, almost without deliberation, had pronounced through their foreman, 'Before God and before men, on my soul and on my conscience, on all the questions, No, the accused are not guilty.' We have had too often, even among ourselves, proof that in political cases a jury will vote for popular applause rather than for truth; and in this case the jury would seem to have been carried away by the claptrap appeals, the impassioned oratory of the counsel for the defence.

But though deported to America, Prince Louis was not under any obligation to stay there; and on receiving news of his mother's ill-health, he determined at once to return to Europe. He sailed from New York on June 12, and arrived in London on July 10, 1837. A good deal has been said at different times of the intimate knowledge he had of American character, acquired during his stay in America. It is well, therefore, specially to notice that he was in the States for exactly two months, neither more nor less; and though during that time he led a social and festive, not to say dissipated life, frequented the public billiard rooms, and was enrolled as a member of the 'Grand Order of Owls'—a convivial club 'whose esoteric sittings in select council were held in the spacious cupola of Holt's Hotel'—the citizens of New York must be not only more representative of the American people than they are commonly supposed to be, but must wear their hearts curiously on their sleeves, if two

months thus spent among them permitted the Prince, with but an imperfect knowledge of the language, to learn very much of the peculiarities of American character.

Once in London, he was anxious to go on to join his mother at Arenenberg; but the Continental Powers were by no means anxious to have him wandering about in their territories. He affected to think it strange that he should be refused passports. 'What have I done,' he wrote, 'to be the pariah of Europe? I have raised for a moment in a French town the flag of Austerlitz, and I have offered myself as a holocaust to the memory of the prisoner of St. Helena.' He did, however, get to Arenenberg with a false passport, and for the last two months of her life was present by the bedside of his mother. She died on October 5, a woman of whom much ill has been spoken, and not undeservedly, but who, with many faults, was an affectionate, perhaps too affectionate mother, concentrating on her one remaining son that wealth of love which, in youth, she had dispensed freely to all comers. She left six or seven volumes of memoirs, which, we are told, are never to be published in their entirety. Mr. Jerrold, who has had access to them, says:—

'They are full of exaggerations and indiscretions, of high-flown sentiments and hasty verdicts on men and women. Throughout there is evidence of a generous spirit, a warm heart, and of a penetrating mind. The intimate descriptions of Napoleon are in many passages admirable, and would be valuable to history as showing the warmer side of his character. . . . She represents her husband as a domestic tyrant, with whom it was impossible to live; but it is easy to see by the context that what she called tyranny was the endeavour of a serious man to curb the wild exuberance of a frivolous woman, who found most of her pleasure away from the fireside, and who had been spoiled by the adoration of a brilliant court. . . . She knew that she had not been a good wife to him, and in her will she acknowledged it. Her frailties were beyond question, nor does she deny them in the final record of her life. She explains, idealises, and moralises, seeking to bewitch rather than to satisfy the judgment of the reader.'

As character sketches they may be interesting; but as history there is no reason to suppose them other than utterly worthless.

For some months after his mother's death, Prince Louis remained in Switzerland, his presence known indeed, but contemptuously ignored, by the French Government. He determined to provoke recognition of some sort, and, in the summer of 1838, published a violent pamphlet containing his account of the attempt at Strasburg. This, though virtually by himself, was nominally by one of his accomplices, Lieutenant Laity,

whom the jury had declared not guilty of what he gloried in. He was now tried for the pamphlet before the Court of Peers, who, being less emotional, more honest, or more loyal to the existing Government, than the Strasburg jury, found him guilty, condemned him to five years' imprisonment, to pay a fine of 10,000 francs, and to be subject to police surveillance for the remainder of his life. Mr. Jerrold is indignant at 'the shameless severity of the sentence.' We do not agree with him. The trial may have been impolitic; it might—according to English ideas, it would—have been better to have merely suppressed the pamphlet, or to have left it unnoticed; but when a prosecution was resolved on, the Government was bound to press for a sentence as severe as the law would give. For it was known that the Bonapartists looked on the case as a test of the public pulse, and that the condemnation of M. Laity was virtually the condemnation of the Bonapartist cause. The Government was quick to follow up the sentence by a formal and peremptory demand that Louis Napoleon should be compelled to quit the Swiss territory. He had, they pointed out, made Arenenberg openly the centre of intrigues; and they were bound by duty to require the Diet not to tolerate such within its borders, nor to permit Louis Napoleon to call himself, at the same time, a citizen of Switzerland and a pretender to the throne of France. The Swiss Diet thought it right, for the dignity of the country, to refuse, although the French Government was prepared to use force, if necessary; but the Prince ended the matter by voluntarily departing. He came over to England, where, mostly in London, he resided for the next two years.

It was during that time that he wrote and published his '*Idées Napoléoniennes*,' intended, no doubt, as a spirit-stirring appeal to the French nation, but which, in fact, only showed that he had brooded over the memory of his uncle, with, it would really seem, a very imperfect or incorrect knowledge of his history, until he had lost himself in a species of monomania. How else can we explain, how else can we pardon, such a paragraph as 'Great men have this in common with the Divinity, that they do not wholly die. Their spirit survives them; and the Napoleonic idea has sprung from the tomb of St. Helena, as the moral of the Evangelist rose triumphant from the agony of Calvary.' If this is not madness, it is blasphemy.

In England he would seem to have passed his time in gay and dissipated society; he hunted, he shot, he gambled, he masqueraded at the Eglinton tournament; he fought, or,

more strictly, did not fight, a duel with his illegitimate cousin, Count Léon; and with what seemed a natural talent for getting into ridiculous situations, was, together with the Count, taken before a Bow Street magistrate and bound over, in 500*l.*, to keep the peace. Finally, as the summer of 1840 passed on, he planned and attempted a landing at Boulogne, which resulted in a failure as complete and ridiculous as that at Strasburg. On this expedition Count Orsi accompanied him, or, to speak more strictly, managed the whole as the Prince's man of business. He it was who chartered the steamer as for a pleasure party, and carried out all the arrangements; and he it is who now explains to us the details, and shows that, had everything gone exactly as it was intended, the result might have been different.

It appeared in all the papers of the day, and has often been told since, how, early in the morning of August 6, Prince Louis, with a small body of friends, landed near Boulogne, disguised in the uniform of the 42nd Regiment of the line, then in garrison there; how he marched on Boulogne, addressed the soldiers, was turned out of the barracks by the commandant, and endeavoured to get back on board the steamer; how the boat was upset; how the Prince, half-drowned, was fished out of the water, taken on shore, and, together with his companions, sent up to Paris, covered with ridicule, and popularly described as *les hommes not du six août*, but *de six sous*, or, as we might freely translate it, 'a twopenny-half-penny lot.' On all this there is nothing further to say; but it appears from Count Orsi's narrative that the landing was planned not for the 6th, but for the 5th; that for that day the redoubted Commandant, Captain Col-Puygellier, had been invited to a shooting party, and would therefore be out of the way; and that the whole thing turned, or was believed to turn, on that expected absence; for it was well known that the Commandant, besides being a man who could do his duty unflinchingly, was also a staunch Republican, and that, as such, nothing would induce him to join the Imperial pretender. Without him, they might hope, they conceived they had reason to hope, that the battalion would hail the Prince. But there was little margin for delay; and on the 4th, when the Prince was preparing to leave London, he found himself closely followed by spies of the French police. In endeavouring to shake them off, time slipped away, so that it was night before he could get on board the steamer at Gravesend. The tide was then adverse; it was impossible to get off Boulogne in time, and the attempt was necessarily postponed till the

6th; the only question was whether it should not be put off altogether. Orsi, the business man of the party, pointed out that to return to London would be difficult, on account of the 'contraband' they had on board, in the shape of arms, uniforms, and proclamations. It did not occur to them that these things might be got rid of by the simple process of throwing them overboard; and the problem, as Orsi stated it to the Prince, took this form:—

'By going back to London we become the laughing-stock of everybody—ridicule will kill us. If we cross the Channel, we run the risk of being shot, or imprisoned, for a more or less length of time. Of the two, I prefer the latter. As regards yourself, nothing would be more disastrous to your future prospects than being shown up to the public as a man who, at the eleventh hour, has been acted upon by considerations of a purely personal character. Let us save at least our honour, if we are doomed to lose everything else.'

On this it was unanimously agreed to make the attempt. It was therefore made; but, as had been feared, Captain Col-Puygellier came on the scene just as the soldiers were perhaps wavering. The men who had begun to cry 'Vive le Prince!' now cried 'Vive notre Capitaine!' General Montholon, an old Imperialist, said, 'Here is Prince Louis Napoleon! Follow us, Captain, and you will get anything you like.' To which the Captain made answer, 'Prince Louis or not, I do not know you. Napoleon, your predecessor, has overthrown legitimacy, and it is not the right thing for you to attempt vindicating it in this place. Evacuate the barracks at once.' Count Orsi thinks now, as he thought then, that but for this provoking delay, but for this appearance of Captain Col-Puygellier, all would have been right; that the battalion would have declared for Louis Napoleon; that they would have marched on Paris, the army everywhere joining them, would have at once turned out the King and the Government, and taken possession. All this must be matter of opinion. It is impossible in history to speculate on what might have happened had circumstances been different; but, in any case, we cannot ignore the statement of M. Guizot, then Ambassador in London, that the French Government was quite well aware of the intrigues that were going on, and that the garrisons in the several towns had been tampered with; and also that due precautions had been taken at all points of the coast and the frontier. Louis Napoleon and his associates were tried before the Court of Peers, and were sentenced to different terms of imprisonment, the Prince himself for life. He was accordingly shut up in the fortress of Ham, near St. Quentin, and

there he was kept for more than five years, closely guarded indeed, in a room which Mr. Jerrold, guided by the prisoner's pretensions rather than by his real position, considers disgraceful, but otherwise treated with much consideration, allowed as many books or philosophical instruments as he chose to purchase, a rubber of whist in the evening with his two companions and his governor, and, by special permission, to receive his friends.

The most serious part of the Boulogne affair threatened, indeed, to be its effect on the relations between France and England, already strained almost to breaking by the Treaty of July and the intervention of the Four Powers in Syria. An English steamer had brought over the conspirators, had served them as head-quarters and base of operations. Undoubtedly, it was argued, this steamer was put at their disposal, if not directly by the English Government, at any rate by its connivance. The French Government was at once undeceived, and expressed itself perfectly satisfied; but the popular excitement continued for some time to be very great, and gave rise to much ill-feeling, which, by a curious contrariness of disposition, the arrival at Brest of the remains of Napoleon I. seemed rather to increase. These had been asked for by M. Thiers, apparently with the intention of making capital out of the anticipated refusal. They had been given by the English Government in the hope of conciliating the French people, not perhaps without a certain flavour of malice on the part of Lord Palmerston, who might suspect they would prove a source of embarrassment to the French monarchy by rekindling the Napoleonic tradition. At any rate they had been freely given up as soon as asked for; and now the French people were indignant, having possibly a secret feeling that in the surrender there was just a grain of contempt, but, to listen to the declamations, it might have been supposed that they had been won back by force or extorted by threats. M. Thiers, addressing the Assembly on the subject of the Eastern treaty and the capture of Acre, said:—

‘France has been grossly duped; a pretext has been sought and found to break off her alliance; a treaty was made without her knowledge and consent. I do not accuse the English people, I do not accuse the English Cabinet, but I do accuse one man, and that man is Lord Palmerston. Whenever Europe, the whole of Europe, should say to us “If you do not choose such and such a thing, we will do it without you and in spite of you,” I would cry “War! let us be what our fathers were, and let us never descend from the rank to which they raised us.”’

And M. Berryer followed in the same vein :—

‘I hear the cannon of St. Jean d’Acre, I hear the cannon, the English cannon, beating down the walls of that town before which Napoleon was checked ; but I also hear the cannon which announces the arrival of the mortal remains which have so long been held captive by the English. Will you allow these remains to descend into the tomb without making a protest which shall fill with joy the *manes* of that enemy of England ?’

Common sense, however, ultimately prevailed. M. Thiers resigned, and a more pacific administration was formed under the presidency of M. Guizot.

In his prison at Ham, Louis Napoleon devoted himself steadily to study. History, politics, mechanics, physics, chemistry, all had their turn. For a prisoner he was comfortable enough, and in after years used to speak of having studied at the University of Ham. It was a university that he, not unnaturally, longed to quit ; and in May, 1846, he took the opportunity, when a number of workmen were busy about some repairs, to dress himself up like a joiner, shave off his moustache, shoulder a plank, and walk past the sentry out through the gate. At a little distance a carriage was waiting for him ; he flung the plank into a ditch, and was driven off through St. Quentin to Cambrai, where he took the train, and so got into Belgium, and thence to England. There he stayed, and there he still was when the Revolution of 1848 broke out. He immediately hastened over to Paris, where the Bonapartist faction was secretly at work. The disturbed state of the country, even if they had not contributed to it, was their opportunity. Within a few hours after the Prince’s arrival his portraits appeared in every shop-window on the Boulevards ; they bore no name, but the word *Lui* ! And though, in narrating this incident, Count Orsi implies that it marked the yearning of the people and the nation for the exiled family, we may fairly believe that it shows rather the activity and diligence of the family’s agents. The Provisional Government was not, however, in the mood to submit to the dictation of the Bonapartists, and desired ‘*Lui*’ to leave Paris. His friend and indefatigable agent, Fialin, who had some few years before created himself Viscount de Persigny, urged him to refuse ; others recommended the same. He, however, judged that his time was not yet come. He returned to England, and served in the streets of London, actually as a special constable, on the occasion of the memorable Chartist gathering of April 10. But meantime his agents, Persigny, Laity, and others, were untiring. The decrees of the banishment of the Bona-

partes were annulled, and in the April elections Louis Napoleon was elected four times over. The agitation was kept up.

'On June 10, two Bonapartist papers appeared—"L'Aigle républicaine" and "La Constitution;" on the following day the "Napoléon républicain;" on the 12th the "Napoléonien;" and before the 18th the "Petit Caporal" and the "Redingote grise" had followed. These journals were spread broadcast over the country, and created in a few weeks a formidable Bonapartist party, with ramifications in every class of society. The train of powder was laid upon dry ground.'

Mr. Jerrold acknowledges that all this was the work of Persigny and his fellows, but appears to think that the cries of 'Vive Louis Napoleon!' 'Vive l'Empereur!' heard every now and again, were purely spontaneous; there is, we believe, no real doubt about their being the voice of a gigantic *claque*—a body of hired agents, known afterwards as *allumeurs*—of which Persigny was the fugleman. The Prince's election was, however, so violently opposed by the Assembly itself, that he shrank from taking his seat, and placed his resignation in the hands of the President. In September, when tranquillity was restored, he again came forward, was elected for five different departments, and on the 25th made his first appearance in the Assembly. It was somewhat of a failure, for he had no oratorical skill, and neither in voice nor in mien was he formed by nature as a leader of men. But he was astute, secret, impressed with the grandeur of his destiny, and utterly unscrupulous. His very failures were now serviceable to him, for in the eyes of many he was too ridiculous to be dangerous. And he knew, his party knew all along exactly what they wanted; no one else did. A letter of Proudhon's, written at this time, may be accepted as a fair description of the confusion. He says:—

'What causes all our political miscalculations and this year's mystifications is that a lot of idiots who have been talking of the Republic for eighteen years, without ever for a minute having tried to form an idea of what that Republic ought to be, found themselves, in February, masters of the government. There is a story of a ship engaged in the slave trade, on board which the negroes rose up and massacred the crew, but then found themselves in a dilemma as to the conduct of the vessel. This is the position of our self-styled revolutionary statesmen, who are mere pothouse politicians.'

And thus, when, in December, the nation was called on to elect a President, Louis Napoleon's name came out with an overwhelming majority; it had five and a half millions of votes out of a total of seven and a half millions. Cavaignac,

the second on the list, had barely fifteen hundred thousand. Everything had worked together to produce this result; the confusion of faction, the want of purpose so plainly spoken of by Proudhon, the belief that Prince Louis was a safe man of no ability—such considerations went far with many who were by no means Bonapartists, but in addition to this, and to the really large party who meant Bonapartism, the Bonapartist missionaries were busy throughout the country. They secured the clerical vote; everywhere the clergy instructed their flock to vote for Louis Napoleon; in some parishes the curé mustered his people and marched them to the poll, himself at their head. In many places the ignorant peasants were led to believe that the Bonaparte, for whom their votes were asked, was the great Emperor himself, escaped from the cruel hands of the English. Of course: had they not heard only a few years before of his return to France? Dead or alive, what difference to them? The very name of Napoleon or of Bonaparte had magic in the sound. Every vote they had should be his. According to the method prescribed, if not practised, in America, they would vote early; if possible, they would vote often.

It was on December 20, 1848, that the President of the Assembly proclaimed the result of the elections, and that Louis Napoleon, stepping forward and raising his hand, swore, 'in the presence of God and before the French people, to remain faithful to the democratic Republic, and to defend the Constitution.' Political oaths are as cobwebs; they catch flies, but wasps go through them. In the present instance the new President added to the oath a formal declaration prepared beforehand, which he now drew from his pocket, unfolded, and read: 'I shall regard as enemies to the country all who may endeavour by illegal means to change the form of government which you have established.' Are we to suppose that in making this solemn declaration Louis Napoleon was wilfully perjuring himself, having already determined to seize on absolute power? We think not. We believe rather that he trusted to the chapter of events, and hoped to be able to modify the Constitution by constitutional means. We are quite willing to accept Mr. Jerrold's view, that when he assumed power 'he was thoroughly sincere in his efforts to form a national party that would put an end to the republican and monarchic factions, and establish a free government based on the popular will;' but we think that his idea of 'free government' and 'popular will' included a considerable amount of dependence on and deference to the Napoleonic tradition, and

that he thus endeavoured to subdue the several factions of which the Assembly was made up, on the great principle of 'Divide and rule.' The moderate Republicans had already crushed the Socialists, Terrorists, and Reds. He now used the Monarchists to break the power of the Republicans, the Legitimists to control the Orleanists, the Orleanists, again, to curb the Legitimists; with the general result, as stated by Mr. Senior at the time in this Journal, that in October, 1849, 'the French are, at this instant, more the subjects of a single will than they have been under any king since the death of Louis XIV.'

'It is,' he wrote in his private journal, 'a marvellous instance of the folly with which great affairs are generally conducted that a people which assumes to be the first, and certainly is among the first nations in the most civilised period of the world's existence, should have turned out the family under which it has been growing great for centuries, and the king who has given to it prosperity such as it never enjoyed in any previous period of its brilliant history, and thrown its fate into the hands of an adventurer, unacquainted with the country, inexperienced in politics, and even in ordinary business, whose only achievements have been the two most unprincipled and senseless enterprises of modern times.'*

But by degrees the several parties discovered the cause, not so much of their own weakness as of the President's strength. They prepared to use against him the tactics of which they had been the victims, and during the course of 1851 it became sufficiently evident that a combination of parties might attempt to overthrow the President, or that the President might violently break up the combination. How this was finally done is, after thirty years, a still fresh and living story.

Admitting that in the relative position of the President and the coalition, one or other was forced to resign or to strike, we are compelled to accept the *coup d'état* as a political necessity; illegal, unconstitutional, but in a revolutionary time neither criminal nor dishonourable; and we therefore find no fault with the force and vigour of the blow. The secret and simultaneous arrest of all leaders of the opposition, the suppression of all newspapers, the seizure of all printing presses, the dissolution of the Assembly, the dispersion of the Representatives—all these measures, arbitrary of course, were, under the circumstances and from the Bonapartist point of view, just and

* Edinburgh Review, vol. xci. p. 271; Journals in France and Italy, vol. i. p. 51.

prudent : nor were they more illegal than the converse measures would have been ; such, for instance, as the driving the Prince President and his partisans to Vincennes in the police-van, as Changarnier had, somewhat prematurely, expressed his readiness to do. And thus, though we do not endorse the Napoleonic idea, though we think Bonapartism the worst possible form of government, the most demoralising form of tyranny, we do not agree with those enemies of Louis Napoleon who have said, as Victor Hugo has said, that the precautions taken to forestall opposition, to prevent a conflict, to ensure success, were so many marks of cowardice. On the contrary, we cannot but approve of the care, the forethought, and the courage which arranged and dictated the whole, without knowing and without seeking to know whether the author of each detail was Louis Napoleon himself, or was rather some one of his chosen friends and, for the time being, fellow-conspirators. That Morny, that Fleury, that St. Arnaud, that Maupas, each had his share, and a very important share, in the design, as in the execution, may be accepted ; but we see no reason to doubt that the Prince President was himself the soul and origin of the whole. The study of his character shows him to us as a man in whom the forethought, the precision, the arrangement of detail was almost constitutional, and by intellectual training, by solitude, by brooding over the 'idea,' had become almost instinctive. His companions, on the other hand, were men of action, keen and ready wit, large and varied experience, adventurers certainly, and not perhaps in the best sense of the word, but devoted to the cause of the President, which they had seen reason to believe was their own.

Of these, Morny was the undoubted chief. Mr. Jerrold, who cannot recognise any scandal reflecting on the Bonapartes, knows nothing of Count de Morny's parentage. It was, however, a very open secret : in fact Morny rather prided himself on his birth ; so much so, that, according to M. Granier de Cassagnac, when, in 1856, he went to Russia to represent the French Emperor at the coronation of the Czar, he took for *armes parlantes* a hortensia in flower, with the device *Tace, sed memento*. But it was not merely his tacitly admitted relationship that constituted him the Prince's chief adviser. A man of wit, tact, quickness, courage, well acquainted with Parisian society, experienced in business, and entirely free from troublesome scruples, he was, alike by nature and education, the complement of his half-brother, and entered at once into his fullest confidence. We see no reason to question the generally received fact that M. de Morny's share

in the *coup d'état* was almost that of a principal. The story is told that on the evening of December 1 he was at the opera, when a lady said to him, 'M. de Morny, is it true that they are going to make a clean sweep of the Chamber?' 'Madame,' replied Morny, 'I know nothing of it; but if the broom is to be used in that way, I'll try to be on the side of the handle.' On the side of the handle he certainly was the next morning, and continued so till his death in 1865.

All this, however, does not in the least remove the entire responsibility of the *coup d'état* from Louis Napoleon; and had it been a *coup d'état* simply, we should have considered that responsibility no greater than must be borne by any man who, in troubled times, is called to a foremost position. But the events which followed fall into a totally different category: and we have no hesitation in saying that on the head of Louis Napoleon rests the guilt of the murder of hundreds of unoffending citizens on December 4. We at once admit that the number of the killed has been absurdly exaggerated; but we hold that, beyond any doubt whatever, it was extremely large. In the absence of all exact data, it is impossible to form any satisfactory estimate; but the concurrence of reports leads us to suppose that it might be reckoned by thousands rather than by hundreds; and certainly that the official return of 380 in all is a downright misstatement of a fact that must have been approximately known to the Prefect of Police. But Mr. Jerrold is easy of belief when the honour of a Bonaparte has to be defended; and he frankly accepts every contradiction or allegation made by the murderer's chief agents. There was no such slaughter, he says, for M. de Maupas says there was not: there is not a word of truth in the story, for Colonel Fleury says it is altogether a lie. If Mr. Jerrold had not been blinded by prejudice, he could not have attributed to the statements of these men the weight that he has done; nor could he have penned such pages as those in which he comments on the story of this blood-red 4th of December.

During the following year the will of the people, as expressed in popular shouts, appeared to call on Louis Napoleon to re-establish the Empire. Shouts of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' '*Vive Napoleon III!*' greeted him everywhere; and at a public dinner at Bordeaux on October 9 he announced his intention of yielding.

'Never,' he said, 'did a people express in a more direct, spontaneous, and unanimous manner their desire to be freed from anxiety in the future, by consolidating in the same hands a power which has their sympathies. . . . There exists, however, a fear which I should dissi-

pate. Mistrusting persons say to themselves, the Empire means war. I say the Empire means peace. It means peace, because France desires it; and when France is satisfied, the world is tranquil . . . and woe to him who shall be the first to give to Europe the signal of a collision, the consequences of which are incalculable.'

Hence, then, the *plébiscite* on November 21 and 22, 1852. The people as a body had been won, possibly cajoled: undoubtedly every effort was made to ensure success, to bring every possible supporter to the poll. Mr. Jerrold has no intention of magnifying these efforts; indeed he ignores them; but his description of some incidents of the voting may speak for itself.

'The weather on the two election days was bad throughout France. In many parts so violent a storm raged that it was impossible for voters to reach their polling places. In the country, hosts of peasants, some headed by their curés, braved swollen torrents and floods of rain, swept by the hurricane, in order to record their vote. . . . In Paris, the aged and the sick were carried to the polling places. A general, ninety-one years of age, presented himself, but had not the strength to ascend the staircase, and the urn was borne to his carriage. The chocolate manufacturer, M. Menier, suffering from an attack of apoplexy, caused himself to be carried in an armchair to the poll. An old soldier of ninety presented himself, with his voting paper, in the arms of his son.'

About the result there was no doubt. The number of noes was absolutely small; the number of ayes swelled to close on eight millions, and amounted to practical unanimity. The leaders of opposing factions felt their impending defeat most bitterly. The vote of the nation would seem to all Europe to condemn them, to approve their enemy. And the means by which they endeavoured to sway it were neither manly, honest, nor patriotic. They took refuge in London or the Channel Isles, and issued violent manifestoes; they bespattered Louis Napoleon with foul epithets. Ledru Rollin preached assassination; Louis Blanc preached civil war; and Victor Hugo, 'from his place of safety, told the people to 'load their guns and wait for the hour when the malefactors 'would be in the hands of the executioner.' In this matter Louis Napoleon acted admirably; for violent measures he was, in their case, powerless; so he printed their manifestoes in the 'Moniteur.' And on the evening of December 1 he publicly assumed the crown, with the title of Napoleon III., not, he said, as an effete dynastic pretension, an insult to reason and to truth, but because he could not pass over the regular though ephemeral title of Napoleon's son, which the Cham-

bers proclaimed in the last burst of vanquished patriotism. Beyond contradiction, the Duke of Reichstadt, down to the day of his death, was commonly referred to by the Bonapartists as Napoleon II.; and years before the Second Empire Prince Louis had been, in the same way, spoken of as Napoleon III. There was thus no mistake, no accident about the matter; and any instructions sent into the provinces by the Bonapartist wire-pullers would, as a thing of course, give their man the title.

Scarcely was the Emperor seated on his throne before he announced his intended marriage. It is said that he made up his mind as he did only after he had been coldly refused by half the reigning houses in Europe. If there is any truth in this, the proposals and refusals took an uncommonly short time, or were made by and to the Prince President, not the Emperor. During the Presidency, he had, as Mr. Jerrold delicately puts it, 'lived conjugally with a lady who afterwards became Countess of Beauregard.' 'He had,' it seems, 'yearned for domestic affections.' We are no severe censor of the private morality of men in the position of the Prince President; but it is impossible to see how this *liaison* 'brings out the chivalrous character and the sympathetic heart of the 'Prince.' His subsequent marriage to the daughter of Madame de Montijo was certainly one of the most fortunate circumstances of the Emperor's life.

We think that the story, which Mr. Bingham repeats, of the Empress's birth and parentage is incorrect; that it is, in fact, one of the many spiteful stories that were circulated by those who hated the Emperor or were jealous of her. And, in any case, her conduct as Empress was above reproach. Of the hundreds of personages who come under our notice in the study of these volumes, the Empress Eugénie is the only one on whose name there is no serious stain; if we cannot speak still more strongly, it is that she was too closely connected with Louis Napoleon and Louis Napoleon's court altogether to avoid scandal. Even she could not touch pitch without being defiled; and the numerous memoirs of society under the Second Empire all describe it as rotten to the core, the Emperor himself as the chief cause of the most debased immorality.

Here we must stop. We have already said that it is yet too soon to write the history of the Second Empire, much of which is veiled in mystery or clouded with passion. It would, indeed, be easy to fill volumes of mere chronicle with the open record of public events; but to examine into their real mean-

ing, and, in the lifetime of most of the actors, to discuss their origin and purport, would be a task of very great difficulty, and, for an Englishman, of extreme delicacy. And so with the wars which occupied so large a portion of the time, in spite of the magniloquent phrase, 'The Empire means Peace,' which heralded it. For naval, and still more for military officers, the strategical or tactical results of these have already afforded, and will long continue to afford, matter for earnest professional study; but to discuss the political causes and personal entanglements which led to them is, as yet, impossible. We believe, for instance, that the Italian war of 1859 sprang, directly or indirectly, out of the Orsini conspiracy in 1858, and the early connexion of the Emperor with the Carbonari; but exact evidence is wanting; even if such could be published, it would, in the present turmoil of faction and party, be properly looked on with suspicion and doubt. The financial history of the period is subject to the same difficulty. Concerning it, indeed, rumour has said much, and scandal a great deal; but proof, one way or the other, is entirely wanting, and to weigh the rumour or the scandal in the balance of truth is, to a Frenchman, an impossible task, to an Englishman it would be an invidious one. We would therefore leave the whole, social economy and foreign policy alike, until, in the fulness of time, a French writer may be found, who may possess, at once, enlarged opportunities of information and the capability of exercising a fair judgment. We may then possess something like a true history of the Second Empire.

ART. X.—*The Land of the Midnight Sun.* Summer and Winter Journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Northern Finland. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. 2 vols. London: 1881.

IN these bulky and beautifully illustrated volumes, which the publisher has put forth to the world in a most attractive form, M. Paul du Chaillu, the discoverer, if not the inventor, of the gorilla, has related his travels through the Scandinavian Peninsula and his experiences of Northern life. He tells us that this series of journeys was made at different times from 1871 to 1878, embracing 'a sojourn in the country of 'nearly five years,' and we take him at his word, though he skips about so, something after his fashion in his African explorations, that it is very difficult to track him year by year for that period of time. In fact, when we first glanced at

these volumes, we laid them down in despair of ever being able to find our way in any satisfactory manner through the 900 and odd pages which they contain. One peculiarity it had, an excellence beyond any work, whether of fiction or reality, that we ever perused: each chapter seemed a beginning, and yet the book seemed likely to go on for ever. It was a colossal 'story without an end.' It was not until we peeped at the very end, and saw that M. du Chaillu had actually crossed the Sound and bid adieu to the 'Land of the Midnight Sun,' that we were convinced that he was not still in Scandinavia evolving interminable chapters out of his inner consciousness.

When we were assured that he was really gone, and that there was nothing more to tell, we took heart again, and, plunging manfully into this great wilderness of print, refusing to be diverted either to the right or left by its numberless illustrations and lengthy social, geological, ethnological, and geographical disquisitions, at last discovered the plan and purpose of the book. Of course with the inherent modesty of all discoverers, in the possession of which virtue M. du Chaillu himself is first and foremost, we advance our theory with diffidence, and if he ventures to contradict us we shall not follow the example set years ago by himself, when, unaccustomed to the ferocity of the gorilla, some unhappy man, to the cost of his countenance, doubted if there were any such thing as a gorilla at all. But, whatever may befall us, we propound our theory, and all at once the reader will see that while 'the midnight sun' illumines the first volume throughout its whole course, the second is almost entirely devoted to winter travel. In fact Volume II. ought to have been called 'The Midnight Moon,' or 'The Aurora at Yule,' so full is it of snow and stars and northern lights and Yule feasts, while its elder brother, Volume I., blazes with sunbeams and suffocating heat and, though last not least, with the hum and sting of the irrepressible mosquito.

Having thus bisected the work, let us follow M. du Chaillu a little on his summer journeys, and, as Captain Cuttle advised his friends to make a note of every fact, so we advise our readers when they see a date in these volumes to take a note of it, for dates are the dead reckoning which will enable them to sail merrily through this sea of knowledge; otherwise they will be lost and perhaps founder in a trackless ocean. Chapter I. vol. i. This the reader need not read. It is poetry, and like the American who, in reporting one of the lamented Dean Stanley's lectures, threw down his pencil when he quoted

poetry with the remark that poetry was never admitted into the journal which he represented except in obituary notices, we venture to say that, whatever opinion we may have of M. du Chaillu's prose, we think nothing at all of his poetry, and when we come to any of it we throw down the volume in disgust. But to proceed. In the latter part of May 1871 America saw, no doubt with feelings of despair, her great traveller and gorilla-hunter depart from her shores. Early in June England was similarly afflicted, in all probability, to hear that he had slipped through the fingers of the lion-hunting world, and had embarked for 'Göteborg,' which Englishmen, though not, it appears, Americans, call Gothenburg. There he arrived on the 12th of that month, and was received in 'a quiet and unpretending way' by the members of a leading firm, so that M. du Chaillu was struck by their amiability and refinement, while 'the softness of their pronunciation modified the excellent English they spoke.' We pass over the other excellences of this amiable firm, who were a kind of Swedish Cheeryble Brothers, and follow our traveller into the 'cars' of the Stockholm and Göteborg Railway, 'built,' it appears, by the Government, where the train will stop for a moment while we observe the peculiarly English use of 'car' and 'build,' the latter word being used by our author for all kinds of construction, from a line of railway to the laying of a fire.

But now we really must be off, for we have far to go. At 6 A.M. on the morning of the 13th M. du Chaillu started for Stockholm, at which capital he arrived at 6 P.M. On the way, in twenty minutes, true American time, he did ample justice to a most excellent dinner, at which he noticed particularly the moderation of the people; 'the portion of food each 'one took was not in excess of that which would have been 'served at a private table.' The meal, including bottled beer, cost about 1s. 8d., which makes one wish that we could dine anywhere in these isles at the same rate; but then Sweden is and always has been the cheapest country in the world to dwell in. As soon as our traveller had taken up his abode in Stockholm at the Hôtel Rydberg on the Gustaf Adolf's Square, overlooking the Royal Palace and the swift Mälar, that delightful combination of lake and river, rushing under the Nordbro or North Bridge, he began to look about him, and the result is a statistical chapter on that charming city and its population, which, with the leave of our readers, we will take as read. All that we say is that it is very like some leaves out of Mr. Murray's invaluable series of Handbooks.

Of course M. du Chaillu wished to see the King, Charles XV. What American, and, for that matter, what Englishman, does not share that wish? On enquiry he found it was no easy task; the Queen Consort had lately died, the King himself was 'just recovering from a serious illness,' and, besides, 'was not living at that time in Stockholm.' 'Nevertheless,' says M. du Chaillu, 'I made a formal application for an audience,' and the very next day he was informed that the King would receive him in a private audience at the palace. He was surprised at this, and so are we, for putting aside the Queen's death and the King's illness, how were time and space at once annihilated and the King brought back to Stockholm in the twinkling of an eye, when we had just been told that he was not living there at all? However, there the King was, and M. du Chaillu saw that genial, but strangely self-willed monarch, who would have been Charles XII. had he lived a century and a half sooner, who was ever burning to do great things, and yet never did them, who wore himself down by extravagances and wild freaks, and who yet died the darling of his people. So pleased was the King with our traveller, though astonished that such a traveller did not smoke, that he asked him the next day to visit him at Ulriksdal—not *the* Ulriksdal, as M. du Chaillu persists in calling it—a palace delightfully situated on one of the many arms of the Mälar, about two hours' sail from the capital. There the King again fascinated the traveller by what he calls 'the magnetism of his bearing.' He was 'a child of nature,' and, we might add, 'a child of freedom,' and thought the next best thing to seeing a gorilla was to see the man who had seen and killed that other child of nature in African forests. So after a pleasant day the King and the traveller parted, and M. du Chaillu wails over his death in another piece of poetry, at the end of which he adroitly brings in some praise for Oscar II., now King of Sweden, to whom he heartily wishes long life and prosperity, and 'as great popularity as was enjoyed by his father, Oscar I., and by his brother Charles XV.' Let us add, not from M. du Chaillu, what their own mother said of her two sons: 'My eldest son was self-willed and did everything to alienate the affections of his people, yet was so genial that he died universally beloved. My second son has done everything to win the affections of his people, but he has not succeeded in gaining them.' From what cause? Is it from a want of that 'magnetic bearing' which so distinguished Charles XV., or is it that the Swedish people are so dull as not to know when they have been blessed with a really good king?

But it was not to adore kings or princes that M. du Chaillu visited Scandinavia. He is, if we may judge from the title of his book, a modern fire-worshipper, and he was determined to prostrate himself before that great luminary at midnight, and so accomplish a feat which no Persian or Parsee had ever dreamt of doing. For this purpose he embarked in a steamer for Haparanda at the top of the Gulf of Bothnia, a town which the readers of our weather forecasts know well, and at the mere sight of which in a geographical paper of questions unhappy army candidates shiver and shake even in the month of June. At the end of that month M. du Chaillu reached Haparanda, though, with that innate modesty which refuses to let the vulgar pry into his private devotions, he does not tell us whether he did succeed in worshipping the sun at midnight on midsummer night in 1871. Perhaps he did, perhaps he did not: who can tell? On his arrival at Haparanda he found himself famous, and perhaps this incense of notoriety diverted him from his purpose. 'The news of my arrival,' he says, 'soon spread over the town. The judge, clergyman, custom-house officers, schoolmaster, post-master, banker, and others came to the hotel to see me, and they all welcomed me to Haparanda.' From which we may infer that business was as completely suspended on that festive day at Haparanda as it was on the plains of Shinar when Nebuchadnezzar set up his golden image for the adoration of all nations and languages. No doubt those innocent Haparanders thought that the object of the great gorilla-hunter and abolisher of the slave trade in Equatorial Africa was to lecture them on the blessings of freedom and the ferocity of the great Quadrumana, and that he meant to stay many happy days with them. They were 'astonished,' therefore, when he informed them that he was only passing through their interesting town, and that his desire was 'to cross to the Polar Sea.' M. du Chaillu does not tell us so, but it is clear between the lines of his narrative that all those trades and professions thought him mad or a fool for wishing to leave them for the Polar Sea. But they were polite, and only raised 'difficulties.' 'There are no roads and no people, and where there are any they will not understand you. You will be starved,' which remark was very natural, for where there is no food there can be no people. Even a cannibal Fan must starve where he could not find a fellow-man to eat. But M. du Chaillu was resolute. He would go on; he would not stay among these lotus-eaters of the North. He put down his foot at once. 'The food,' he said, 'does not trouble me in the least. I can

‘eat anything,’ including, of course, worms. So they let him go to his diet, and sent him off with an excellent guide, a tall Finlander, one Andreas Jacob Josefsson, who had lived in California for a while, and therefore might have been as guileful as that ‘Heathen Chinee,’ but who really was a thoroughly honest fellow. Here we skip some very useful information as to travelling in Sweden, which we purposely omit, lest any of our male readers should be tempted by the cheapness of those postal arrangements to leave their wives and families this winter, and, falling into the arms of some Finnish or Lapp Dalilah, never, alas! return to the domestic hearth. And now they started, ‘the judge, the custom-house officers, ‘the banker,’ and no doubt the clergyman, drinking Du Chaillu’s health, and, as we are privately informed, pointing, as soon as he was out of sight, with the finger of scorn in the direction of the nearest lunatic asylum. Then they all returned to their business, and order once more ruled in Haparanda.

Under the guidance of the excellent Josefsson, Du Chaillu proceeded in a *kärra*, or open cart without springs, in which the bones even of a gorilla would have been dislocated unless he had wit enough to provide himself with a spring seat. So they went on northwards from post-house to post-house, sometimes severely tormented by fleas in beds, and sometimes stung almost to death by gnats and midges out of doors, and now, well within the Arctic circle, had ample opportunity for adoring the midnight sun. In this way of travelling a driver is necessary to take back the car and horse at the end of each stage, and often in Scandinavia this driver is a ‘driveress,’ sometimes an old woman, and sometimes a little girl. Now, all through this book, besides the worship of the sun, the worship of another luminary, which may be called the sun of the domestic system, is most apparent. M. du Chaillu has a keen eye for female beauty, and it is wonderful how he discovers pretty girls at every turn. Their light hair, deep blue eyes, rosy complexions, and pearly skins constantly make deep impressions on his heart, and we are convinced, had he devoted himself entirely to society, he would have been a lady-instead of a gorilla-killer. Sometimes, however, this mutual magnetic attraction, for it was always reciprocated, nearly entailed awkward consequences. Thus, when, at the very outset of his transit to the Polar Sea, he asked the fair Kristina of Sattajärvi, about sixteen years of age, ‘who seemed to be ‘attracted’ to him, ‘often holding my hand and entering into ‘animated conversation’—we wonder in what language except

that of love—'Would you like to be my driver, and come with me to America?' 'Yes,' said the girl, and, what was still worse, 'Yes,' said her mother, her father, her brothers, her cousins, and her aunts. Before you could say 'Jack 'Robinson' in Finnish, Kristina had packed up her clothes in a modest parcel, and was ready to follow Du Chaillu to the ends of the earth. 'Good-bye, Kristina! Write to us,' cried the crowd of relations. Here, however, the honest Josefsson, the Leporello of this new Don Juan, interfered. 'Are you going to take that girl to America? The road is too hard for her.' 'Certainly not; she is to drive us to Pajala,' the next stage. 'No,' said he, 'they expect you to 'take her with you to America.' Then of course came a scene. Kristina cried, and her mother cried and abused Josefsson. As for Du Chaillu, she said in a withering way, 'Man! are you going to listen to your guide? I am sorry for you, that had no will of your own. I pity you.' As for the father and brothers, they swore as terribly as 'our army ever did in 'Flanders,' and under that volley of execration the travellers escaped. M. du Chaillu tells us that the people called out to him to 'come back,' which we can well believe, though not in the sense in which he means it. Had he been in Greece, or in 'Ould Ireland,' the fathers and brothers would have produced all the cutlery or pistols of their race, and compelled him to marry Kristina, or, worse still, her epileptic sister, as happened in the case of M. About's friend, the Frenchman.

After this inflammatory episode we are glad to find our traveller moralising, in a churchyard at Pajala, over the body of Læstadius, the Lapp missionary, who, years and years ago, did so much good work, and whose most interesting travels lie before us, together with those of Frjis, the Christiania professor, who has more knowledge of the Lapps and their ways in his little finger than any other man in the world in his whole body. We read both of these to gain information as to the Lapps, of whom M. du Chaillu tells us very little. At Pajala the perils of the *kürra* and its attendant young women were removed, for Du Chaillu and his companion now ascended the Muonio River by boat for nearly three hundred miles. It must have been hard work though, for we are told that 'the rush of water was very fierce, the angry 'billows filling the forest with their roar'—where we are tempted again to throw down our pen and call out 'poetry.' It was on the last day of June that he stepped into the boat, after having had an encounter with another lovely maiden, who babbled to him in her native tongue, which he could not

understand except by intuition, about 'the midnight sun,' and then was eclipsed and lost to his sight. Fearing the consequences, we are glad to get him out of the reach of these sympathetic maidens, and safely launched in his boat, where he stays sorely stung by mosquitoes till he comes to a place called Aitijarvi, which is on the watershed of those wild parts, for after it the waters flow south towards the Alten and the Polar Sea. Fortunately at this farm or refuge there were no maidens. It was kept by the old Adam, whom we believe to be the original man of Lapland, and Kristina, his wife, who had lived there twenty-six years. They had twelve children, but the girls had all died or been married, so there was no temptation. Kristina was laconic, but practical: she cooked fish, and poured out milk. 'Stranger, 'cat,' she said; 'eat as much as you can. You have a long 'journey before you.' For which good advice, including the food, Du Chaillu slipped two dollars, about two shillings, into her hand at parting.

Then they made their way by boat and portages to a place called Autzi, where there was a police magistrate and a gaol, at the sight of whom and of the lock-up they blessed themselves, for they knew they were now returning to civilisation. Shortly afterwards they struck the Alten, and at Kaukotcino on July 7, Du Chaillu sent the trusty Josefsson back, no doubt slipping many dollars into his hand for his services. Doubt the Alten our hero went with two Lapp boatmen, suffering much from want of sleep, having had only seven hours of that 'sweet balm' between 9 A.M. on Wednesday and 4 P.M. on Saturday, which is about the allowance that fashionable young men and women take in three nights during the height of the London season. At last they came, rowing and walking, to Bosekop, at the head of the Alten Fjord, and then Du Chaillu discovered to his dismay that he had lost his satchel, or bag, or wallet, or scrip, which contained, as far as we can make out, not only all his money, but all his wearing apparel. But what of that? Was he not again in the region of young women, who presently came to his rescue? While passing a farmhouse he was gesticulating to his Lapps in the vain attempt to make them understand his loss, when out came three young ladies. 'My father will send a man on horse-back to fetch your satchel,' said one of them in very good English. Covered with mud, he tried to excuse himself from entering the house. 'Never mind, come in,' was the instant reply; so he entered and found that the owner of the house was a member of the Storthing, or Norwegian Parliament,

and that Bosekop thought quite as much of itself as Haparanda, and was the centre of civilisation for West Finmark. Here Du Chaillu was fortunate enough to meet the great Norwegian geologist, Professor Kjerulf, or 'Wolf of the Wold,' who 'was somewhat astonished at the "paucity" of his luggage, 'which consisted, he said, mostly of writing-paper and maps.' Du Chaillu's thin shoes also surprised him; but here we quite agree with our traveller, for of all curses in forced marches on foot none are greater than heavy lumbering shoes.

We need not say that Du Chaillu was soon entirely master of the position; 'dozens of blooming girls' and a few elderly ladies and gentlemen gathered round him, and vied in showing him every attention, and at last, having played till he was tired at forfeits and blindman's buff with the girls, and drunk egg-nog and other temperance beverages with the elders, he felt bound 'to give an entertainment to the young ladies in the parlour 'of the hotel.' But here truth compels us to add that he had reckoned without his hosts—that is, without the heads of families. Suddenly there was a pause, the guests looked at one another, and whispered, and some of the ladies, elderly of course, headed by the crafty Professor Kjerulf, came up and asked in the name of the company that our traveller would tell them something 'about my travels in Africa and the 'gorillas.' 'I felt sorry to have been recognised; I had never 'uttered a word about my explorations. This is one of 'the disadvantages of bearing an unusual name.' It was, however, impossible to refuse. No more forfeits or blindman's buff; it was now serious business, and our traveller in their stead delivered a lecture on Equatorial Africa and the gorilla before that select assembly, no doubt with as much satisfaction as when poor dear Sir Roderick explained the Silurian system on a wet Sunday to the fashionable society gathered in a great country house. But such is fame, and who can escape its consequences and its disappointments? Unfortunately, however, M. du Chaillu did not have all Bosekop to himself. There were lions there besides gorillas. 'Even here,' he exclaims, 'Englishmen had come to fish.' This lion was the Duke of Roxburgh, whom our traveller pities for 'leaving his estates every year to enjoy the pleasure 'of sleeping in a log house, catching salmon, and being eaten 'up by mosquitos;' but he is good enough to add 'that the people spoke of him with respect and love, and praised his kind heart and genial manners. 'I know,' he kindly adds, 'of 'no other Englishman more esteemed in Norway,' though this does not go for much, for we do not observe throughout

these volumes that he is particularly willing to praise our countrymen, as we shall see when we come to Drontheim.

Down the Alten Fjord M. du Chaillu next sailed in a steamer for the fishy town of Hammerfest, that little Bergen which, our traveller tells us, is said to be the most northern town in the world. Here he was in his glory. 'There was 'an American vice-consul resident at the port.' 'Immediately after my visit to him the stars and stripes were hoisted 'over his residence, and I found to my astonishment'—(oh! M. du Chaillu!)—'that my name was known in this remote 'part of the world.' His 'Equatorial Africa' had been translated into Norwegian, and, as a proof that his name was known, a copy was shown to him, as also 'the original in English.' But does it follow if a book is translated that it will be read? You may bring a horse to the water, but who can make him drink? However, let us not dash M. du Chaillu's self-satisfaction by any such carping. No doubt this book is read, and it may be believed, in Norway just as it is in England and in every part of the lion-hunting world. Fame, however, was not enough for him; an irresistible impulse drove him on to adore the midnight sun from the top of the North Cape, on an islet off the Island of Magerö, which, we believe, means the Isle of Gulls, and to the Isle of Gulls our traveller accordingly steamed, and most appropriately landed at its capital, which rejoices in the name of Gjøesver, or Goosenest (where we stop to remark that in this part of the narrative the names of places are thoroughly Rabelaisian). This was on July 21, and there he saw five cows, which were fed twice a day on fish. Yes! there were five cows and as many goats and sheep flocking round a tub and devouring boiled and raw fish 'in a 'most voracious manner.' Need we add that the butter made from their milk is salt, and that it is largely exported because, being a genuine article, it will keep salt for ever? It is very odd, but though he only sailed from Hammerfest on July 21, it was on the 20th of that month that he ascended the North Cape. This is a confusion of dates which reminds us of an old book of travels in which there were two Junes in one year; but that at the time was called a trifle, and so we suppose is this inaccuracy. Partly by boat and partly on his feet Du Chaillu at last, after trudging several miles, stood upon the extreme point of the North Cape, 980 feet above the sea-level. Here follows more poetry, which it took our traveller ten hours to compose while he was waiting on the top of that awful headland for the midnight sun. It was at one of those sad intervals, when even Homer nods, that with

a spasmodic effort Du Chaillu grasped his mineralogist's hammer, went to the extreme edge of the Cape, threw himself on his face, and while one of his guides, who had ascended with him to that holy mount, held him by the legs, actually succeeded in breaking off a fragment of the solid mica-schist rock, 'to be preserved,' as he solemnly says, 'to be a memento of my journey.' Part, we are glad to learn, of this precious relic, the reward of so much audacity, rests with M. du Chaillu's other treasures at New York, it may be in Barnum's Museum; the other part was presented to Professor Kjerulf, and is deposited in the Museum at Christiania.

After this feat our traveller walked a while and saw a spider, a humble-bee, and a small bird. All these he might have caught and killed, but he spared the spider, no doubt because it reminded him of Robert Bruce and his perseverance; the humble-bee was also granted its life, probably because it is Charles Darwin's pet; but as for the little bird, he brought his gun to his shoulder intending to shoot it and carry it, too, off as a memento of the North Cape, but as it flitted about, evidently not at home, he said to himself, 'I will not kill thee, for thou, like me, art a wanderer in these far-off northern climes,' whereas we venture to assert, on the authority of that little bird itself, not only that it was at home, but that its mate was not far off. However that may be, it escaped, and is not now in the Museum. But now the weird hour approached. Lower and lower sank the sun as the hour of midnight approached, and our traveller was distracted with the thought that, after all, clouds might arise and obscure it. But the midnight sun was faithful to his votary; at midnight it shone beautifully over that lonely sea and dreary land. 'As it disappeared behind the clouds, I exclaimed from the very brink of the precipice, "Farewell to thee, midnight sun!"' But we must extract some lines of M. du Chaillu's poetry:—

'I had now seen the midnight sun from mountain tops and weird plateaux shining over a barren, desolate, and snow-clad country; I had watched it when ascending or descending picturesque rivers or crossing lonely lakes; I had beheld many a land-cape—luxuriant fields, verdant meadows, grand old forests—dyed by its drowsy light. I had followed it from the Gulf of Bothnia to the Polar Sea as a boy would chase a will-o'-the-wisp, and I could go no further.'

If the reader does not like this bit of tall writing, we cannot help it; we think it very fine, and have therefore, if he will pardon the expression, given it to him 'in its entirety.' What remains to be said but that our traveller returned to Goosenest wet and chilly, after twenty-two hours' sleepless-

ness, still hearing the 'sad murmur of the waves beating upon 'the lonely North Cape'? As the reader already knows, we much prefer M. du Chaillu's prose to his poetry; but the question remains whether it was worth while to waste so much prose in describing a journey from the Gulf of Bothnia to the North Cape along a route traversed by many tourists every year.

M. du Chaillu's second summer flight begins thus:—'In 'the latter part of July'—we conclude the July of 1871—'I 'found myself sailing along the wild and superb coast south 'of Tromsö,' where the reader must look to the excellent map which the publisher has provided, and then they will see not only Tromsö, but Bodö, a spot at the mouth of the Salt Fjord, considerably below the Lofoden Islands, but still within the Arctic Circle. Not content with his exploits on the Alten and at the North Cape, M. du Chaillu was now bent on re-crossing the Scandinavian Peninsula lower down, from Bodö on the North Sea to Luleå on the Gulf of Bothnia, thus traversing one of 'the wildest and most uninhabitable districts of 'Sweden and Norway,' and skirting in his way the grand glacier of Sulitelma, the Swedish Ben Nevis, which is between six and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Our traveller tells us that he was the first to attempt this journey, 'with the exception'—and it is a very great one—of a commission of Swedish and Norwegian officials who settled the boundaries between the two countries. All we can say at the outset is that besides the commission others than M. du Chaillu have crossed by this route, and that the glaciers of Sulitelma, of which we shall see that he says very little, were not reserved for him as virgin snow and ice. However, to please him, we will let him have his way, and for this once he first of men, except a royal commission, shall have travelled between Sulitelma, Qvickjock, and Luleå. His way lay up the Saltdal to a place called Fagerli, at the top of the valley below the Fjeld, and was only enlivened by the sight of a family at dinner, where the father was sharing out a large piece of raw salt fish, which they all ate with a relish. When asked why the fish had not been cooked, the head of the family answered 'that then they would eat too much of it.' It was now August 3, and we feel relieved when we are told that for that year at least we shall hear no more of that midnight sun which has got at last to be monotonous and a bore. While he stayed a few days at Fagerli till the Lapps who were to guide him came, Du Chaillu observed the country and the character of the inhabitants. The last, he tells us, are

very primitive, but this trait did not prevent the children from running after him, shouting out '*pengar*,' pence or money, just as our dear, unsophisticated little Taffys shout out 'halfpenny' and 'waterfall' to the enchanted tourist who visits their most uncommonly cleanly and unmercenary country. Grown-up girls, too, with the consent of their primitive mothers, kissed our traveller with or without provocation. 'I may add,' says our Lothario, 'that I was quite willing.' But life, even in Norway, is not all kissing and coppers. On August 9 two Laplanders and a Lapp woman arrived, and on the 10th the four started for Sulitelma and Quickjock. 'The less a man carries on such a journey the better,' says Du Chaillu. 'My baggage consisted only of an extra 'flannel shirt, pair of pantaloons and shoes, and a light overcoat. My provisions were hard flat bread' (literal English for *fladbrød*), 'butter and cheese, a flask of brandy to be 'used only in case of need, a strong coffee-kettle, a pound of 'roasted and ground coffee, and some tea.' Besides, he had a gun and two revolvers for 'difficulties,' of which he was quite ashamed, and resolved to get rid of them at the first opportunity. Altogether an equipment of which General Sir Charles Napier would have approved, as it was quite in keeping with his instructions to his officers campaigning in Scinde; but for our own part we should have liked to have two or three pairs of socks and a pocket-handkerchief or two, though we know that the last article is looked on with contempt by real hard travellers, who never have colds, and, if they sneeze at all, only do so once in their lives, like the patriarchs before the Flood, and then die, after the fashion of Baron Munchausen's bear, 'with a terrible explosion.'

After a few hours' trudging they got well up on to the Fjeld, and were in the midst of very wild scenery, with Sulitelma, 6,326 feet high, in the distance, a lake at its foot, and its great glacier streaming down its sides. They were wet and cold, and anything but in a condition to enjoy the view, when the Lapp woman, who was as 'wiry' as any of them, called out '*Same, Lapps*,' and lo! there was an encampment (*håta*) in the distance, in this very country which at the outset we were told was 'uninhabitable.' It now came out that these were some relations of their Lapp woman, but Du Chaillu, disgusted, as no doubt he was, to find them in his way, was still more so when he saw them all huddled, men, women, children, and dogs, into a tent eight feet in diameter, evidently unwashed, and continually, as he delicately puts it, 'putting their hands through the openings in their garments

‘near the neck,’ or, in other words, ‘God-blessing the Duke ‘of Argyll’ at a fearful rate. But these Lapps were very kind; they did their best to entertain them with meat and drink, and even wanted them to sleep in their tent. This, though he knew the penalty, unwilling to hurt their feelings, though at the expense of his own, Du Chaillu did for one hour, and then rose at four A.M., while creeping things crawled over him till he was awakened by a Lapp who had come home in the night with a herd of 250 reindeer.

That was the first day, and the second was like unto it—constant walking and wading, more Lapp *håttas*, and that everlasting Sulitelma for ever looking down on them. But these Lapps were of a better sort; they were either aristocrats of the Fjeld, or the day before had been their half-yearly washing day. There they were, three young women and one man, just the proportion between the sexes to please a gay old gorilla-hunter. Our traveller, beholding their faces washed and their hair combed, was surprised, on further inspection, at the good looks of two of the girls. ‘They had blue eyes, ‘very small hands, and fair hair, of a somewhat reddish hue; ‘their complexions were rosy, and their skin remarkably white ‘where it had been protected from the wind.’ As for the man or men, they were as red as Red Indians, ‘having been tanned ‘by exposure.’ There was no sort of shyness in those people, and when Du Chaillu wanted a spoon washed he was much ‘amused’ at the way in which one of the girls did it. ‘As ‘there was no water at hand, she passed her little red tongue ‘over it several times till it was quite clean and smooth, and ‘then, as if it had been a matter of course, filled it with milk ‘from a bowl, stirred up the coffee, and handed me the cup.’ ‘I did not,’ he says, ‘altogether admire this way of cleaning ‘spoons. Happily her teeth were exquisitely white, and her ‘lips as red as a cherry.’ We know the colour of her tongue already, and we are sure that M. du Chaillu, with his keen eye for female beauty, is quite truthful when he says, ‘Though ‘I have seen many Laplanders since, I think she was the ‘prettiest one I ever saw.’ So it is, and so it will be: first love is first love, even in an uninhabited wilderness. We have no time to linger in the tents of these four Turanians; the reader must discover for himself how they milk their reindeer and make more cheese than butter. We must hasten on. On the third day they plodded on in wet and cold, now the victims of mosquitos, which up to that time had spared them. This day, however, Sulitelma showed its peak for fifteen minutes, and M. du Chaillu was comforted. On the fourth day, as far as we

can make out, they caught sight of Qvickjock in the distance, and on the fifth day they reached that famous place, and were again in the midst of civilisation, having tramped about sixty miles from Sulitelma. The perils of this terrible journey of five days being over, it is all plain sailing or rowing down the string of lakes which form the Luleå river. At that still more famous town Du Chaillu arrived on August 20, was at once presented to the governor, and instantly invited two young ladies and an old one to go out with him and see the lions. Of course they willingly accepted the invitation, only remarking that they knew 'in America gentlemen invite young ladies to drive,' though we always thought it was the other way, and that in that great country young ladies invited gentlemen to drive.

That was the end of his second summer tour, and now come several hasty statistical chapters on the climate and products of the northern provinces of Sweden; but when we get as far down as Jemtland—dear reader, do look at a good map of Sweden—our intrepid traveller rushes back towards Norway by Ostersistad on the Storsjön, and crossing the frontier dashes down on Trondhjem, which we stupid English will call Drontheim, and so finds himself in the old capital of the country. If we might hazard the remark, M. du Chaillu is like those ancient freemen who loved more to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak. If he stays in a city, it is only to call on a king or a governor, or to have his shoes mended, or for some vulgar purpose. Drontheim he seems to loathe particularly. In summer the town is filled with tourists, principally English. As they are in the habit of putting on airs of superiority, the inhabitants do not seem to care for foreigners who—of course the English—have demoralised the lower classes, who have learned to be exorbitant. For instance, one day M. du Chaillu crossed the river Nid by the ferry with two Englishmen, and the party were charged the enormous sum of two marks. M. du Chaillu thereupon refused to pay anything at all, but the Englishmen yielded and paid. 'There is a regular tariff of only a few cents,' he adds, 'and the fellow would have been heavily fined had I made a complaint,' though we do not see how he could have complained, seeing he was ferried over for nothing. Our countrymen were wise men: they paid rather than take proceedings which would have detained them in Drontheim several days while they waited the result of the enquiry and the proverbial delays of the law.

It was now September, we take it of 1871, though we are not sure, for this part of the book is rather hazy, as the weather

is apt to be in Norway in that month. M. du Chaillu was waiting for fine weather at one of the post stations on the post road between Drontheim and Christiania, when, looking out of the window, he saw a young lady alight from a carriage and ask for a horse. She lived on the banks of the Mjösen Lake, and was hastening home to one of her friends, who was ill. Her boldness made our traveller ashamed of himself, and he enquired within 'what had become of the blood that once 'made me encounter dangers?' He offered at once to accompany that young lady, and her answer was, as the young ladies always answer our traveller, 'I am very glad; it will be 'much more pleasant for me, for I am all alone.' Now, if any Aunt Tabitha or Mrs. Trimmer should screech out against the impropriety of accompanying a young lady in a carriage for two hundred miles or so, we declare that of all carriages in the world a carriage is the last in which any man would attempt to make love. Love, like a quarrel, takes two to make it, and as a carriage can only contain one person, and perhaps a boy or girl hanging on behind, love-making is out of the question. If Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins had set off on a tour round the world in as many carriages, she would have brought all her pet lambs safe home, if they had only driven on steadily, and never once got out to go to bed. Moreover, as this young lady was going post haste day and night, there could be no impropriety in M. du Chaillu's escorting her; and we are still more convinced of this by the fact that we never hear of her on the journey after her fellow-traveller lent her his coat, so that we are left in doubt whether she ever reached the shores of Lake Mjösen, while we hear of him at Molde and Bergen, quite out of the way to the Mjösen, of both of which cities or towns we again advise the reader to consult M. du Chaillu's valuable statistical details for himself. Nor should he omit the geological, glacial, and ethnological and other chapters which, for the most part, make up the rest of this summer volume, which is like the *Pars Æstivalis* of the Roman Breviary, and deals only with that portion of the year. Of the *Pars Hyemalis* or winter history, which fills this second volume, we have still to speak.

It was in December, 1872, as we gather, that M. du Chaillu began his winter experiences in the North. He was then slowly steaming for Christiania, bent on paying a visit to some 'bonder' (farmer) friends in Gudbrandsdal before making his way *via* Stockholm to Haparanda, that he might see Lapland in winter, and enjoy the delights of sledging with reindeer. Christmas Day was spent at the Norwegian capital

with his friend, Consul H., whose little daughter Kristine had worked her friend 'Paul' a pair of slippers, and sent them all the way to New York, whence, as we also gather, he had just returned. There were Christmas trees and Christmas gifts for young and old, but M. du Chaillu is wrong when he calls 'Claus' or Nicholas, the well-known saint, 'Santa;' for the patron saint of thieves was a man, if ever a saint was. But we hasten on with our traveller to Gudbrandsdal, for which he started on December 26 in that most uncomfortable of all vehicles, a carriole. After three days he reached the Dovrefeld, and in due time Tofte, a farm well known in Norwegian history, and now the abode of Du Chaillu's friend Thord, who claims to be the lineal descendant of Harold Fairhair, on whom our traveller dilates with more or less accuracy, as when he tells us that one of Harold's many wives was 'Snefrid Snow-peace,' where the last syllable has nothing to do with peace, but means 'fair' in the sense of beautiful, as in the old alliterative English ballad phrase, 'fair and free.' These, however, are small matters, like putting St. Canute's Day on the twentieth day after Christmas, whereas it falls on January 7, or the thirteenth day after Christmas.

As for Du Chaillu's friend Thord, he lived in a very patriarchal way at Tofte, with seven maids and five men. We need hardly say that these maids were very independent; they all had light blue eyes and fair hair, and three were really beautiful, though it was rather puzzling that four out of the seven rejoiced in the name of Ragnhild. The girls sang and played blindman's buff with Du Chaillu, or plain 'Paul' as they called him, and 'many of the maidens had to 'redeem their forfeits by kissing me.' Some were bashful and objected at first, but 'they had to do it.' So our traveller went up and down the dale, from farm to farm, welcomed everywhere, drinking the foaming ale from horns of fabulous age. All good things and times have an end, however, and at the very end, on the thirteenth day of Yule, Du Chaillu was surprised in a farmhouse by a crowd of maskers, the female part of which was instantly attracted to him as flies to honey. 'Paul, I love you,' said one fair mask. 'Take me with you 'to America when you go back,' cried another. 'Paul,' cried a third, 'I want to marry you; say yes or no without 'seeing my face.' Then one of the young ladies took Paul by the arm and hurried him off on a round of dancing and singing from house to house, like Herodias and her 'Menye' in the Middle Ages. At last the girls and their brothers un-



masked themselves, and said, 'Paul, come to our farm and sleep.' 'I accepted the invitation,' says Du Chaillu, 'and was warmly welcomed. We were all weary, and a crowd slept in the same room, the best way we could, in the old-fashioned style still practised in Wales, and among the Dutch of Long Island and New Jersey some thirty years ago, or in Pennsylvania and at Cape Cod, and in many primitive parts of Europe to this day.' Yes, very primitive, and the name they give to this custom in Wales is 'bundling.'

This warm Christmas required to be cooled in snow, and though there was little that year in the south of Scandinavia, our traveller found more than enough of it on his journey from Stockholm and Upsala to Haparanda. Nature is good to all of us, but to M. du Chaillu her bounties are excessive. Her manifestations to him are always superlative. If the wind howls to him, no mortal ever heard it howl so loud; if the sea roars, not all the sea-lions in the world, roaring at once, could roar so terribly; and this very snow, it was 'the grandest and most continuous snowstorm that had fallen in Sweden for a hundred years.' In fact, the old woman who plucks geese up aloft had kept all her feathers back for a century, and then discharged them on his devoted head. It was comforting by the way to fall in with a jovial company of Swedes, one of whom propounded this thesis: 'Have you ever heard of any great man, either as a master intellect, a great writer, or a great soldier, who has drunk only water all his life?' In such weather Du Chaillu forgot Gough and Matthew and a host of tectotal witnesses, and, instead of renewing the pledge, accepted the bottle proffered by these jolly companions.

At last, seeing by the way one or two beautiful maidens, Du Chaillu reached Haparanda on February 17, 1873, having been five weeks in compassing the 740 miles from Stockholm. Now it is provoking that he does not say one word of his old friends the banker, the custom-house officers, the sheriff, the clergyman, and the rest of the Haparanders. Perhaps they go to sleep in the winter like their own bears, perhaps our traveller was so anxious to get still more frozen that he could not stop. All he says is that he left Haparanda in a storm so severe that the horse could scarcely 'proceed.' Still they plodded on, one of his drivers being 'a stout girl of twenty, strong enough to wrestle any man, but shy, modest, and gentle. I could not tell how she looked for her face, like mine, was entirely wrapped up.' Just then Dame Nature favoured our traveller with such awful exhibitions of her

might in the way of wind and snow that he was forced to halt for some days at the house of his old friend Grape, where he learned something of Finnish, and a little how to go on snow-shoes, though he confesses that he was never quite at his ease in 'coasting,' i.e. gliding down the hills, on those delightful implements. This Grape, who lived at Ruskola, was, as might be supposed from his name, no teetotaller. His family was as old as Noah or the hills, and when Du Chaillu left he opened a bottle of old wine and drank to the parting guest.

On he went to Sattajärvi, where the news of his arrival had preceded him. 'Here is Paulus again,' they said, 'all the way 'from Stockholm.' When they heard he was going on the North Cape to live with the Laplanders, they exclaimed, 'Did you 'ever see such a man?' and would not believe it. With great effrontery Paulus asked 'Where is my friend Kristina?' The reader of course remembers the young woman who thought he had asked her to go with him to America, and whose mother had reproached him. "'She lives in Pirtiniemi," 'they replied, two stations back on the way to Haparanda. "'Why, have you not seen her?" "No!" said I, "it is too bad." They tried to keep him with them, but it was all no good. When they talked to him of the troubles that would beset him on the journey, he answered 'Yes, I shall have trouble. It is 'hard to travel in a country if one cannot talk with the people,' so that in February, 1873, he was still unable to converse in that very difficult language, Finnish. Next morning, the Sattajärvians brought him a guide: 'Paulus, we have brought 'you a girl to go to Norway with you; she will be able to 'interpret for you.' This was Elsa Karolina, a young and pretty girl of seventeen; she lived in Norway with a married sister, but had come back to be confirmed at Pajala. She too would gladly have gone with Paul to America, which these simple people look upon as an Eldorado, but Paul was faithful to his trust, and when he got to Norway handed Elsa Karolina safely over to her sisters. But they had a rough time of it. They sledged up the bank of the Muonio river to the lake which feeds it, and then over the mountains till they reached Lyngen Fjord, almost opposite to the Lofoden Islands. At Muonionalusta, a little short of Muoniovara, they slept in a house where Du Chaillu declares that 'the 'residents were not bashful'—no, we should think not. When bedtime came they all took off their shoes and stockings, and hung them up on a cross pole near the ceiling. Elsa Karolina and one of the daughters slept together, 'while the eldest

‘daughter slept near me, bundling with her sweetheart, this *‘being the lovers’ day.’*

We cannot help thinking that this must have been very bad for Elsa Karolina, if not for such a hardened traveller as Paul, and we are glad to hear that at Muoniovara they were both consigned to the tender care of the Lapps, and had to learn how to drive reindeer in boat-shaped Lapp sledges. This mode of travelling, except for the honour of it, is scarcely so pleasant as the vulgar vehicle called ‘shanks’s mare,’ for it consists in rushing down hills behind reindeer more or less broken, with one’s legs dangling out on either side to steer by, in which process it occasionally happens that one’s legs are broken. It would be wrong to call reindeer hard-mouthed, because they are not driven by bit, the reins being attached to the base of their horns, but they are very self-willed, and evidently hate being driven. We have no time to dwell on the falls and rolls the pair had head over heels in the snow, and the charming way in which they both showed their agility, but Elsa Karolina especially, by jumping on her feet, and into the sledge again in a second. In the course of these adventures M. du Chaillu had ample opportunity for observing the Lapp women, and he came to the conclusion that their skin is very white, and that those who have described them as a dark-skinned race have made a mistake, probably from not having had the opportunity, as our traveller had, of seeing them when they take their baths. At last, after fearful tempests and dangerous descents, they crossed the mountains, and came down on Skibotten at the top of the Lyngfjord, just in time for the March fair. Elsa Karolina was now near her friends, and was despatched to them ‘with a little money,’ and a gold ring on her finger. Pelr or Peter, whose pardon we beg for not having mentioned him before, the Lapp who had been his guide, was also sent home well pleased, and Du Chaillu’s journey across the mountains beyond the Arctic circle was over.

. Next he went to the Lofoden Islands, and saw the way of catching cod and the manners and customs of the fishermen, whom he describes as a pious God-fearing race, who would not swear like the Swedes or some other Norwegians, not for anything. There he stayed till after Easter, when he determined to pay his old friend the North Cape a visit by sea in the spring or late winter, and then doubling round across the Tana Fjord, and into the Varanger Fjord, he found himself at the very extremity of the Norwegian kingdom. He reached Vadsö, the last town on the Norwegian shore, on April 25,

and found his old friend the sun making such rapid strides towards his monotonous midnight appearance as to enable Paul even then to read a newspaper at midnight. His object in going to the Varanger was to make his way up the Tana river, just along the Russian and Norwegian border, and to see what the Lapps in those parts were like. But he was almost too late; the Lapps had most of them left the seashore for the Fjeld, there were no guides and no reindeer to be had, and if any reindeer were found they were weak and out of condition. At last two Lapps with three reindeer were found, who agreed at a high price to carry him to Karasjok, a place not far from Kaukoteino, on one of his former routes. Thence another Lapp took him to Kaukoteino.

It is in this part of his book that Du Chaillu describes what may be called the installation of the Northern Order of the Bath, in which it will be seen that, though there are many Companions, there cannot be said to be any 'investiture,' as the ceremony is conducted *in puris naturalibus*. He draws a veil over the exact locality, but it is to be inferred that the order is widespread over all the northern provinces of the peninsula, though we must confess that we never heard of its existence before, and even now, 'like another Paul,' only partly believe it. The way he became affiliated to the order was in this wise. He expressed his wish to have a hot bath. Well, a large cauldron is prepared, and he has just stepped into it when 'a stout girl of twenty summers jumps in, dress and all, and says "Paulus, I have come to help you." Then she rubs the undraped Paul with soap and switches him with birch twigs. This was when he was only a neophyte. Then he had his bath alone or in company with a dressed young woman; but when the people began to regard him as one of themselves, he was advanced in dignity and invited to bathe *en famille*, and the neighbours, or, as he will write it, 'neighbours,' would often come to bathe with Paul. On the first of these occasions, Saturday being the day on which these rites take place, the girls, who were just cleaning the bath-house, which is a separate building, called out, 'Paulus, take a bath with us to-day,' as one would say, 'take a cup of tea.' The weather was piercing cold, and the ground covered with snow. 'From my window I saw several maidens wending their way with rapid steps, in a costume that reminded me of Africa, minus the colour.' In a word, these young ladies had nothing on but a necklace or a ring or so. Then came two or three old women, who very properly had old skirts round their scraggy waists. When the whole levee had assembled, Du Chaillu

followed them in the same scanty costume, which allowed the manly proportions of the great gorilla-hunter to be plainly visible to the undraped eye. A Swedish bath is own sister or brother to a Turkish or a Russian one, plus the promiscuous mingling of the sexes. They poured hot and cold water over one another, and the young women switched Du Chaillu, and he switched them again with birch rods, all to promote a healthy circulation. After a final flagellation, the companions of the bath ran out and rolled themselves in the snow, and then made for the house, where we need only add that they wiped and dressed themselves in the same intersexual manner, and then shook hands, and no doubt kissed and parted in a state of great exhilaration, promising to meet the next Saturday for further bathing and birching. On June 16 Du Chaillu was once more in Haparanda, and his winter journey was over. 'We have wandered together, dear reader,' he says, 'in summer and winter in these high latitudes, and I have gained my object if I have been able to give you a correct idea of the land of the midnight sun.' If Mrs. Grundy should call the description of Saturday bathing 'correct,' we shall be very much surprised.

Out of these two journeys, one in the summer of 1871 and the other in the winter and spring of 1872 and 1873, the backbone of these volumes is formed. Besides, there is a mass of statistical information, compiled out of books and aided by observation, but which might almost as easily have been written in New York as in Sweden. Interspersed among these somewhat dry details, which are much enlivened by beautiful illustrations, are what we may call 'bouts' of travel, forming the most amusing portions of the book, in which M. du Chaillu describes his visits to farmers both in Norway and Sweden, and gives a lively picture of their hearty and homely way of life and of their free and curious customs. Before taking leave of M. du Chaillu we must favour our readers with a few wild snatches from his account of a visit which he paid to Dalecarlia, where, in the district watered by the two Dalelfs or Dale rivers and round the lovely Lake Siljan, there dwell on their farms the most primitive race of yeomen in the world. Our traveller had been invited to a wedding on a midsummer's day at Leksand, in this district, and did not fail to put in an appearance. The night before the wedding he was just tucked up in a bedroom in a little house all to himself, when the bride and the bridegroom's sister came in and said, 'Paul, are you asleep?' He answered no, and then, taking off their shoes and partly dressed, they lay down to rest on a bed

opposite to his. 'We come here to keep you company,' they said; 'we do not wish you to feel lonely.' But there was still, it seems, a third bed in the room, and soon after a young farmer and a handsome girl, to whom he was engaged, came in, and both lay, fully dressed we are glad to hear, on the third couch and 'fell asleep in each other's arms.'

On this occasion, to do honour to the natives, Du Chaillu had prepared a surprise. He had made, and wore, the costume worn by the men of Leksand, and when he looked at himself in the glass 'a glow of satisfaction overspread' his face, 'and with a feeling of vanity, natural to men on such an occasion, 'I really thought I was not ill-looking.' How charming a thing is conceit! Like sleep, as Cervantes says, it covers some men all over as it were with a cloak. We need hardly say that when our traveller appeared in Dalkarl garb, the popular excitement was intense. 'Look at Paul! He is not proud. 'He is now like one of us.' All through that wedding-day the crowd exclaimed, 'Look at Paul, do look at Paul!' After the wedding came the wedding feast, and our traveller soon learned that popularity has its penalties as well as its pleasures. He was made to eat and drink four times as much as was good for him, and when he left the table and went out into the yard to take a little breath, he was seized by the bride's father and dragged into his house to eat another meal. More than this, the feast lasted seven days, and on the third day most of the guests were groaning with pain, and the peculiar disease known in England as 'hot coppers' in a very aggravated form. Du Chaillu resisted as long as he could, but he too fell a victim to this malady, and sought relief by retiring to a farm where he found a father and mother asleep in one bed, and threw himself on another where the daughter of the house was fast asleep. We only hope that he rose up early in the morning and made his escape before the young lady and her parents were aware of his presence.

On these occasions many presents are made, and amongst others rings. Of the last Du Chaillu was very liberal, and once nearly got into trouble. He had placed a gold ring on the engagement finger of a young woman, and went his way without knowing the significance of his act. But others knew it, for soon after the father of the girl knocked him up early in the morning, to know what he meant by it. 'Paul,' said he, 'there is much talk in our village in regard to the ring you gave to my daughter. I come to ask what is your meaning? Do you really think of marrying her?' To this plain question our traveller answered like a man and an American: 'We do not

'marry so hastily in America, and do not bind ourselves in such a way. Your daughter is a very fine girl, and I gave her that ring simply as a token of friendship.' 'Afterwards,' he says, 'I was very particular when I gave a gold ring,' and this particularity consisted 'in giving several in the same hamlet, to prevent gossiping,' which shows that with gold rings in Sweden there is safety in cheerful giving.

And now we take leave of M. du Chaillu and his book, which will well repay perusal. We have expressed our opinion freely as we went along. He is a hard traveller and a keen observer, though we do not think travelling in Lapland is so hard as he represents it. The farming class, the hempen homespuns of the peninsula, are by his own account very fond of him, and we have no doubt it is the truth, for in their eyes America, whither so many of their friends and kinsmen have migrated, is a free land flowing with milk and honey. In one city on the Great Salt Lake some of the free and easy Scandinavian customs would not fail to receive a ready welcome. As 'bundling' seems to be common both to Lapps and Welshmen, that perhaps is the reason why Mormonism is so largely recruited from both those countries. Be that as it may, we now shake hands with Paul, hoping that he will visit many other lands, and leave them as amusing and self-complacent as he has shown himself in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

ART. XI.—1. *The Position of the Whigs.* By CHARLES MILNES GASKELL. ('Nineteenth Century' for December, 1881.)

2. *Burke.* By JOHN MORLEY. London: 1880.

IT is a fashion of the day to treat the Whigs as an extinct political party, whose very existence can only be traced in the remote annals of past history, as Professor Owen brings to light the dragons and tortoises of the primeval ages from an ingenious analysis of their fossil remains. We are so used to this language that we are tempted at times to doubt our own existence. Mr. Milnes Gaskell, in the article we have placed at the head of these pages, states as an ascertained fact that 'the Whigs occupy the place of a blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments, to use Sheridan's simile, and would find it very hard to formulate their wishes, or to give honest expression to their opinions;' and he winds up his indictment by affirming that 'the time will come when the student of politics will search in vain for "plain Whig prin-

‘ “ ciples ” except in the pages of the “ *Edinburgh Review*. ” ’ That is a compliment to ourselves which we should be proud to accept, if it did not involve the extinction of an entire species of most estimable human beings. It is true that we shall endeavour, as long as we exist at all, to keep the blue and yellow flag flying on this old Tower of the Marches, whatever hordes and caterans may invade and harry the land, because we believe it to be an asylum of justice, freedom, and truth. Much has happened, much may happen, in the course of events to perplex and distract the staunchest members of the Liberal party and of all political parties. But in the long run men look to consistency of political principles for the guidance and government of states. It is no part of a public journal to direct or control the functions of executive or parliamentary government on particular questions and occasions. It would be presumptuous to attempt it. We are content to play a much humbler part, which is simply to remind the country of principles, whether of constitutional law or of public economy, which are sometimes sacrificed to expediency, but are never sacrificed with impunity. Still less do we presume to reflect upon the conduct of those who, from far-sighted and patriotic motives which are partly known to us, have acquiesced in a policy which would not have originated with themselves; but if there be any members of the Administration who have allowed their better judgment on great questions of social order and the rights of property to yield to the exigencies of party interest, we can only say that we should have pursued a different course.

Mr. Milnes Gaskell himself bears, if we are not mistaken, a good Whig name. Indeed, he bears the names of two highly respectable Presbyterian families, well known in Yorkshire and Lancashire. We strongly suspect that he is a Whig without knowing it; he may even be a Whig who has not the courage to avow that he inherits so unfashionable a creed; unless, indeed, he is himself a blank leaf between the past and the future. But for ourselves, who are Whigs and nothing else, we claim the right to raise from the depths of oblivion a modest plea for existence; and we shall even venture to contend that the great bulk of liberal intelligence in the country still holds to our own principles and opinions. We shall say nothing of the past. The testimony of great statesmen, from Burke to Bismarck, is not needed to assure us that gratitude for past services counts for nothing in politics.

‘ The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.’

But as long as the pages of Burke, to which even Mr. Morley, one of the chief scorers of the Whig party, pays no unwilling homage, hold their place in English literature, it cannot be said that Whig principles are without a voice or influence in the world. We have placed the name of Burke at the head of this article, because he is, and will ever remain, the most eloquent and illustrious expositor of these principles; and if they have lost anything of their lustre in another age, it is because the traditions of the party have devolved upon less powerful men. But the question remains, and we propose briefly to discuss it: Is it true or false that Whig principles are alive or dead? Are they still an active power in the State? or are they as defunct as those of the Jacobites, their opponents in the last century? They are called Whig principles; the name is of no importance; we are attached to them, not because they are Whig, but because they are the principles of the British Constitution—nay, more, because they are the everlasting principles of freedom, justice, and humanity.

It is another fashion of the present day to deal with political subjects as if they were governed by no principles at all, but must obey every gust of the popular will, impelled by the passions or interests of the hour. Indeed the late Mr. Buckle, though much given to historical generalisation, maintained that no general principles existed in politics; that the art of government was purely empirical, and ruled by the circumstances of each case, which amounts to saying that there is no scientific government at all, and no obligation on the guides and rulers of mankind but to drift with the tide. That was not the language or the spirit of the orators and statesmen of the last century. It was their constant aim and endeavour to show that the measures they proposed and the course they adopted in particular cases were in strict conformity with the rules of conduct which wisdom, experience, and morality prescribed. They revered that restraint of equal laws which they regarded as the essential condition of true liberty; and as Mr. Morley says of Burke, in a very noble passage, ‘They valued the deep-seated order of systems that worked by the accepted uses, opinions, beliefs, and prejudices of a community.’* If there are those who hold that such restraints can be thrown aside for the attainment of momentary power, we are not of that opinion. The government of States cannot be carried on by rash experiments, such as are tried in the paroxysms of revolution, when the convictions of men are

* Morley's Burke, p. 150.

shaken, and they snatch up the first weapon that comes to hand, but by settled rules and traditions of policy, which are gradually improved by a more profound and accurate knowledge of the laws of public economy. These are what we call principles—it matters not by what party nickname they are called—and we say it is impossible they should perish, because they are founded on generous and liberal views of the duty of government, on a manly confidence in the progress of tolerance and freedom, and on strict and sound theorems of political economy, some of which are capable of mathematical demonstration. It is by the truth and stability of such principles that a political party can alone be judged; and the claim of the Whigs to the confidence of the nation is in exact proportion to the fidelity with which that party has adhered to such principles, and defended them against the encroachments of arbitrary power springing either from above or from below. And the defence of these principles rests not with a small band of intelligent politicians, but with the great mass of the free, law-abiding, and enlightened people of this country.

What is the position falsely assigned to us? We are told that the nation is divided into two great parties—Tories and Democrats, Conservatives and Revolutionists—and that between these two all-devouring forces there is no escape and no alternative. He who is not with us is against us; and the leading organ of the Tory party assures us that the friends of law, order, and national liberty, must fall into the Tory ranks or perish miserably. We deny the fact. The Whigs are separated from the Tories by the great gulf of tradition and by the fact that the Tories have been the steady opponents of every measure of toleration, reform, and free trade, ultimately carried by Whig influence. The Tories have no rational remedy to offer for the difficulties and discontents which now afflict a portion of the United Kingdom. Their sole reliance is on resistance, and on a resistance which they are not strong enough to maintain, and which would cause incalculable evils if it could be maintained and enforced. They know themselves that they would break down in the effort, and that the reaction would be more formidable than the disorder they seek to repress. Indeed we might go much further and draw a darker line of distinction if it were worth while to discuss the doctrines of Toryism as they have recently been propounded to the world by high authority speaking in the name of the Conservative party. For these high prerogative doctrines, with their extravagant assumptions and preposterous consequences, are more worthy of Sir Robert Filmer, Dr. Sacheverell, and Lord

Bolingbroke, than of the Conservatives of the present day. It is the fate of that party at this time to be led in one House of Parliament by a statesman more remarkable for courage than for prudence, and in the other House by a statesman more remarkable for prudence than for courage; but neither courage nor prudence would induce or allow them to adopt and avow principles which are far more obsolete than those of their Whig opponents.

The Whigs are separated from the Radicals by the fact that the advanced sections of that party look to large organic changes in the political and social institutions of Great Britain. They would disestablish the Church; they would destroy the power of the House of Lords as an estate of the realm; they are but feebly attached to the monarchy itself—some of them prefer a republican form of government. The Birmingham patriots demand a large increase of executive power—a strange perversion of Liberal principles—in order to enable them to enforce with unlimited authority what they call the ‘will of the people.’ Writers like Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. Goldwin Smith are good enough to propose an entirely new form of government to the English people, the old one being entirely worn out. The Whigs are not in favour of any of these changes. They stand by the Constitution.

The present state of Ireland is an apt and striking illustration of the distinction which may be drawn between Whig principles and Radical practice. We do not remember in our history so complete an example of the application of Radical principles, originating with the Land League and sanctioned by the Legislature, but wholly opposed to Whig traditions. No other part of Europe has witnessed so correct an example of Radical legislation, applied by Radical agents. The experiment is interesting, and we hope to learn something from it. We have no intention to offer any critical remarks on the cause of these disturbances, for which all parties are somewhat to blame, since all parties have, consciously or unconsciously, contributed to them: the Tories from their weakness at the outset of the agitation; the Whigs from a too generous confidence in the effects of Liberal government which led them to relax the grasp of authority; the Radicals because they have applied remedies which have aggravated the evils they hoped to cure, and are even supposed to be leading to the ruin and spoliation of the classes possessing property, and to the utter demoralisation of the classes possessing none. All we are here concerned to say is, that these results are not to be laid to the charge of Whig principles; they are the consequence

of a denial and abandonment of those principles which Whig statesmen profess, and have till now invariably practised.* Whig statesmen carried the Westmeath Act, when Lord Hartington was Chief Secretary for Ireland; and framed the late Lord Grey's powerful Act of 1833. Both these measures were effectual, and Lord Grey broke up the Ministry that had carried the Reform Bill, and retired from office, rather than surrender even a portion of the law which he considered to be necessary to preserve the peace of Ireland. That Act crushed the Repeal movement begun by O'Connell, and saved the Empire. Lord Clarendon, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, succeeded in 1848 in quelling a far more formidable agitation, backed by the revolutions of continental Europe, and he could boast that, in Dublin at least, not a head nor a pane of glass had been broken. Lord Kimberley, in the same position, subdued a violent party conflict in Belfast by a firm and timely exercise of power. These were the acts of eminent Whig statesmen, and though they were denounced by O'Connell and his successors, they were acts of mercy to the many, acts of severity to the few. The Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Earl Grey, all staunch Liberals, stated in their speeches last Session what Whig principles applicable to Ireland really are, based on the truths of political economy and the rules of law. We recognise in those measures and those speeches, whether they are popular or not, the traditions of the great party to which those statesmen belong. A different policy has been followed. We wish that it had been more successful in checking the destruction of property and the effusion of blood by crime. A Radical politician and minister has said in public that 'there *may be* times when it 'is the highest duty of a Liberal Government to support and 'to assert the law.' Those words disclose the whole difference between us. We maintain that the support of law and order, the protection of life and property, and the maintenance of the integrity of the United Kingdom, are *now and always* the first

* It is scarcely necessary to point out that by far the most searching criticisms of the economical and legal effects of the Irish Land Act have proceeded from Liberal statesmen and writers, animated by no party hostility to the present Administration. The most thorough and effective of these criticisms, which we have met with, is the Address on the Irish Land Act delivered in the Hall of Merton College, Oxford, on the 5th December last, by the Honourable George Brodrick, Warden of that college, and published in 'Fraser's Magazine' for January 1882. Mr. Brodrick's Liberal principles are beyond dispute, and we strongly recommend his paper to our readers.

and chief duty of Government, and that there is none beside it or like unto it. But these are Whig not Radical opinions. Are we singular in entertaining them?*

We pass on, however, to the consideration of larger topics. The fundamental condition of the British Constitution, as we understand it, is simply this, that no uncontrolled, undivided, and immediate authority is entrusted to, or vested in, any man or any single body or class of men. The power of the Sovereign is exercised through others, under the system of ministerial responsibility established in 1688. The power of the First Minister of the Crown is shared and limited by his colleagues, by his supporters in Parliament, and by various departments of State. The House of Lords has but little initiative, and is powerless to raise or expend the public money. Its chief function is to review the measures of the other House of Parliament. Priests and synods are controlled by the temporal power, because the Sovereign is the head of the Church, and the Church is established by statute and governed by the law. The House of Commons enjoys all the powers that can be conferred by the electoral body, but it has to confront powers which are not elective, and it would be an evil day for the liberties of England if the House of Commons or any other institution in the State succeeded in establishing an authority paramount to all the rest. England abhors a dictatorial power, which is another word for tyranny; and every power becomes tyrannical when it prevails without control over its co-ordinates. The success of free government depends on the harmonious working of this complicated machinery; if it is out of gear, or if any part of it obtains an excessive pre-dominance, the consequence is that the machinery ceases to

* In justice to Mr. Chamberlain it should be added that since these lines were written he has declared that

‘at this moment I am convinced that the great majority of the people would gladly settle down to the enjoyment of their new rights if they were relieved from the fear of secret violence, and it is the duty and will be the object of the Government to give them all the protection which the resources of the State can supply. In doing this I confidently rely on the support of every Liberal, as I know nothing which would be more fatal to democratic progress than an opinion, justified by facts, that Liberalism cannot defend the freedom which it is its object to establish, and is powerless to protect the majority against the anarchy and disorder which are fostered by an irreconcilable minority.’

This declaration brings its author much nearer to our own view of sound Liberal principles, and we take it to represent the deliberate purpose of the Government, though it is not viewed with unmixed satisfaction by their Radical supporters.

work, legislation is temporarily suspended, the Executive is weakened. But these evils are incomparably less fatal than a violation of the freedom and of the rights of each member of the State.

It is in the nature of man that different powers thus exercised should perpetually contend for more influence than they actually possess. At one time it has been the Crown, at another the aristocracy, at another the Church, and at the present time it is the popular element in the Constitution. This contest is the life of our political structure. It is this movement that adapts the machine to the exigencies of the times. We neither fear it nor deprecate it. On the contrary, we hope that the progress of education and experience will qualify the masses of the people to take a larger share of political power. But if the spirit and the frame of the Constitution is to be preserved, no such share of power ought to be allowed to become exorbitant, in the literal sense of that word. The political views of those who aim at the establishment of an absolute ascendancy in the popular branch of the Legislature, and even of popular clubs and caucuses supreme over the House of Commons itself, are simply subversive of the constitutional fabric, and, if they could be successful, they would establish a tyranny not widely differing from that of the Jacobin Club or the French Convention.

In the memorable chapter on the tyranny of the majority which occurs in M. de Tocqueville's '*Democracy in America*,' he exclaims, 'I hold it to be an impious and execrable maxim that, politically speaking, a people has a right to do whatsoever it pleases.' All political actions are subject to the eternal laws of justice.

'It has been asserted,' he continues, 'that a people can never entirely outstep the boundaries of justice and of reason in those affairs which are more peculiarly its own, and that consequently full power may be given to the majority by which it is represented. But this language is that of a slave. . . . Unlimited power is in itself a bad and dangerous thing. Human beings are not competent to exercise it with discretion, and God alone can be omnipotent, because His wisdom and His justice are equal to His power. But no power upon earth is so worthy of honour for itself, or of reverential obedience to the rights it represents, that I would consent to admit its uncontrolled and all-predominant authority. When I see that the right and the means of absolute command are conferred upon a people or upon a king, upon an aristocracy or a democracy, a monarchy or a republic, I recognise the germ of tyranny, and I journey onwards to a land of more hopeful institutions.' *

* De Tocqueville, '*Democracy*,' vol. i. p. 264.

If Mr. Milnes Gaskell is still in search of Whig principles, these are of them.

All publicists are agreed that the controlling influence of a second Chamber or Senate is an essential part of constitutional government. The founders of the American Union created it with great success, and made their Senate the most powerful and respected body in the Commonwealth. The French Republic has adopted it, and possesses a Senate of far better composition than its Lower Chamber. England has her House of Lords, hereditary as the Crown is hereditary, but perpetually recruited by the promotion of the ablest men in the law, in the Church, in the army, and in civil affairs. If such a Senate is to exist, it is absurd to complain that it sometimes exercises the very powers and functions that belong to it. If such powers are never to be exercised at all, no such body should remain; it were better that its leading members should be merged in the sole Chamber, where their personal authority and talents would be more felt. Nothing can be more idle than to raise a cry against a check to an impulsive policy, which must be cautiously exercised, and which will ultimately yield, if it be fit, to the pressure of truth and public opinion.

The history of antiquity and modern experience alike prove that the tendency of democratic institutions is to place power in a single hand. That made Pericles the master of Athens. That was the origin of Roman Caesarism. That is the theory on which the Bonapartes established their supremacy. The French Republic drifts to a vulgar Caesarism without a Caesar. Even the Constitution of the United States places in the hands of the President a greater executive power than is possessed by any sovereign or minister in Europe, limited chiefly by the duration of his office. This one-man power, as it has been termed, is the result of the confidence which the multitude, unable to decide political questions for themselves, place in a demagogue, or a military chief, or a democratic leader. This is the chief danger of extreme popular institutions, and the most fatal to constitutional government, in which no authority is undivided and no portion of sovereignty uncontrolled. To any such theory of popular absolutism true constitutional principles are radically opposed. The strength of an opposition is as essential to the preservation of liberty as the strength of the government is to the maintenance of order and authority.

These are truths so elementary that it would not be worth while to submit them to the judgment of our readers, were it

not that since Whig principles are sunk deeper than ever plummet sounded, it may be of use to the generation to which such writers as Mr. Milnes Gaskell belong to remind them of their existence. We may inform them that it is on this basis that the British Constitution, as it has existed for nearly two centuries, rests. It has procured for the people of this country during the whole of that period a degree of freedom, order, and security from revolution which no other nation has enjoyed. Imperfections there have been and still are, but the machinery of the Constitution contains within itself a power of self-adjustment by the wise process of Reform; and although the country has passed through many contests and some perils, none of them have shaken the stability of the realm.

The Whig party has never been numerically strong. Throughout the reigns of George III and George IV. its principles were defended by eloquent and intelligent minorities, excluded from office for about seventy years. The Whig members, who met at Lord Althorp's house in the autumn of 1830, are said to have numbered scarcely forty votes. Yet these men carried the Reform Bill of 1832, abolished slavery in the colonies, passed the New Poor Law, and, when the necessity arose, put down by strong legislation disturbances in Ireland not less formidable than those of the present time. They originated these great measures; they inaugurated the era of Reform; but it will be said they had the people of England behind them. No doubt, they were the leaders, and the wise leaders, of the popular cause, able to direct a great popular movement to wise ends, and to control it. How is it with them now?

How stands the country between these two contending forces of Tories and Democrats, Conservatives and Revolutionists? Is there no medium between the two extremes? Is the future government of England to be arrested by the retrograde prejudices of one party, or imperilled by the rash innovations of the other? We believe nothing of the kind. The political centre of gravity, as we have more than once said in this Journal, lies between the two. The great bulk of the intelligence of the nation and all its greatest interests are neither Tory nor Radical. They occupy that central position which is precisely the one which we have it at heart to defend. In France parties are conveniently described from the position they occupy in their semicircular hall of assembly: the extremes are called the Right and the Left, between them sit the Right Centre and the Left Centre. M. Thiers used

to say in more tranquil times, 'La France est Centre Gauche,' the Left Centre represents the country. That is the inevitable result when a nation is not torn by factions or wearied by revolutions. The people wish for progress, and they wish for security. They are jealous of their rights, utterly opposed to the slightest excess of authority, desirous of advancement and improvement; but they do not desire and will not tolerate that the institutions of the realm should be attacked, that the guarantees of constitutional liberty should be overthrown or undermined by factions, or that authority should fail to give an adequate support to law and order, and adequate protection to the rights and property of every citizen and the common interests of society. These are the principles of common sense and common justice. We shall not affect to restrict their influence by any party designation, for they are the principles which patriotism and reason suggest to men of all parties, and we shall content ourselves with saying that they are held by none more firmly than by ourselves.

It is to be regretted that principles of such general application should be mixed up with personal considerations or even with party interests. The statesman who adheres to them most closely and applies them most firmly is, in our eyes, the best Minister of the Crown and Constitution of England. With them he is all-powerful; without them no minister will retain the confidence and respect of the country. In the present state of political feeling in England, with large constituencies moved by continual agitation and a powerful press, and sheltered by the ballot from the charge of inconsistency, no permanent reliance can be placed on personal influence or even on party organisation. We saw Lord Beaconsfield carried in triumph in the autumn of 1878, and hurled from power in the spring of 1880. A similar fate had overtaken Mr. Gladstone in 1874, though he has since retrieved it by the astonishing resources of his energy and his eloquence. These fluctuations of public opinion had too much of a personal character. They were in fact the enthusiastic choice or rejection of a popular leader, the natural results of excitement and agitation. But we must be pardoned for saying that those who watch the course of public affairs with less of passion than of reason will judge of the conduct of their rulers, not by this or that speech or this or that measure, but by their steadfast adherence to the old rules of constitutional government. It is not enthusiasm but confidence which is the true basis of a permanent administration; and confidence will be won by a consistent application

of those principles which the leaders of the Whig party profess in common with the most sober and enlightened classes of the nation.

We have no desire to prolong this discussion. Our intention in these remarks, which we have purposely confined to a few pages, is not to reflect upon the opinions or the conduct of those who happen to differ from ourselves, but simply to assert the permanence and the force of the principles this Journal has invariably maintained. Administrations are not permanent; the persons who compose them change; the measures they propose, whether for good or evil, pass away. Party combinations and organisation fluctuate and are exposed to all the vicissitudes of fortune. But, if there be any truth in political science, if there be any stability in law, if there be any security to the institutions of society, these essential conditions of civilisation and progress must be supported by principles above the reach of circumstances and the caprices and ignorances of men. These are the traditions which it is the highest privilege of a writer on public affairs to defend, and he may perhaps defend them the better if he has no personal ambition to gratify, and no personal interest in the contest. If he ceases to be an advocate, he may aspire in some degree to the impartial functions of a judge, which are simply to interpret and apply those rules of law and equity which are written in the Constitution of the country.

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No. CCCXVIII.

ART. I.—1. *Lettres et Mémoires de Marie d'Angleterre, épouse de Guillaume III.* Collection de Documents Authentiques inédits. Par MECHTEL, Comtesse BENTINCK (née WALDECK). La Haye, Paris, and London: 1880.

2. *Der Fall des Hauses Stuart.* (1660–1714.) Von ONNO KLOPP. Wien: 1876.

3. *Les derniers Stuarts à Saint-Germain-en-Laye.* Par la Marquise CAMPANA DI CAVELLI. Deux tomes folio. Paris, London, and Edinburgh: 1871.

A HUNDRED years have passed since Sir John Dalrymple finished his 'Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland.' In dedicating that work to Lord North, he said that his own recent discoveries among diplomatic papers, both at home and abroad, 'should lead men to reflect that the day of reckoning will sooner or later come, when on the historic page their true characters and motives of action will appear.' During the century that has elapsed since those words were written, the actions alike of the Stuart princes and of their opponents have not remained unchallenged. They have, on the contrary, been handled by the most distinguished of English statesmen and writers. The Revolution of 1688, being the most signal triumph of the cause to which the genius of Mr. Fox was devoted, could not fail to attract his attention. In the last years of his life he visited Paris, and examined the papers which were then known to exist in the collections of the State, as well as in the Scots College. He said that 'his studies there had been useful beyond description,' but a history of James II., in one quarto volume, is the only record left of them. It is an incomplete

as it is also a posthumous work, and it goes no further than the collapse of Monmouth's rebellion.

To the sympathies of Sir James Mackintosh the same subject warmly appealed. It was his intention to write a continuation of Hume's 'History of England,' and sorely is it to be regretted that this was never given to us to replace the dreary pages of Smollett. But Mackintosh was a desultory writer, and at his death all that was found ready for the press was that charming fragment which follows the fortunes, or misfortunes, of King James down to the fatal autumn of 1688. He left, however, an amazing collection of documents illustrative of a period of which Lingard and Miss Strickland were presently to treat in a spirit entirely opposite to that of the two liberal historians. To them William of Orange appeared as monstrous as he had appeared heroic in the eyes of Fox and Mackintosh. Yet of the latter even Miss Strickland must have allowed that no author had ever better opportunities for studying his hero in all his most private relations. In Mackintosh's hands had been placed copies of the Welbeck papers, and from these private letters he would certainly, had he lived, have added to the portrait of William many touches of the most lifelike interest. The whole of the Mackintosh collections ultimately came under the eyes of Lord Macaulay, and upon him then devolved the task, say rather the joyful opportunity, of compiling a History of England from the accession of James II. In his hands this seemingly well-worn theme became a wondrous tale. Details were kneaded or welded by him into a whole, and the figures of men and women moved again, all palpitating, on the historic stage. He was ever able to extract from the rudest ore what was of value for his work; but it must also be said that he knew how to drive at an impetuous pace through the episodes and facts that either did not suit his artistic purpose, or that clashed with his settled prejudices. But he left English history very different from what he found it, and such as he has made it any future historian will find it very difficult to remake it. The dust has gathered now over his desk, and the grave with its silence has closed above the head in which that marvellous memory dwelt; yet Englishmen still feel the influence of his work. The interest it excited thirty years ago has never gone to sleep, and because men's minds were so stirred by his History of the Revolution of 1688, they welcome any additional information about the *dramatis personæ* of that the eventful year which saw the fall of the House of Stuart.

When it dawned the succession to the crown of England was

still unsettled, but felt to be what Dr. Klopp calls it, a 'Schick-sals Frage für Europa.' On the one side stood the King of France, the head of the monarchical party in Europe, undepressed by the blow which Nimeguen once gave to his pretensions, and master of the entrances into Germany, Italy, and Spain. On the other side was William, Prince of Orange, great, not by the servitude of his country, but through its service, and by a deliverance, in 1672, which can only be compared to that of Greece from the armies of Xerxes. Such was William in Holland: abroad he represented the Protestant cause, while for England he embodied the hope of release from systematic oppression. Between these two leaders the enmity was of long standing. The interest of both sides was evident, and victory, it was felt in 1688, must remain with the player who should make the best use of such opportunities as fate might place in his hands. The game of the Dutch prince promised fairly at one time. By his marriage with the English heiress he scored a point, and such an alliance added to his importance at home. But again in 1688, when Queen Mary Beatrice expected her confinement, the Catholic appeared to be the winning side, and every effort, loyal and disloyal, had then to be made, lest the appearance of an heir male to the crown of England should ruin both the constitutional government and the Anglican Church, and along with them the balance of power in Europe.

While the scenes of this drama evolved themselves in England all the Continental sovereigns had their agents there, and never perhaps had ambassadors or envoys more weighty matters to convey to their respective masters. Pens were kept busy in London, and the writers who wielded them had agents and correspondents abroad as clever and keen-sighted as themselves. Thus the documents relating to the English Revolution which exist in Continental archives can be numbered by thousands. The letters of Barillon were the first to be generally quoted: and very condemnatory of his master they are. Sir James Mackintosh published in the appendix to his first edition many of the papers of D'Adda, that Papal nuncio who came to England in secular dress and guise, and who did not betray his true character till the king and queen had ceased to think so much discretion necessary. Lord Macaulay gained credit by his use of D'Avaux's despatches (printed by the Foreign Office), and Ranke contributed those documents from the Brandenburg collection which Klopp, from some professional jealousy, makes a point of knowing nothing about. It is really no matter for jealousy, because, since Lord Macaulay and Ranke wrote their

histories of the English troubles in the seventeenth century, Italian and Austrian archives have been made to give up their treasures, and the papers of Terriesi and of Hoffmann unavoidably render their readers wiser than their predecessors could have been. We use the word 'treasures' advisedly, for the despatches of Terriesi and of Hoffmann are of extraordinary value. There is a homely, living charm about Terriesi's Tuscan idioms, and while he sent to Florence the most able accounts of the men and measures that must bring about a change of rulers in England, he let no trifle escape his notice. He reports interviews with 'my lord privy *Seale*' and 'my lord *canceliere*,' but he does not omit to mention the thirty physic bottles that he saw in the nursery of the Prince of Wales, or his wonder at 'the quantity of stuffs that could be poured into one poor 'bodikin' (*corpicciuolo*). His name was well known in England as that 'Count Therèse' who lent his carriage to assist the royal fugitive, and to whom the king handed over his strong box and papers. His letters and despatches in the Medicean archives fill many large *filze*. The first letter is dated January 24, 1675, and the last, from London, is written on March 23, 1690, when the 'Giacomisti' and the 'Gugliemisti,' as he terms them, were fighting in Ireland. This wonderful correspondence, with a minute account of the queen's flight, and with a vast number of proclamations, squibs, pamphlets, and reports of debates in both Houses, makes up a possession of great value. The whole has been copied at the expense of the trustees of the British Museum, and was by their order added to the collection of additional manuscripts, where it now forms twenty-four quarto volumes. Terriesi did not entirely trust to his own excellent ears and eyes; he had correspondents who let him into some of the secrets at the Hague. For example, Lente, the Danish Minister at the Court of William, was on intimate terms with him. Thus the Tuscan agent had early information that when D'Albeville gave a fête in honour of the newborn Prince of Wales, every official person, from the Hanoverian Minister down to the underlings of the establishment of Mary, absented himself or herself. A hint had been dropped at head-quarters that the birth of this child was to be discredited, and thus the envoy's fête was passed over in contemptuous neglect.* As Stefano Terriesi was the partisan of the Court and of the Romanising party in England, his evidence is of the greater value. He was clever and popular as well as vigilant, and he had some

* Medici Archives, F, No. 4240.

literary skill. His letters are, therefore, more skilfully written than those of Salvetti, whose papers are, however, deserving of much attention. They form, when combined with the Ricasoli, Del Bene, and Melani collections, such a weight of documentary evidence that a very fair history of the fall of James II. might be compiled by an author who had not looked for his authorities beyond the libraries of Florence.

When we begin to consider the private history of Queen Mary Beatrice, we find, as might have been expected, that Modena is richer than any other place in letters illustrative of her youth, her reign, and her family affections. Marie Beatrice of England, Archduchess of Innspruck, Duchess of Modena, the daughter of Laura Mancini, and therefore the grand-niece of Cardinal Mazarin, is the only Italian who ever sat on the throne of Great Britain. Of noble Guelphic origin, of remarkable beauty, and of unassuming virtues, hers is one of the most touching figures in history. Her original vocation was for the cloister; yet it must be said that she was very ignorant of the world which she wished to renounce, for she was then only fourteen years of age, and her geographical researches had not carried her so far as the isles of Britain. When her hand was first solicited for the Duke of York, some presentiment led her to request with tears that she might not be married to him. But Louis XIV., who had arranged this alliance, was not to be overruled by a few tears, and the bride had to leave Modena with her mother for Paris. She wrote to a friend, the abbess of a convent of Visitandines, a long and naïve account of this journey, and of the splendours of Versailles, where Louis himself did the honours to the bride elect. When she landed at Dover she was met by the Duke of York, and overcome by fears, fatigue, and girlish timidity, she burst into tears at the first sight of the middle-aged, dark-visaged husband to whom she was ultimately to give all the affection of a gentle and not unheroic spirit. She was very delicate, she had often to suffer a great deal from the Duke's infatuation for Catharine Sedley, and perhaps in those early days, when writhing under her coarse rival's power, she sighed for the gloomy palace courts of Modena, for Sassuolo's green retreat, or even for the cloisters of her friends, the Visitandines. Then she unfortunately bequeathed her delicacy of constitution to her offspring, and she had already buried four infants ere, in June 1688, she gave birth to the son who was fated to be at once the great sorrow and the great consolation of her life. The family archives of Modena contain her letters, and those of her relations and sympathisers, and from these '*Archivi Estensi*'

the Marquise Campana di Cavelli has succeeded in putting together a very complete biography of the queen. To begin with, we have the letters of Laura Mancini and of her son, the reigning duke; and there is an amusing description of Marie's entrance into London from the pen of her brother, Rinaldo. He describes the river and the crowds, and he adds, not without a touch of humour, 'that it will be as well if none of *them* are 'long seen about the place.' Then there come the Cattaneo, Nigretti, and Ricciardi papers, of which the first gives evidence as to Louis's constant interference at Modena, and these are followed by the very private letters of the Montecuccoli lady, who was with her royal mistress at St. James's during the alarming illness of the little Prince of Wales, and who shared her flight. Next come the Ronchi manuscripts, of which the value may be guessed when we say that Ronchi was chaplain to Mary Beatrice, both as Duchess of York and as queen. He knew of her visits to miraculous wells, and shared all her hopes that the birth of a royal prince 'would be the most 'fitting antidote for extinguishing the heat which the Prince 'of Orange doth foment in the country, and humbling the 'pride of the many whom the hope of a Protestant succession 'hath stirred up to oppose openly the royal transactions.' Interesting as are Ronchi's papers, they find an admirable continuation in those of the Abbé Rizzini. He was the resident in Paris for the house of Modena, and, as such, privy to the French plan by which the hand of the Duke of York was first offered to its young princess, and by which the marriage of the Duke of Modena was now assisted, now delayed, and a cardinal's hat procured for Rinaldo. After the arrival of the English king and queen at St. Germain's, Rizzini, who had always urged them to flight, became their constant visitor; and it is through him, as well as through the pathetic papers of the nuns of Chaillot, that we learn to know the daily lives of the exiles as well as the wild hopes of their followers.

It is now time to speak of the archives of Spain and of Austria, two countries of divided sympathies. Their Catholicism ought naturally to have enlisted them on the side of James and of Father Petre; but their fear of Versailles gave them a much stronger bias in favour of the Prince of Orange. Even in religious matters, by Spain, Portugal, part of Italy, and by Austria, the claim of Louis to head the Catholic party was denied, and they refused his lead; while Spain, as his nearest neighbour, had the most to fear from the universal monarchy which he endeavoured to establish. How Ronquillo,

the Spanish ambassador, took stock of the French sympathies of James and of the Jesuits, is evident from his despatches—papers from which Lord Macaulay drew very largely. But another correspondence of Ronquillo's has appeared lately, far more interesting and more private in its nature—viz. that which passed between Ronquillo and Hoffmann, the Austrian agent in London.* These letters do justice to the moderate wishes of such respectable Catholics as Powis and Bellasis, while they specify the aims of the two great European powers who were then agreed to curb the influence of France. They tell a very plain tale, though, from their date, they cannot touch upon that later contradiction by which the Spanish king (in a complete change of policy) finally handed over his empire to Louis. As for the emperor, fatigued and weakened by his wars with Turks and Hungarians, he looked upon the Prince of Orange with grateful admiration. He remembered that Louis had once offered to rid the young ruler of Holland of all his enemies at home, and to make him a European sovereign, protected by France and England. William, who saw all the danger and all the indignity of such a position, one which would never have been offered to him had not all the advantages been palpably on the side of France, replied that if foiled in Holland he could retire to his German estates and hunt, or, if need be, he could die in the last ditch in defence of his country's independence. The emperor recognised all the courage of this reply, but he perceived on the other hand in the King of England nothing but corrupt subservience to French dictation, and he never tired of pointing out to James the danger of such a thralldom. In 1685, he had so far succeeded in impressing him, that Louis saw some symptoms of a defection. The letters in which Louis informed his agent Barillon of this possible danger, and therefore desired him to work on the fanaticism of the king, would of themselves suffice to justify the Revolution of 1688.

Of Hoffmann's admirable letters to his emperor, the Marquis Campana di Cavelli has printed sixty, all absolutely new to English readers; while Dr. Klopp has largely illustrated his '*Fall of the House of Stuart*' by the papers of Thun and of Kaunitz. The latter of these ministers remained in London till the hour of the crisis, but Hoffmann continued there even after the arrival of William and Mary, and he gives a most detailed account of those events. His letters, which are written with frankness, yet in the most impassioned style, remind

* Now in the possession of the Duke of Medina-Cœli.

one of the utterances of the chorus in a Greek tragedy. We shall have occasion to quote from them presently—we will only say here that these Austrian state papers fully explain the complaints of King James as expressed in his Memoirs, and his dying allusion to the Emperor Leopold.

The whole evidence of the records, from Tuscan, Modenese, French, Spanish, and Austrian archives, to which may be added those of Dresden, Berlin, and even of Venice (since there is a curious correspondence between James and the Doges Giustiniani and Morosini), is in the highest degree condemnatory of the king. They show his determination to carry out a high-handed policy to the bitter end, and we do not find in them, what later sources afford, proofs of courage and of that single-minded tenacity of feeling which it is not too much to speak of as unworldly in a monarch who believed in the divine right of kings to govern by themselves and for themselves alone. It is true that in the most faulty hours of his life James had a minister as base as Sunderland, and a queen who was, and remained, a foreigner to the English—a woman of infinite merits, but who was ignorance personified. And if the nation was jealous of her influence and advice, with what eyes must it have regarded Father Petre, the agent of a Company which for every thousand of its members can always reckon on ten thousand enemies? It was by strangers that the wires were really pulled; and as Courtin, Barillon, Bonrepos, Pointis, D'Avaux, and Lauzun succeeded each other in London, so they vied with each other in bullying, bribing, and flattering the king they were deputed to mislead. The seed they sowed fell into good ground; and though James had begun his life in banishment, it is certain, as Béranger sings, that '*jamais l'exil n'a corrigé les rois,*' and having in three years and a half forfeited the love of his subjects, he was driven forth again, and to the fields of eternal exile. How his over-busy prompters, home and foreign, lay and spiritual, led him to his ruin, has long been well known; but recent research has demonstrated that these advisers were all, to use a French phrase, '*more Catholic than the Pope.*' King Charles, though he received the last sacraments from Father Huddleston, warned his successor not '*to think of introducing Popery into England, it being a thing dangerous and impracticable.*' The best English Roman Catholics had little sympathy with the encroachments of the Crown, and felt that an excess of zeal might easily bring them again under those penal restrictions with which they had already made a painful acquaintance. The Pope, who had his own reasons

for disliking the home policy of Versailles, was by no means very favourable to King James. He remarked that his Majesty was very unlikely to reconcile the kingdom of Great Britain with the Holy See, and he firmly refused to give a red hat to Father Petre. When James was in exile at St. Germain, and almost ready, after the collapse of his plans in Ireland, to retire into La Trappe, we notice in Mme. de Sévigné's letters that French society felt little or no enthusiasm about him, and Bossuet, the most national of Gallican prelates, said, with a shrug, that a Catholic sovereign, blest with a little common sense, need not have clashed with his Protestant subjects. The zeal of James, so intemperate and so ruinous, was, had he but known it, the reflection both of Louis' lifelong hatred for William of Orange, and of the vaulting ambition of a priest, who saw in the strong will of the king the way to satisfy his own conceptions, and to take a splendid revenge for long years of repression in England. The 'Priest's Hole' and the sliding panels of English country houses still bear witness to an era of persecution when apothecaries made the wafer in secret, and when the mass was only said in the chilliest hours of the early dawn, ere cavesdroppers were stirring who were likely to denounce at once the celebrant and the worshippers. In such thralldom Edward Petre had grown up, and he was determined that when the last should be first, his foot should be on the necks of his Church's enemies. But about Petre, Terriesi, who was himself a devout son of the Church, could write as follows:—

'Never was the king in such a mess as at present. . . . The whole kingdom is alarmed by the strides he makes towards a spiritual and temporal despotism, and even the Dissenters, who should be their greatest enemies, are taking the side of the bishops. . . . The people are enraged (*arrabbiato*), as they believe the conduct of the king to be caused by the influence of the queen over his mind, and by the direction of the Jesuits and friars. The Pope never would consent to clearing Father Petre of that characteristic, which is so odious in this country, of *Jesuitry*. The king being obliged to use him for important affairs, it follows from this, either that he must not so make use of him, or that, by employing him, he will make him the instrument of his own ruin.'

There can be no question but that the king, Barillon, and Father Petre formed a triumvirate; no question but that a Catholic conspiracy existed against English liberties, and against the Church of England; and nothing can justify James for his corrupt communications with the French king. The chain of evidence here is complete; but Lord Macaulay was right.

when he complained that the Dutch archives have been too little explored. There are the contemporary papers of Citters and Van Lewven, and in Wagenaar's History, as in Van Kampen's '*Karakterkunden*,' Lord Macaulay found pictures of the events of 1688, and a likeness of its hero. Burnet, and his nephew Johnstone, saw a great deal of what ultimately passed at the Hague, and to the bishop's vivid memory we owe the transcript of those polemical letters which passed between King James and a daughter whose Protestant principles he attacked. The bishop's own behaviour, and his share in the Revolution, are well known, and the letters of Dykevelt and of Zulestein were all accessible to Dalrymple; but what we still want from Holland is a complete chain of the agents and agencies at work there. We need to be better acquainted with those home difficulties of William which made it so desirable for him to steady a Dutch crown by putting an English one on the top of it. The republican party there was by no means so averse to French influence as this far-sighted Dutch prince; and his struggle for national independence, at a time when the calamitous situation of the United Provinces laid them open to all the blows of fortune, as well as his success in rescuing Protestantism in Europe from an apparently desperate situation, are truly heroic themes. They form, as Fox remarked, delightful reading. But for us it would be even more interesting to be able to trace in him the rising of that passion of personal ambition which, as Burnet warned his wife, would accept of no consort's crown, and which was only truly gratified when he took his seat on the throne of England. Above all, we should like to recover evidence of the first steps taken by what we must in their turn call the Protestant conspirators against the reality of the birth of the Prince of Wales. A party did arise whose object was to discredit and, if possible, disown the birth of an heir male. To this conspiracy were privy, earlier or later, the Princess Anne of Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Orange, Bentinck and his wife Anne Villiers, Churchill and his wife Sarah Jennings, Burnet and his nephew, Sir Patrick Hume and his family (all refugees at the Hague), with Dykevelt, and Zulestein, an illegitimate offshoot of the house of Orange-Nassau. Gradually there were drawn into it all those English politicians, like Middleton, in whose breasts the love of hereditary monarchy and the love of the Established Church had suffered a divorce through the continued misrule of the king. The letters of Anne, who was the most outspoken enemy of the Prince of Wales, have been preserved; the letters of Mary

have, in many instances, and in their autograph form, perished. Her husband destroyed them from a wish, on the part of the writer, that posterity should believe that London, and not the Hague, had been the source of this feeling against the heir male.*

It is just because we know so little of Mary's personal feelings, and of her secret motives during the crisis, that we so greatly value Countess Bentinck's collection. Among the family papers at Middachten she has found a series of letters and meditations by Queen Mary, the latter of which were penned when William had put to sea, prepared to dispossess her infant brother of an inheritance, and the king her father of his throne. Till their appearance no one suspected Mary of any of the literary talent of her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather; but we see no reason to doubt the authenticity of documents which came into the possession of a personal friend of their royal author—viz. of Sophia Aldenbourg, the heiress of Middachten, and the wife of a son of the Earl of Portland by his second marriage. Some of these pieces are identical with papers already cited by Burnet and Dalrymple, and this circumstance would seem to vouch for the authenticity of the rest of a collection which is, alike from the psychological and from the historical point of view, eminently valuable.† In his 'Curiosities of Literature' Isaac Disraeli devoted several pages to the personality of Mary. Her double nature and her circumstances fascinated him, and we can only regret that a man so fitted to enjoy the niceties of historic research should not have lived to recognise this Janus-faced princess as painted by herself—now smiling, and apparently at ease, now breathing out in her closet the uneasiness of a 'heart that is ready to break.' Countess Bentinck has edited on Grimblot's plan: she simply

* 'I beg the king to burn this, and my other papers:' Meditations of Queen Mary. Kensington: August 1691.

† On November 4, 1687, just one year before the landing of William at Torbay, James II. addressed to his daughter Mary a very curious paper containing his reasons for changing his religion. On December 26 the princess answered this communication by a fervent and well-reasoned statement of the reasons of her own adherence to the Protestant faith. She showed this letter to Burnet, who records it, as he alleges from memory, in his 'History of his own Times.' Countess Bentinck now publishes copies of both these letters. That of the princess is almost identical with the record of it in Burnet, which proves either that he had extraordinary powers of memory, or that he had made a note of its contents. But the fact is curious, because it attests the authenticity of the documents now published.

copies the letters, and so leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. There is an austere and yet passionate tone about these meditations which cannot fail to communicate itself to those who peruse them. We here gauge the depth of Mary's love for her husband, of her grief at being a childless wife, and of her zeal for her Church and faith. She shows herself often as diffident and anxious, but no trace appears of any misgiving as to the rightfulness of her cause. We have no such coarse or cruel words from her as we possess from the Princess Anne's pen; yet she felt that the conjuncture was awful, and that if they failed now, her own and her adopted country must be alike obliterated from the map of European politics. With regard to the Church of England, she loved it, and the king, her father, had recently boasted to her husband that 'in two 'years' time the body called the Church of England would not 'have a being.' That the Prince and Princess of Orange had in their minds 'a mixed consideration for the public and for 'themselves' no one denies, but Mary certainly was ambitious rather for her husband than for herself. For him she hoped, for him she prayed, and through her assistance she did hope to buy an increased measure of his affection, of that love which was to be her recompense and crown. She was able to overlook all other considerations in the interests of her creed and her husband, and it only remains to be wished that those interests had been less glaringly and intimately her own. No event in human life, however, stands alone; it is rather as the harvest of seeds long since planted, as the fruit of a tree long and carefully trained in a given direction. History is, when rightly read, the story of human passions, and this, which is especially the history of a woman's heart, becomes, when clearly understood, one of no common subtlety. When the crisis of 1688 came upon Mary, it found her duly prepared to meet it, and to look at it only through the prince's eyes.

The child of James, Duke of York, and of Anne Hyde, she was born in England, and before her parents had forgotten how, in spite of family remonstrances, they had met, loved, and wedded. She had a pleasing person, gentle manners, a tolerable education, and a docile if not a sensitive nature. Her sister Anne, her junior only by two years, was every way her inferior; but the two girls grew up together at Richmond, where their playfellows were Anne Trelawney, Sarah Jennings, and those daughters of their governess, Lady Frances Villiers, of whom in later years Mary was fated to see so much. Anne Hyde died, and we have it on her husband's authority that she did so in the communion of the Church of

Rome, but the childless King Charles II., who looked upon these girls as his heirs, did not remove them from their father's care till a year later, when he had contracted a second marriage with a bride who was a Roman Catholic and an Italian, chosen by Louis XIV. from among the grand-nieces of Cardinal Mazarin. Princess Mary of England was confirmed at fifteen years of age, and then made her first appearance in public at a great dinner at the Guildhall, when she sat beside the king, her uncle. She was now a toast and an heiress, and suitors began to appear. Her father, again acted upon by French prompters, wished to marry her to the dauphin, but here Charles was firm, and he betrothed her to her cousin, than which no match could well have been less acceptable at Versailles.

William of Orange-Nassau, the son of William the Second and of Mary Stuart, though not yet the hero of the Treaty of Nimègue, was, however, no ordinary suitor. Born only a few hours after his father's murder, his hold of life had seemed to be then most precarious, and at the Palace in the Wood his mother reared with difficulty this delicate, asthmatic, and prematurely thoughtful child. When herself comparatively a young woman, she was carried off by the smallpox : the same disease which some years later must have proved fatal to her son had he not had the devoted care of his friend and comrade, Hans Willem, Sieur de Bentinck. If the death of William had occurred then, it would have left the coast clear for the republican party ; but he recovered, and recovered to realise how doubtful it was whether the son of William the Second would ever be allowed to wear a European crown. The nobles of Holland were powerful ; the memory of De Witt was fresh, and French intrigues were at work ; but William had loyal supporters, and Charles II. was staunch to his nephew's interests. When Sir W. Temple first came to speak of a marriage with the king's eldest niece, Bentinck at once saw the value of such an alliance. William, though alive to its importance, was of an obstinate nature, a man to take no step that was pointed out to him unless he might at least appear to have chosen it for himself. He said that, though he had often thought of her, he must go to England, and both see and love his cousin before he affianced himself to her. The cousins met, and Mary was married on her birthday, November 4, 1677. The English public was enchanted, and it is certain that in the whole course of his reign Charles never did anything so thoroughly popular as his promotion of this marriage.

That the French king should be furious at it surprised no one, least of all the bridegroom, with whom he had already, so to speak, measured swords. But the Duke of York was equally ill pleased. Princess Anne nicknamed her brother-in-law 'Caliban,' and only the Duchess of York was propitious, and called the newly married pair, 'Orange and Lemon.' Hardly had the ring been placed on Mary's finger when an event occurred which might account for all the gloom and taciturnity of her young husband. The Duchess of York was delivered of a son, and thus when the bride landed at the Hague she had virtually ceased to be the presumptive heiress to the English crown. Here was a lesson on the vanity of human wishes. The little Duke of Cambridge only lived, it is true, for ten days, but still he breathed long enough to overcloud the honeymoon, and to spoil the prestige of Mary's landing in Holland. Three of the Villiers young ladies accompanied her: Mary, who was afterwards Lady Inchiquin; Anne, who bestowed herself on Bentinck, but did not live to be Countess of Portland; and Elizabeth, the one who, as their years of childless matrimony rolled on, contrived in some measure to separate the prince from her royal mistress. The spiritual guides of the princess's youth, Dr. Lake and Dr. Doughty, remained in England, but at the Hague Dr. Lloyd acted as her chaplain till he was replaced by Ken and Hooper, men well fitted to do honour to the Church of England in a foreign land, while they fostered a love for her in the breast of a princess who was born an Englishwoman.

The death of King Charles did not occur till after Mary had received visits in her watery dominions from her sister, and from the Duke and Duchess of York. James did not at that time make any attempt to convert his daughter to the Romish faith, but as it was said in Holland that he had only been sent over there to keep him out of mischief in England, his accession to the throne in 1685 naturally excited much attention at the Hague. There Monmouth was already popular among the Dutch. To the credit of William and Mary, it must be said that in the matter of Monmouth's rebellion they were consistently loyal to King James. How far William was selfishly determined to acknowledge no marriage between Lucy Waters and the late king does not appear. This consideration may have weighed with him, but the Dutch as a nation knew and liked Monmouth, who had lived a good deal among them, and who was at least a good Protestant, if but a weak and a foolhardy young man. It would, on the other hand, have been very awkward for King James if by

any misadventure these two Protestant aspirants to his throne had met to coalesce, and so when William offered to reconduct in person the three Scottish regiments quartered at the Hague which the king had summoned home, James refused the polite offer. It was impossible for the sovereign not to connect it in his own mind with a recent visit of Bentinck's to this country, when the chief friends of the Protestant succession whom he consulted had 'hoped that the 'Prince of Orange would come over and show himself.'

At the close of Monmouth's rebellion James found himself restored to much of his original popularity. But he did not know how to keep the goodwill of his people, and daily exhibitions of his selfwill soon came to rouse the fears and irritations of the national party. Men began to draw off into two camps, according as they looked for preferment from the courts of Versailles and St. James, or as they deprecated for their country that policy of 'Popery and wooden shoes,' which has become a byword in England. Count Kaunitz reported to the emperor:—

'The split grows wider and wider. The statutes really exclude Catholics from offices of State, and yet King James confers office by preference on Catholics. The king, who has not kept his word with his people, will not keep it. He chooses to act on the principle *hæretico non est habenda fides*. His Majesty has great confidence in Father Petre of the Company of Jesus; and both Catholics and Protestants complain of this man. The succession to the throne, like everything else here, remains in uncertainty. . . . There are troubles in Ireland. . . . In all these things the French King has plainly a hand.'

The hand of Louis XIV. was at this moment, so to speak, a red one. He had revoked the Edict of Nantes, and declared a determination to make an end of heresy within fair France. He told James that his new edicts 'would meet with the less opposition as conversions were general, and as few, in the face of his royal proclamation, would be so stiff-necked as to continue in error.' Those who did so had his dragoons quartered on them, and Louis took a vindictive pleasure in desiring that a special example should be made of the principality of Orange. The title of Prince of Orange came first into the family of Nassau by the marriage of one of the descendants of Adolf of Nassau with Claude of Orange-Châlons, the heiress of a family which, in the palmy days of the Princes of Baux and Orange, had been among the greatest of those who ruled in the valley of the Rhone. It was still a goodly heritage, and Mary wrote to her father to

beg of him to intercede with the King of France in behalf of their sorely persecuted subjects in Orange. This was, she said, the only favour that she had ever asked from the king her father; but James either would not adopt her cause, or else Louis tacitly disregarded a piece of feeble interference with his policy. In truth the King of England had matter enough to occupy him at home without making himself the champion of the woes of Orange. 'The king,' wrote Kaunitz, 'postpones the summoning together of his parliament.' What the king really meditated was the repeal of those penal statutes which kept Catholics at a disadvantage, and reserved office and its emoluments for members of the Church of England only. Before altering these laws, or tampering with their administration, arbitrary dealings with the judges would be necessary, and it is startling to remember that in three and a half years James made thirteen judges feel their dependence on 'the king's pleasure.' Then came the question of the Dissenters. If the gate was to be set wide enough to allow Catholics to enter, Quakers and Anabaptists could not be left outside; thus James in coquetting with the Dissenters exhibited the curious spectacle of a ruler who had for his two advisers William Penn and Edward Petre. He even sent Penn to the Hague to coax Mary into taking a favourable view of his proposed measure of toleration; but the embassy only bore this fruit, that the Quaker returned charged with a request from the Prince that his Majesty 'would consider the propriety of making a more suitable allowance to 'his eldest daughter,' 5,000*l.* a year being the sum which her husband named as not excessive for the heiress of England. To this James replied, that before making such an allowance he should require to be perfectly sure that the money would not be used against himself—a reply which shows that confidence no longer marked the relations between these royal persons. A Dutch emissary was even now in London, and could James have glanced into Dykevelt's despatches, he would have been still more determined to keep his 45,000*l.* on his own side of the German Ocean. Dykevelt wrote to the prince that 'the English were disaffected, but that though disaffected, it did not follow that they were prepared to welcome a foreign ruler.' A republic, such as Algernon Sidney and William Russell had dreamed of, was even now possible, and this was much to be deprecated, both for its effect on the prince's own position in Holland, where republican sympathies were by no means dead, and for its general effect in Europe.

While Dykevelt's mission in England cheered the spirits of

the national party, it also happened that some of the victims of their fanaticism had become as whips to scourge the two kings who tortured Covenanters in Scotland with boot and screws, or quartered upon the Huguenots of Languedoc De Bâville's terrible dragoons. In 1684, Sir Patrick Hume and his family fled to Rotterdam, where the Prince of Orange welcomed them cordially, and gave the men of this persecuted house commissions in his guard. At the Hague too might be found the *pasteurs* Claude and Chambrun, along with Bayle, Jurien, Dubosc, and De Bostaquet, and many more who by their talents, their sufferings, and indeed by their very presence, inflamed the national fear of France and of Popery. In England Huguenot refugees without number pointed the same moral, and adorned the same tale. Colonies of such exiles were already formed in Canterbury, in Peterborough, in Axholme, and in Spitalfields. London was full of them. There were the Dupuis from Normandy, the Venables from Dieppe, and the Portals from Toulouse, all living exponents of the policy which King James supported, and under which, as Sarah Jennings bluntly remarked, 'everybody would be ruined who was not a Papist.' But there was another adversary, of whose tactics James and Louis were both cognisant, an enemy whom they had never been able to silence or cajole, and whose animosity they returned in full. This was Gilbert Burnet. Writing about him to Barillon the Grand Monarque did not hesitate to say :—

'As to Dr. Burnet, I am already advised that he has left nothing to add to the insolence with which he writes against the king his master, and I have ordered the Sieur de Corissy to assure Skelton from me that whoever shall undertake his abduction in Holland will find not only a safe retreat in my kingdom, but my entire protection, and also all the help he can desire for having the rascal safely conducted into England.—Versailles, January 1688.'

In this way it will be seen that when the year 1688 opened, every national and every personal passion had been stirred. On New Year's Day, Queen Mary Beatrice announced a pregnancy. This was all that was required to set a light to the very combustible materials already collected in England and at the Hague.

Now, in the nineteenth century, and when the lapse of two hundred years has calmed the tempers of men, Englishmen have no doubt whatever of the genuine birth of the Prince of Wales. It is necessary, however, as the late Mr. Hill Burton so judiciously remarked, 'for the right understanding of the spirit of the Revolution, to realise that the bulk of the English and Scots population, high and low, believed the child to be

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'spurious.' His birth was so conspicuously a boon to the Romanising party that it instantly awoke the suspicion that it had not been honestly gained. The four children whom the queen had already brought into the world and buried, were by this time forgotten dust; still, as she had not been a childless wife, there was no reason why after ten years she should not again become a mother. The whole history of her hopes, fears, dangers, and delivery is to be found in Terriesi's despatches. Had 'the population high and low' had access to those written in the summer and autumn of 1687, they would have been still more jealously persuaded that 'an unnatural conspiracy' was on foot. The queen was advised not only to go to Bath for the waters, but the royal pair were to drink of St. Winifred's wonder-working well; and a miracle was hinted at by their spiritual guides. They did carry out this programme, and then they returned; the queen to hope and pray, the king to hunt and review his troops. Inspired by dreams of a Catholic succession he proceeded also to draw up that Act of Indulgence which should remove Catholic disabilities, and break down barriers which the foresight of our ancestors had crected against the influence in this realm of any foreign priest, prince, or potentate.

Stefano Terriesi, more in the secret than anyone, wrote home that the king and queen were beseeching God 'to give through the birth of a Prince of Wails a root to the Catholic religion as planted in this realm; without which the Catholic religion remains exposed to being crushed by a Protestant succession.' In November 1687, he was able to report that the health of the queen was vigorous, and that a pregnancy had really commenced. On New Year's Day we know that the fact was publicly announced; and by January 10th, Terriesi says that prayers were made in the London churches for the queen's safety: but he hints that 'tanta malizia visi oppose.' Neither, he adds, can he 'express the passion into which the Princess of Denmark has put herself, which she cannot hide; while seeing that the Catholic religion is by this advanced, she affects more than ever, both in public and in private, to be the most zealous of Protestants.' Anne's letters to her sister as recorded by Dalrymple, and as copied from the MSS. in the Bentinck-Aldenbourg archives at Middachten, fully bear out Terriesi's description of her 'passion.' In fact, they are so coarse and so cruel that the Countess Bentinck has gracefully suppressed some of the most unwomanly of the expressions and innuendoes of a writer who was determined to calumniate (even before its appearance) any male heir to the crown.

Anne frankly wrote to her sister that 'no one will believe in ' the queen's state, or in the birth being anything but a feint, ' unless it turns out to be a girl.' This remark was not logical; all the less so as the last child born to Mary Beatrice had been a boy, that little Duke of Cambridge who lived for ten inopportune days. However, in Anne's case the wish was father to the thought, and therefore to the reasoning, and it says something for the forbearance of her royal father that he did not, during all these months of suspense, show any displeasure or disfavour to a daughter so intent on calumniating him. Anne was herself near the crisis of bearing that son who alone of her prodigious family lived beyond infancy. She had, therefore, cause for hope that after the lives of her elder sister and of herself the succession might devolve upon her offspring. But how to adjust this critical affair was the question; and it is certain that but for the blind self-will of the king and of his fanatical advisers, his two daughters might have found the task of altering the succession a much more difficult one than it proved. Their antagonists scorned all those dictates of common prudence which might have been of use to their cause. By April the king, as Terriresi reports, complained of the pasquinades circulated at his expense, but all the arrangements were made by the queen for her lying-in at Windsor.

If any evidence about her state were required, it might be found in Terriresi's letter of May 21, 1688 :—

' Her Majesty the Queen had a great fright on Wednesday night. It was caused by that ill-bred or malicious waiting-woman (*mal' accorta o maliziosa*) named Mistress Bromley, who, the day before, had been present when the courier from Italy arrived, and who gives her as a piece of news the death of her brother the Duke of Modena. . . . The complaint from which he suffered was well known to her Majesty, as the same from which their father had died at the age of twenty-eight, and therefore, though she had advices to the contrary, this could not but give her a great shock. It happened also that Ronchi, the chaplain of her Majesty, sent for her perusal a letter which described, it is true, the duke's recovery, yet did open by describing all the fear which the illness occasioned; so much so that her Majesty, reading only its first lines, with a mind all preoccupied by the sad intelligence reported to her, let the letter fall out of her hand, and fainted away. The Nunzio was summoned, restoratives were applied, and the next day was got through pretty well; but on the following there was every appearance of a premature delivery. We dispatched a messenger to the king, who was at Chatham, and sent a carriage to Gravesend, so as to bring his Majesty with the utmost haste. About eleven at night the queen, by the help of remedies, was so much better that we dispatched another messenger: but neither the one nor the other reached

the king. The carriage, however, reached Gravesend, and there learnt the whereabouts of the king. One of the coachmen unharnessed a horse, and rode off to give the tidings to his Majesty. He then jumped into the carriage of a gentleman which was there, and so, with one footman, came up to town by nine o'clock of yesterday morning. He found the queen in fairly good case.*

Of this fright Princess Anne can hardly have been ignorant, yet she is not candid enough to note its details or to let them weigh with her. They suffice, however, to explain Terriesi's next report about the invalid. The Court had fixed to go to the '*soggiorno di Windsor*' on June 25, and the household for the child had been gazetted. But on June 4 the queen got a chill, was feverish, and was bled, and having had already one serious alarm, she now lost her courage about the journey down to Windsor, and hastily caused all needful preparations to be made at St. James's. The poor lady, so worried and so slandered, was now, Terriesi remarks, '*massimamente e estrema-mente grossa*,' and on June 10, and after a labour of two hours, she brought to light '*un vigoroso Principe di Wales*.' The Tuscan envoy closes his despatch by sending to his master a copy of the royal proclamation, which, in announcing the birth of an heir to the throne, ordered a public thanksgiving to be made in all the churches. The appropriate form was to be drawn up by the Bishop of Rochester.

Never was the bench of bishops less attuned to a strain of thanksgiving. Only two days before the prince was born did the gates of the Tower close upon the seven bishops who had refused to read the Declaration of Indulgence. All the efforts of King James in that direction had long been distasteful to the clergy of the Established Church, and the great Nonconformists had nobly supported the Church in defending the fundamental laws of the realm. In Scotland the bait of indulgence was also refused. The Covenanters were too shrewd to believe in a permanent charter of liberty coming under the auspices of the Jesuits, or as a mere act of despotic authority. Liberty so bestowed might vanish as it had come. By the whole Protestant body therefore was the conduct of those prelates who had declined to read the Declaration rapturously extolled. Baxter from his pulpit pronounced their eulogium, and Citters wrote that day to the Prince and Princess of Orange that the Nonconformists preferred to live under the old persecuting statutes rather than play into the hands of Father Petre by separating their cause from the prelates. To Archbishop

* Medici Archives, F, 4245.

Sancroft the princess wrote, saying that 'she took a deeper interest in the Church of England than in herself.' Whether this was true or not, it is certain that the stupid tyranny of the king towards the Church could not but increase the value of herself and her husband in the eyes of the English clergy and laity, just as it had newly brought about a good understanding between the Church and the bodies of Dissenters, whom Terriesi classifies under one head as 'fanatici.'

The crisis had now been reached; both north and south of the Tweed the government of the king was hated, and this outrage on a Church which had adhered to the monarchy during the Rebellion, roused the nation so effectually that, as a vast and compact mass, it reared itself against James and his advisers. At such a moment his extraordinary want of prudence was fatal to him. It was through his heir that he could be attacked, and yet this was the very point which he left open to every hostile critic. Angry tongues made busy with the details of the little prince's birth, in the management of which more blunders were certainly made than are incident (and that is not admitting little) in all human affairs. The queen, it was averred by some, had never really been pregnant; it was to serve her private ends that she had been confined at St. James's, and not at Windsor; she had, even at St. James's, occupied another bed than the one prepared for her; the Princess Anne had not been present; the Dutch ambassador was absent; the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Hydes had not been summoned; the child was really that of a Miss Grey; he was a bastard foisted upon the English by Louis XIV., whose own parentage was doubtful; the Pope was his godfather; the king had recently been visiting his arsenals, with the intention of attacking the Dutch in the spring; and Lord Thomas Howard was now to be sent on an extraordinary mission to Rome, to convey to his Holiness fresh assurances of devotion, and to thank him for those prayers which had helped to give a Catholic heir to the throne.

The child in the meantime was healthy. The Venetian resident wrote home to the Doge Morosini that he had seen the little prince, 'di colore vivo, voce gagliarda, ed occhio allegro.' Barillon, of course, saw it frequently, and did not forget either to report to Louis the bonfires with which its birth had been celebrated in London. Such rejoicings must have been of a strictly official character, and were therefore about as sincere as those congratulations which Zulestein duly arrived to deliver in the name of the Prince and Princess of Orange. The Austrian minister was in the meantime one of

those outsiders who proverbially see so much of the game. The despatch of Hoffmann of July 9, 1688, deserves to be quoted:—

‘Most Gracious Emperor, King and Master, on Friday last, when the Dutch ambassador remitted to his Majesty the answer of the States-General to the English note which relates to the birth of a royal prince, he, in his *compliment*, dwelt upon the difficulties actually existing between England and Holland, and he said that although his Majesty had received some painful impressions from the acts attributed to his superiors, yet he could assure him that they had never really given cause for this, having at all times a particular respect for the person of his Majesty. That they could not prevent some *brouillons* having given to his Majesty an incorrect report of their conduct, and they were not ignorant that some one [meaning the Marquis d’Albeville] had assured his Majesty that they meant with their fleet to effect a descent upon England. But his Majesty might see for himself that this was false, and that it was much removed from probability that they should, with the insignificant number of equipped vessels which they had, attempt such a difficult enterprise.’

This reasoning, though specious, was not exactly reassuring, and the Dutchman soon passed adroitly from self-vindication to accusation:—

‘His Majesty, it was said, had allowed himself to be persuaded, and had, so rumour ran, accepted French succours. . . . The king, in reply, among other things, said that it was true that France had offered him succour, but that he hoped not to be obliged to have recourse to it. On this the ambassador replied that an offer of help *there* was more ostentatious than friendly on the part of France, who did it to show how far they were at one, and so make his Majesty suspected by his own people. In this way it must do him more harm than good. The king answered that he could not say what might have been the motive of France, but he took the offer as one meant in good fellowship, and that, having no reason to act otherwise, he sought to live in good intelligence with France as with other countries. Here, Most Gracious Lord, is what the Dutch ambassador has communicated to me, and he thinks that the dark clouds of misunderstanding are beginning to clear away, and that there is nothing to fear from the threatened junction of the French and English fleets. Last Sunday Milord Sunderland, President of the Council and Secretary of State, declared himself a Catholic before the whole Privy Council, admitting that he had been one for the last two years. This declaration has, no doubt, been kept back on purpose till now, so as to be an example to others, and to show that as there is now a Catholic heir to the throne the time is come when men may declare themselves without fear. . . . The day before yesterday the usual camp was formed between London and Windsor. It will be composed of from 7,000 to 8,000 men. . . . De Zulestein has arrived, sent by the Duke of Orange to offer his congratulations on the birth of the prince, and the Comte de Gram-

mont is expected to arrive from France, on the same errand. . . . As to-day is the term assigned for the trial of the bishops, they appeared before the tribunal. The pleading lasted four hours; but as the business could not be finished, it has been deferred till to-morrow.*

Terriesi's narrative, as he takes it up at this point, is positively humorous. He did not write till July 12. By that time the verdict was known. He says one of the spectators of the trial told the populace to be glad indeed, since here was a cordial against that great affliction which they lay under in the birth of a Prince of Wales. 'The noise of bells, the firing of guns, and the like public demonstrations of pleasure have far surpassed anything that was ever done for his birth; among other *stravaganze* one saw soldiers throwing down their arms, drinking to the health of the bishops, and confusion to the Pope.' But he goes on slyly to hope 'that by one means or another these bishops may not escape the punishments of justice.'

Punishment was indeed close at hand, but it was not for Sancroft and his fellow-sufferers. It was for a king beset with false counsellors and faithless friends, who ruled with an Ecclesiastical Commission and without a free and regular Parliament, who removed the judges at his pleasure, and now threatened the very existence of an Established Church, 'pure in its doctrines, irreproachable in its order, and beautiful in its forms' †—a constituent and most wholesome part of that English Constitution which he was doing his utmost to subvert. While James thus prepared his own destruction, and his infant son struggled through a variety of infantile maladies, the shipwrights of Holland hurried to their tasks. There, under the anxious bidding of William, who, after years of feeling that the game of politics is a game of waiting, was now determined to strike, they added daily to that 'insignificant number of vessels' of which their ambassador had spoken so soothingly, but which was none the less able to convey a Protestant army to the English shore. Midsummer there was passed in parleys with Sancroft, and in appeals to a national party which long descried in Petre 'the evil spirit that walketh between a good master and a loyal people.' ‡ Petre was dismissed, but it was too late. James, blind and deaf to advice or remonstrance while he was still powerful, was astonished when the natural results of his policy arrived in their due course, and when his promises failed to stir either belief or hope

* K. K. Archives.

† Southey's 'Book of the Church.'

‡ Letter of the Duke of Buckingham. Sloane MSS.

in the heart of the nation. The Church of which James was the agent recedes, men averred, only in order to make a surer spring. She may appear to give way, but she never really yields (because she feels that she ought not to yield) anything of her pride or of her intolerance. The English clergy were equally prepared, on their part, not to surrender. It was a critical moment in the history of their Church, for they realised that to fall now was never to rise again, to forfeit the most dearly bought privileges, and to overthrow for ever the goodly fabric of Church government as established in England. At the same time nothing could be more steady, respectful, and peaceful than their opposition, and, firm as was their attitude, it is just possible that they might not have been able unassisted to stop the growth of encroachments on the part of the Crown. The axe that was to cut down that overgrown tree owed its sharp edge to the ambition of William, and to his fear of a possible co-operation between the French and the English fleets. Louis had been made, in the League of Augsburg, to feel all the power and all the statecraft of William of Orange. He still smarted under the recollection of it, and as he was certain, sooner or later, to revenge himself, it was a question whether the Prince of Orange would not do well to anticipate a visit from such combined fleets, and to make an immediate descent upon England. From Shrewsbury and from Churchill he learnt how ripe their country was for revolution, and how inconsistent was the Romanising element with the liberties of England. For many weeks William contrived to keep his own secret, but though Segnelay could write from Versailles 'that there was 'no appearance that the Prince of Orange will attempt anything against England this year,' others were better informed. Hoffmann writes from London, September 3, 1688 :—

'Since my last letter the fears on account of a Dutch fleet not only continue but have augmented. It has got wind that nearly 1,000 saddles have been embarked. The king is in council, so to speak, daily. . . . Yesterday the Marquis d'Albeville, who arrived here from Holland about ten days ago, was hastily dispatched to the Hague: no doubt to obtain an explanation. . . . What causes a certain surprise is that, when people here show so much alarm, nothing more is heard of those sixteen ships which France once offered to send as help, and upon which apparently such hopes were built.'

Up to October 11 Hoffmann was still in doubt :—

'Since my last letter there are no news from Holland. Persuaded, however, of the hostile invasion intended, all possible preparations for defence are made here. In a new proclamation to-day the king announced to his people a threatening invasion, and implored them

to lay aside^d all jealousies and animosities in the face of a common danger, as he had refused all foreign succour, and leant solely on the courage and tried fidelity of his people. . . . The king has replaced the Bishop of London, till now suspended from his functions. While on the part of the Prince of Orange it is argued that the sole aim of this prince is the preservation of the Protestant religion, and the establishment of a free Parliament, people are none the less persuaded that his ambition will not stop there, but that he will seek to gratify his longing to reign by attacking the birth of the Prince of Wales, or by having him educated in the Protestant religion. If this were to happen there can be no doubt but that in the face of his enemies a large part of the nation would side with the king, and it follows that a long and bloody war would be the result. . . . Within the last few days, whether the Prince of Orange comes or does not come, the whole constitution, from the religious alike as from the political point of view, has been changed. One sees better every day, and when it is too late, how France has deceived us, and how all her protestations of friendship were but a lure.'

PASS we now to the Hague. The position of Mary there was hardly to be envied. Her sister, to work upon her most intimate feelings, wrote to her of plots against the life of the Prince of Orange, and plied her with reports against the heir, of whom she alternately wrote that 'it may be that it is our 'brother,' and that 'it is a comfort that all the people in 'England asserted that it was an impostor.' Mary at first refused to act upon this idea, and prayers were duly made at the Hague for the son of the King of England. Presently, however, it became known at St. James's that these prayers had ceased, and then, as Hoffmann writes, 'great exasperation was 'felt about this attempt to prove the birth doubtful, which 'must have the most pernicious consequences.' The king wrote to his eldest daughter and complained of the omission. Whatever at that moment may have been Mary's personal feelings, she had either not made up her mind, or she had not the courage of her opinions. Taking an evasive course, she weakly excused herself by saying that the prayers 'had only 'sometimes bin forgot;' but the mother of the little child was determined to clear up the situation. She wrote herself:—

'September 28, 1688.

'I am much troubled what to say at a time when nothing is talked about but the Prince of Orange coming over with an army. This has been said for a long time, and believed by a great many; but I do protest to you that I never did believe it till now very lately, and that I have no more possibility left for doubting it. The second part of the news I never will believe—that you are to come over with him—for I know you to be too good. I do not believe you would have such a thought against the worst of fathers, much less to perform it against the best,

who has always been good to you, and I believe has loved you the best of any of his children.'

This must have been a painful letter to receive; but even more cutting were the words of the king, when he in his turn wrote to her about 'the concern she must have 'for a husband and a father.' Concerned Mary truly was; in fact, Burnet noticed 'that she had a great weight on her 'spirits,' but he adds that she had 'no scruple as to the 'lawfulness of the design.' If she was ever visited by any misgivings, or dropped any natural tears for the father who so entreated her, we may be sure that Burnet wiped them away. He could at any time have made the worse appear the better cause, had that been necessary, and as for this cause he had it so entirely at heart that many filial tears would not have softened his heart towards the bigoted king. He worked incessantly upon Mary's feelings, and not by mere threats of an assassination which would repeat the fate of William the Silent, but by an argument which appealed to her more directly. He told her that if, through her generosity, the prince acquired the crown of a reigning sovereign, he would certainly award to her in return a double share of the affection for which she yearned. Mary, in her private confessions, admits that she was in consequence 'perplexed how 'to write to her father, or how to allude to the Prince of 'Wales.' Her nature had been rendered undemonstrative by the taciturn and unyielding nature of a husband whose dominant passion was ambition, and whose chilling gravity Burnet now assured her arose solely from his uncertainty as to his possible position in England. To gratify him then was really to gratify herself; but none the less she exclaims, 'What I 'suffer is not to be expressed.' At length came the decisive hour. The late October days had settled down in all their chilly gloom, and her hero, though suffering heavily from his asthma, must sail. William came to take leave of her.

'He told me that in any difficulty I was to ask advice from the Prince of Waldeck, the Pensionary Fagel, and M. Dyckvelt, upon whom I might rely in everything. He further said to me that in case it pleased God that he should never see me again (a word that pierced my heart and gave me a shudder which, at this hour of writing, has hardly passed off)—if, he said, that were to happen, it would be necessary for me to marry again. If the first word struck me cruelly, this one struck me more, and made me feel as if my heart were cleft in twain. "I do not require," he continued, "to tell you that it must not be "with a Papist." He himself could not pronounce this word without emotion, and showed me as much tenderness as I could desire: so that for my life long I shall not forget it. But I was so amazed at the

proposition that I remained long without being able to reply. He protested that only the concern he had for religion made him so speak. I cannot recall what I said. The grief in which I was made me answer confusedly, but I assured him that I had never loved and never could love any one but him; furthermore, that having been married so many years without having been blest by God with a child, I considered that enough to prevent my ever thinking of what he proposed. I told him that I begged of God not to let me outlive him. . . . Oh, my God! if in this passion I have sinned, as I dread to have done, pardon me, I pray. . . . We spoke of other matters; I begged him to forgive all my faults, and he answered me with a tenderness which, if possible, must have made my love for him greater. On the 26th he took me to dine with him at Honslardyck. After dinner I went to the river with him. He had to cross it to go down to Briel. It was there that I saw him for the last time: and God knows if we shall ever meet. This thought is terrible. It deprived me for a time of my senses. I remained immovable in my coach, and had no power to tell them where to drive for as long as I could see the prince. I returned that evening to the Hague, troubled, and in a grief unspeakable, and without the support of God I should have been done for. But praised, oh, my God! be Thy great name, that I have still not murmured against the economy of Thy providence, and I beg of Thee, for the time to come, to preserve me from this, as from all wilful sins. The day after the prince's departure (27th) a general fast was observed in the land, and this so zealously that the Jews observed it, and that the Spanish envoy had masses said for the happy issue of this enterprise. Only the ambassador of France and M. d'Albeville did not wish the same! . . . Here in my house and family I observe every Wednesday as a festival, a sermon is given, and every morning suitable prayers are said. M. Chambrun says them in French in the family. . . . The 19th, I learnt by letters from London that the prince had landed in Torbay. . . . During the prince's absence every one showed me an extraordinary friendship, particularly the States-General, to whom the prince had recommended me. They begged me to take care of my person, for fear of the malice of the Romish party. Thank God I have got over the terror this awoke in me, and to which I am naturally only too prone. I pass my time in public and private devotions. Every morning I am present at the prayers (in French) which are said in the house. At midday there is Common Prayers, and at five I go to church for prayers, and to hear a sermon. At half-past seven there is Common Prayers again. . . . But my enemy the devil raises scruples and fears in my mind, apprehensions lest by all these public devotions I draw to myself the praise of men, and that this should raise my vanity. . . . For an entire month after the prince's departure I saw no one. . . . Though I was long without having letters from him, I had, however, God be praised, the consolation of hearing from all the world, friends and foes, the success of the enterprise; and although I ought to have been terribly uneasy, according to all human reason, yet was I, by the help of God, kept in a sort of tranquillity that surprised myself, and made me fear it was a

mark of stupidity. But the more I examine myself, the more reason I have to bless my Creator for His infinite goodness to me, that I was thus made to bear a burden far too heavy for flesh and blood. . . . I admit, however, that the prince's last words, touching my marriage and his death, had such a hold of my mind that I fancied they must be in some measure prophetic, and this made me suffer more than I can express. . . . On the 20th Madame Bentinck died, after a long illness, and though she suffered much pain of body, yet the Lord had great mercy on her soul, in that she had much time to prepare for another world. . . . For more than a week previous to her death I never came near her, but she told me how she felt, having offended God by lack of resignation, since she could not be so with regard to leaving so good a husband and five poor children, of whom the eldest was not more than nine years old. She recommended them to me the day before her death, and I promised all I could. I was with her when she expired, and though she suffered for some space, yet she died as softly as if she had only fallen on sleep. . . . When I heard that the king had first sent off the queen with his supposed son, and had then followed in person, I heard at the same time that an apothecary of Paris had formed a plot on the life of the prince. . . . On December 30 came the news that the king's flight had been stopped. At the same time the prince let me know that I ought to prepare for going over to England. I cannot think without grief of leaving this dear country where I have had much spiritual, as well as earthly, happiness. I fear to sin in attaching my heart to it, and therefore pray to God to give me all the resignation of mind and will that I ought to possess. And thus, while waiting to learn what the king is doing, and fearing to be sent for ever out of this country (though I am languishing to meet the prince again), I close amid these diverse expectancies the year 1688, which, for this world, has been a year of many strange events, and one also of special mercies and blessings from God to my soul, for the which I will magnify His name as long as I have my being.'

While Mary, wife of William of Orange, penned these grave lines, which strike us as not quite innocent of self-satisfaction, another woman, newly landed at Calais, sat in the governor's house with her infant on her knee, and wrote this letter to Louis XIV. :—

'Tuesday, December 11, 1689.

'SIRE,—A poor fugitive queen, bathed in tears, has exposed herself to the utmost perils of the sea in her distress, to seek for consolation and an asylum from the greatest monarch in the world. Her evil fortune procures her a happiness of which the greatest nations of the world are ambitious. Her need of it diminishes not that feeling, since she makes it her choice, and it is a mark of the greatness of her esteem that she wishes to confide to him that which is most precious to her in the person of the Prince of Wales, her son. He is as yet too young to unite with her in the grateful acknowledgments that fill my

heart. I feel with peculiar pleasure, in the midst of my griefs, that I am now under your protection. In great affliction, I am, Sire,

‘Your very obedient servant and sister,
‘The QUEEN OF ENGLAND.’

The two lines of policy pursued by William and by James have here reached their logical goals. The obstinacy of the one has sent his wife and child to seek the cover of a French monarch's robe; the ambition and prudence of the other have placed in his hand the sceptre of England. It is true that till the offer of immediate and unquestioned monarchy had been made to him, the Dutch prince preserved a gloomy and guarded silence. ‘Access to him,’ said Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, ‘was not very easy. He listened to all that ‘was said, but seldom answered.’ Not till the national convention of Lords and Commons had settled the precedence to his satisfaction was the princess summoned, and she was then warned that as the Jacobite party represented her as dissatisfied with the arrangements made, it rested with her to give the lie to their words, and to prove her contentment of mind. This warning led her to adopt a cheerfulness which she did not feel. The prince, she replied, must understand her very little if he supposed that her personal ambition was greater than her tenderness for him; but, even with this key to her conduct, her warmest admirers must admit that she grossly overdid her part. It is impossible to forget the account of her conduct by a woman who was a warm sympathiser in the Revolution, and a friend since childhood of the daughters of James II. The Duchess of Marlborough published this narrative:—

‘I was one of those who had the honour to wait on her in her own apartment. She ran about it, looking into every closet, and turning up the quilts upon the bed, as people do when they come to an inn, with no other sort of concern in her appearance but such as they express; a behaviour which, though at that time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought was strange and unbecoming. For whatever necessity there was for deposing King James, he was still her father, who had been so lately driven from that chamber and bed; and if she felt no tenderness I thought she ought at least to have looked grave, and even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of his fortune.’

In truth Mary did not dare to seem to play the critic on the actions of a man who told her he ‘would not hold on to the ‘throne by her apron-strings;’ but she was often sick at heart. Perplexed by the double dealing of political partisans, nervous for her husband's safety, and pardonably grieved at the un-

natural appearance of her own conduct, she yet looked on herself as an elect instrument in the hand of Providence. She was also clever enough to understand, apart from all personal considerations of loss or gain, of praise or of blame, that an extraordinary event in the history of Europe, of Protestantism, and we might say of mankind, had just taken place at Whitehall. There was a conflict between absolute monarchy and the liberty of nations, between superstition and freedom of thought, between the bondage of the mediæval system, and the manly, regulated freedom of modern society. The one side as represented by Louis had just been defeated in the person of his too subservient ally, King James; the other side was represented by the husband whom she admired as he deserved, and whom she loved with no common devotion.

But if there ever was a picture of royal misery it is this:—

‘I must see company on set days; I must play once a week, nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will. I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me; at least it is a great constraint to me, but I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world. . . . I go to Kensington as often as I can for air; but there I never *can* be quite alone: neither can I complain—that would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely to. . . .

‘Luke ii. 13, “Thy prayer is heard, and thy wife Elizabeth shall “bear a son.” Those were the words of the angel to Zacharias; words joyful in themselves, and of which the fulfilment was still more glad. Why, then, art thou cast down, oh, my soul? knowest thou not that the Lord doeth as He pleases in heaven and earth? Not considering that the Lord is just, and as it is not His will to bless thee with a child, thou must submit. He knows why He has so long withheld this blessing, and knows why He continues to deny it; and I have often thanked Him for *this*, that had the good Lord given me children, I never could have borne, as I have borne, all that the Lord laid upon me when my husband crossed to England. . . . I know that the intentions of my husband are all for the glory of God. . . . Hear me, oh Lord! hear Thy unworthy servant who prays for nothing but resignation and patience, courage and strength to bear all Thou sendest with that submission which is due to Thy will. . . . I will never forego the hope that of Thee Thy Church will be governed and preserved (happen to me what may), and I hope that my husband will continue to serve as an instrument for doing well to Thy people. . . . God has prepared me for what I could not foresee, and by this means has strengthened me, and made me more able to behave myself than, without His grace preventing me, I could have been.’

All other considerations apart, it must have required strong

nerves in a princess of that house, bearing the name of Mary Queen of Scots, to dare to occupy the throne of the Stuarts. 'If ever,' cried Voltaire, 'anything could justify belief in a fatality from which there is no escape, it ought to be that continued series of misfortunes which pursued the House of Stuart during three hundred years.' When James II. abdicated they had not even then completed, it is true, the full tale of the reverses to which the French historian referred, but the period of eighty-five years, a period not longer than the lifetime of one aged Englishman, had already sufficed to show a wonderful succession of merited and unmerited misfortunes, during which they had shared a like succession of capable and watchful foes, of evil counsellors, and of devoted, self-forgetting friends. And if the critics of a later day pause ere they condemn the kings of the House of Stuart, it is less because of the retributive punishments which overtook them in their headstrong career than because of the many generous men and women who feared not to prop a falling cause, and to follow a stricken family into the bitterness of exile. Did our space allow us to pursue, as Dr. Klopp has done, the whole story of their exclusion from the succession, or to recount the adventures of the two Pretenders, we should follow a long line of their partisans in England and in Scotland. That their attempts all failed, and that one by one both the princes and their followers dropped into ruin and extinction, does not detract from the interest of their lives or of their deaths. A strange fascination still belongs to them, and Burns, the most advanced of Scotch Liberals, in speaking of the Stuart kings, did not hesitate to say, 'that to love them was the mark of a true heart.' But it is deplorable that so much loyalty and so many sacrifices were lavished on the worst princes who ever sate upon the British throne.

ART. II.—1. *Poems*. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.
London: 1870.

2. *Ballads and Sonnets*. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.
London: 1881.

‘I DO not know what poetical is,’ says Audrey to Touchstone; ‘is it honest in deed and word? is it a true ‘thing?’ and herein Audrey, like her fantastic lover in another scene of the play, spoke more wisely than she was aware of, for the question is significant in regard to the permanent interest and value of any contribution to the poetical literature of a nation. For all poetry which retains a permanent hold over succeeding generations of readers, and is by common consent enshrined among the precious possessions of a national literature, has been nourished upon the spontaneous feelings and aspirations of its own age, and speaks without affectation, though with more than common force and finish, the common speech of its own time. It is only in the free and bracing atmosphere of natural and healthy life that a strong and healthful poetry can grow and spread her wings. Under such conditions were the works of our great dramatist produced; under such conditions the poetry of Chaucer remains as full of life and interest at this moment as ever it was, in spite of the drawback of obsolete spelling and etymology. Not under such conditions (if a negative example be wanted) was matured the poetry of Spenser, who, as far as poetry was concerned, shut up within an artificial world, has lost his hold on general readers and become the property of students alone; his stately palace of verse being, like his own cave of Mammon, so clogged and cobwebbed with affected archaisms and artificial fancies, that it is only here and there that the gleam of the pure gold of poetry can be discerned beneath them. Perhaps an illustration more apposite to our present purpose may be found in Sidney’s ‘Arcadia,’ a work of imagination, though not in verse, which appealed to the shortlived affectations and conceits of a coterie, and died a natural death with the decease of euphuism. An apposite illustration, because within the last few years we have been witnessing a somewhat similar development of artificial taste in art and in poetry alike—a kind of modern euphuism; like the original one, the adopted fashion of a coterie. In picture galleries strange lank-haired women writhe and twine, who are neither of this nor of any world, but represent a nondescript ideal evolved from the inner consciousness of those who produce them, acted upon more or

less by an affectation of archaism. In poetry we meet with the counterpart of this affected art, displayed in the use of an artificial diction in which language is twisted into the expression of far-fetched images and similes with a *curiosa infelicitas* which suggests a repetition of the caution given to Pistol: 'If thou hast tidings, I pray thee deliver them like a man of 'this world.' In both the poetry and the painting of these æsthetic separatists we trace some of the same mental tendencies and characteristics. In the figures drawn, whether with the pencil or the pen, we find a morbid preference for forms that 'err from honest nature's rule,' forms destitute of definite or typical human character, and which belong to a world of dream-shadows, existing only in the painter's or the poet's morbid imagination; in both we find a languid sensuous beauty taking the place of intellectual force of expression or moral beauty of character. These visions belong to no world of which healthy human nature has any experience; they are the artificial creations of an intellectual forcing-house, from which fresh air and daylight are carefully excluded.

The causes which have produced this peculiar tendency in recent art and literature we cannot here pause to consider too curiously; the consideration at least would lead us too far afield from the immediate purpose of this article; some certain conclusions which are unavoidably suggested by the nature of the movement referred to, and in part illustrated by some of the poems immediately before us, may be touched upon as we proceed. But one feature in connexion with the subject, one of the secondary causes which have contributed to give to this morbid growth in artistic fancy and expression an apparent importance which it might not otherwise have attained, cannot be passed over here. It is impossible for those who from an independent station take note of the tone of contemporary literature not to perceive that, along with this artificial development in art and literature, there has sprung up an equally artificial development in what is called contemporary criticism. Like the manufacturer who boasted that he kept a poet, the poets and painters of this esoteric sect keep a ring of critics, the existence of a tacit understanding with whom has become too palpable to be ignored, and is, in fact, displayed at times with a frankness which it might have been supposed would have defeated its own end, did we not know how careless and ill-informed are the public of general readers in regard to what is behind the scenes in so-called criticism, how indolently prone to accept as truth what is repeatedly forced upon them in journals which are supposed to be the accredited organs

of æsthetic taste. Hence there has arisen a state of things in which a great proportion of the criticism of the day has entirely ceased to be the thoughtful expression of independent opinion, and degenerated into the expression of the indiscriminate adulation of a clique 'which moveth altogether if it 'move at all,' and which no more represents the balance of educated public opinion than the productions which it recommends represent the ideal of a genuine and healthful national art or literature.

We may at once disclaim any intention to imply that the two volumes of poems, the titles of which stand at the head of this article, represent no higher element in poetry than the artificial sensuousness of which we have spoken, or that they would have failed to command attention apart from the rhodomontade of over-officious zealots of the press. Were it so, serious consideration of their merits would be superfluous. It is because they do contain higher elements of poetic power, because, even when they are clogged with the morbid sensuousness against which we have protested, they at least show that their author is conspicuous among poets of this school for picturesque choice of language, that it is worth while to consider what matter of real value as poetic literature is to be extracted from the somewhat chequered contents of these two volumes; and the unquestionable fact that the repute of the first volume was largely forced by the advocacy of the poet's too friendly critics seems to place us under a kind of moral obligation to deliver Mr. Rossetti, if possible, from his friends.

The publication of the first volume of poems in 1870 at once justified the conclusion that their author was at least no mere versifier. To those who knew nothing of his other productions, the sense of having met with something new in style and expression was probably predominant on first reading them. To those who knew anything of the author's paintings (still carefully guarded from the public eye under the custody of sworn admirers), it was easy to recognise in the poems, under another form, some of the prominent intellectual and artistic characteristics of the paintings. The languid sensuous expression, the affectation of archaism, the strong sense of beauty of colour, combined with the sometimes almost ludicrous stiffness and weakness of form and draughtsmanship, which characterised many of the paintings, seemed to be all reflected in this collection of poems, with their singular mixture of rich imagery, flashes of brilliant word-painting suggesting no definite logical connexion of ideas, weakness of construction, and

often entire absence of the sense of literary proportion or of the subordination of details to the total impression. One or two other more direct analogies between the poems and the paintings may occur to us further on. The latter having been, as we have said, carefully hidden away, except from the elect, as things too precious to be submitted to the gross ordeal of public criticism, nothing is even known of them publicly, save when one of the painter's journalistic satellites indulges his readers with a glowing description of the last new work. What would be the actual position now held by Mr. Rossetti's paintings in general estimation, had they been placed in the light of public criticism instead of being nursed in private all these years, we will not here undertake to say, but we shrewdly conjecture that it would not be that which the painter and his friends appear to claim for them. Fortunately books cannot be nursed in this way; an author must, *nolens volens*, come to the light of day, and be judged by ordinary standards. The recent publication of a second volume of poems (including, however, some which had previously appeared), furnishes a better basis for coming to a conclusion as to the place which these works can take in recent poetical literature.

We have referred to what we termed the very chequered character of the contents of these volumes, which, in fact, is so marked as to suggest in the first instance the question whether a good deal of the poetry here included is not the result of self-conscious elaboration rather than of genuine poetic fervour. We can recognise three different styles in Mr. Rossetti's poetry: one of them deliberately archaic, in which the style and turn of thought of the mediæval ballad is reproduced; a second style in which what may be called erotic fancies (mainly) are expressed in fantastically elaborated and often very obscure metaphor, and in verse much of which may be said to have more sound than sense; and we have a third group, unfortunately much the smallest portion of the poems, in which the author shows himself able to deal with subjects arising out of genuine human passion and human action, in natural and forcible language, differing from that of ordinary speech only in so far as the language of elevated feeling in poetry differs from the language of ordinary idiomatic prose writing. In regard to the two first-named groups it may be observed that the tendency to pose in an artificially induced phase of feeling and of language, so often met with at present, is in itself an indication of the existence of insincerity and affectation, of the absence of a spontaneous poetic impulse. The attempt to reproduce the effect of an archaic form of art or literature is

not, however, without its interest, if not carried too far, as it has been, for example, in the fashionable reproduction in modern music of gavottes and other antique forms. Somewhat analogous to these experiments in music is the experiment in poetry of reproducing the directness, naïveté, and simplicity of the old ballad form, sometimes accompanied by a feigned revival of the superstitious beliefs which furnished a lurid background to so many of the old ballads. In one experiment of this kind Mr. Rossetti has been signally successful—the ballad of ‘Sister Helen,’ in the first volume of poems, where a betrayed and forsaken girl revenges herself on her now hated lover by the old witchcraft of melting away his waxen effigy, at the cost of the perdition of her own soul as well as his. The poem has every quality that a ballad of this class should have—forcible and picturesque narration, and unaffected terseness and simplicity of language, in which not a superfluous word is admitted. Let the reader be in the mood to deliver himself over to the weird fancy of the poem, and its effectiveness is unquestionable. But it is very questionable whether such imitative experiments (there are others not equal to this) ever survive in literature. Even to the reader at the moment there may come the turn of mood in which the whole thing will seem too absurd to be read seriously. Supernatural terrors soon lose their hold in modern poetry. Even so tremendous a ‘bogey’ ballad as ‘Lenore’ is now only read with a smile; the ‘Erl-könig’ survives more for the sake of Schubert’s music than of Goethe’s words; the ‘Lyrical Ballads’ of Southey (good enough in their way) have gone into limbo; and the ‘Ancient Mariner’ retains its hold on us in virtue of its human pathos and the exquisite touches of scenery in it, quite apart from its supernatural machinery.

These considerations have some bearing on our estimate of one of the two much longer and more important poems in ballad form which occupy a large portion of the new volume. The first of these, ‘Rose Mary,’ is certainly the most complete and finished in form of the author’s longer poems. The scene is laid in some vague period of mediæval life. Rose Mary’s lover, James of Heronhaye, is to ride on the morrow to a shrift at Holycleugh, to which he will needs go alone. Her mother has word of an ambush laid to take his life, and calls on Rose Mary to look in the magic beryl stone, wherein to a pure maiden is shown the vision of whatever she would know, to see on which of two routes the ambush is laid, that the lover may be warned. The beryl stone, ‘shaped like a ‘shadowy sphere,’ was once the abode of accursed spirits, who were driven out by better angels—

'Never again such home to win,
Save only by a Christian's sin.'

The girl kneels at her mother's knee to look in this tateful mirror, through which

'As 'twere the turning leaves of a book
The road runs past me as I look ;
Or it is even as though mine eye
Should watch calm waters filled with sky,
While lights and clouds and wings went by'—

a touch of that picturesque vividness of description in which Mr. Rossetti excels—and we follow the incidents of the visionary road till, with a suppressed shriek, the girl tells how she sees the spears by a ruined weir, and the blazon of the Warden of Holycleugh, her lover's mortal foe. But, alas ! poor Rose Mary has already been too kind to her lover, and her sin has given entrance to the former evil inhabitants of the beryl, to blind her with false shows. In the second part of the poem the mother has guessed the daughter's secret, and has to tell her that the lover has been murdered on the supposed safe road. But worse is behind, for in the dead man's bosom is found a letter and a lock of hair from the Warden's sister of Holycleugh, and it is but too apparent why he must needs go alone to his shrift. Rose Mary swoons away in agony, and on recovering finds open the secret panel giving access to a staircase, up which she blindly stumbles, to find herself in a kind of mystic chapel dedicated to the four elements, in the midst of which on an altar lies her enemy, the beryl stone, on which she revenges herself in a sufficiently materialistic manner by splitting it with her father's sword, thereby putting an end to the charin. But this supreme effort brings to her side the good angel whom her sin had driven out, and she dies with the assurance of forgiveness and admission 'to Blessed Mary's 'rose-bower.'

We have read this highly-wrought poem very carefully several times, in the endeavour to form a distinct conclusion as to the cause of its failure to impress us in any degree commensurate with the labour evidently bestowed on it, and the very fine and even grand character of some of the versification. We make no further quotations from it, for it is one merit of the poem that it must be judged as a whole, having more continuity and process to a climax than any other of the author's longer poems. But the feeling it gives us is precisely that which we have gathered from the contemplation of some of Mr. Rossetti's paintings. We seem to have been in a land

of dreams, peopled by figures which have no more flesh-and-blood reality than the figures in a stained glass window; and even such human pathos as there is, is overshadowed by the predominance of the magic machinery, which constantly suggests to us the sense of an absurd disproportion between cause and effect, particularly when we find that all the devilry can be taken out of the beryl stone by the simple mechanical means of splitting it with a sword. Why not a mallet and 'cold' chisel? we are tempted to ask, which would have done the work still better. It is impossible to repress a smile, too, at the tremendous similes, drawn from all things in heaven and earth, which are crammed into four verses, to give an adequate notion of the stupendous results of the splitting of the stone. Just as Carlyle, in his trenchant way, said of Scott that he had spoiled the future of his novels by 'going in for the buff-jerkin business,' so we may say that in a poem like this the poet has 'gone in for the conjuring business;' and conjuring tricks, however effectively displayed, are after all only an amusement for children.

'The King's Tragedy,' a narrative told in the first person by that Catherine Douglass who earned the name of 'Kate Barlass' from having thrust her arm through the door-staples in an heroic effort to bar out the men who murdered James I. of Scotland, is a poem of very different stamp. Here the interest is real and human; the language has for the most part the unaffected simplicity proper to a ballad narrative; and the supernatural element, the vision of the king's 'wraith' with a shroud clinging round it, is in a poetic sense more probable than in the other poem, and not disproportionately emphasised. The defect in the poem lies in its want of brevity and reticence in parts. Nearly one-third of it might be cut out with great benefit to the force and effect of the whole; but the author seems to want the critical perception that whatever does not directly add to the force and effectiveness of a poem (a narrative poem especially) necessarily weakens it: parentheses and reflections are inserted which interfere with the unity and movement of the poem, and the idea of tagging it with long extracts from King James's own poem, 'The King's Quhair' (altered, moreover, to suit the author's own metre), was a singularly unfortunate one. But in spite of these drawbacks there are genuine force and pathos in the poem, and the story is told with constantly increasing vividness and reality. From the first description of the night when the king and court were met in the Charterhouse of Perth, the ominous feeling of some impending calamity overshadows the scene:—

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement pane
The branches smote like summoning hands,
And muttered the driving rain.

'And when the wind swooped over the lift
And made the whole heaven frown,
It seemed a grip was laid on the walls
To tug the housetop down.'

The contrast between the storm outside and the loving scene between the king and queen within is finely imagined, but the latter portion would bear much compression. The climax of contrast arrives when the guests have departed, and the king and queen are in affectionate talk while 'he doffed his 'goodly attire.'

'And now that all was still through the hall,
More clearly we heard the rain
That clamoured ever against the glass,
And the boughs that beat on the pane.

'But the fire was bright in the ingle nook,
And through empty space around
The shadows cast on the arras'd wall
'Mid the pictured kings stood sudden and tall,
Like spectres sprung from the ground.

'And now beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly :
And the king reared straight, but the queen fell back
As for bitter dule to dree ;
And all of us knew the woman's voice
Who spoke by the Scottish sea.

"O king," she cried, "in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate ;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears ;
But, alas ! it comes too late !

"Last night at mid-watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
O king, in a death-light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth ;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck,
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke,
And still thy soul stood there ;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

‘ “ Since then have I journeyed fast and fain
 In very despite of Fate,
 Lest Hope might still be found in God’s will :
 But they drove me from thy gate.

“ For every man on God’s ground, O king,
 His death grows up from his birth
 In a shadow-plant perpetually ;
 And thine towers high, a black yew-tree
 O’er the Charterhouse of Perth ! ” ’

Immediately on these last lines, which seem to rise in a shriek above the storm, comes the clang of armed men and ‘ the tramp of the coming doom,’ the confusion in the chamber of which the locks ‘ have all been riven and brast,’ the desperate forcing up of a plank from the floor, through which the king escapes to the vault below :—

‘ And louder ever the voices grew,
 And the tramp of men in mail ;
 Until to my brain it seemed to be
 As though I tossed on a ship at sea
 In the teeth of a crashing gale.’

And the narrator thrusts her arm through the door staples, only to fall back maimed on the floor, and watch the crowd of wrathful men ‘ ramping’ through the chamber for their victim, till they all rush forth again, and the night wind shakes the rushes on the empty floor, and the moon throws the image of Scotland’s crown in the window over the fateful plank on the floor. But storm obscures the moonlight ; the fierce crowd surges in again, guided by one who ‘ found the thing he ‘ sought,’ and the unarmed king is butchered in his hiding-place :—

‘ Oh God ! and now did a bell boom forth,
 And the murderers turned and fled ;—
 Too late, too late, oh God ! did it sound !—
 And I heard the true men mustering round,
 And the cries and the coming tread.

‘ But ere they came, to the black death-gap,
 Some-wise did I creep and steal ;
 And lo ! or ever I swooned away,
 Through the dusk I saw where the white face lay
 In the pit of Fortune’s wheel.’ *

There the poem should have ended. Even in a narrative poem, poetic effect rather than historical completeness should be the aim, and the concluding portion is anticlimax. But

* In allusion to an expression in King James’s own poem.

the portion of the poem leading up to the catastrophe is a very powerful piece of narrative poetry, bringing vividly before the mind's eye the scene it describes, and effecting this with a directness and simplicity of language which stands in favourable contrast with the fantastic verbiage into which the author too often falls.

Similar praise may be given to the shorter and slighter poem, 'The White Ship,' which has also the merit of much greater conciseness and concentration, and is, artistically speaking, the best poem in the volume, though slighter and less energetic in style than 'The King's Tragedy.' It would have been better, however, if the artificial 'burden' verse which recurs several times had been omitted, and the story told in its raked simplicity. But we will turn from the ballads, which, after all, are all more or less archaisms, to the one poem of importance in the earlier volume which deals in modern phrase with a subject from modern life, and a ghastly subject it is, yet one the choice of which we cannot regret, in view of the temper and spirit in which it is here treated. 'Jenny,' which derives its title from Mrs. Quickly's grotesque misconception ('Vengeance of Jenny's case,' &c.), stands quite alone among Mr. Rossetti's poems. Like most of his longer poems, it is unequal in construction and blemished by bad and awkward lines; but it is almost entirely free from the affected elaboration of manner and overwrought metaphor to which he is so prone. The contemplation of the most painful and bewildering of social problems seems to have raised the poet to a pitch of earnestness of feeling and unaffected eloquence, such as we find nowhere else in his pages. The poem is uttered in the person of one who has half accidentally dropped again into a momentary companionship, such as had once been too familiar to him (in the case supposed it is obviously no more than companionship), and soliloquises over the poor mercenary beauty who has fallen into the unexpected slumber of pure weariness. Though the poem is certainly not for boys and virgins, it is no small praise to say that the subject is treated without one touch of indelicacy; but it merits far more than this merely negative commendation. Even Wordsworth (if we could imagine him treating such a subject) could hardly have shown more forcibly the pathos that may lie in the simplest language than in the passage where the speaker imagines how in Jenny's mind

'There may rise unsought

Haply at times a passing thought
Of the old days that seem to be
Much older than any history

*That is written in any book,
When she would lie in fields and look
Along the ground through the blown grass,
And wonder where the city was ;'*

and where he recoils on himself at the thought of the utter
futility of such reflections :—

*' Let the thoughts pass, an empty cloud !
Suppose I were to think aloud—
What if to her all this were said ?
Why, as a volume seldom read
Being opened halfway shuts again,
So might the pages of her brain
Be parted at such words, and thence
Close back upon the dusty sense.
For is there hue or shape defined
In Jenny's desecrated mind,
Where all contagious currents meet,
A Lethe of the middle street ?
Nay, it reflects not any face,
Nor sound is in its sluggish pace ;
But as they coil those eddies clot,
And night and day remember not.'*

We can call to mind few passages in recent poetry of more
tragic pathos than this. Equally fine, perhaps, in its serious
tone, is the passage where, after a cynical revulsion of feeling
in which for a moment the speaker contemplates the girl as
being, after all, but

*' A cipher of man's changeless sum
Of lust, past, present, and to come,'*

he proceeds :—

*' Like a toad shut in a stone,
Seated while Time crumbles on ;
Which sits there since the earth was cursed
For man's transgression at the first ;
Which, living through all centuries,
Not once has seen the sun arise ;
Whose life, to its cold circle charmed,
The earth's whole summers have not warmed ;
Which always—whitherso the stone
Be flung—sits there, deaf, blind, alone ;—
Aye, and shall not be driven out,
Till that which shuts him round about
Break at the very Master's stroke,
And the dust thereof vanish as smoke,
And the seed of man vanish as dust :—
Even so within this world is Lust.'*

But the night wears on, and the sights and sounds of honest life begin to struggle into the London streets, and the sparrows chirp—

‘ And Jenny’s cage-bird, grown awake,
Here in their song his part must take,
Because here too the day doth break.’

Another very fine passage follows this, picturing the dreams and ambitions of the fallen woman ; but we must leave this, and only return in conclusion to one sentence, where, after a hopeless ejaculation—

‘ What has man done here ? How atone,
Great God, for this which man has done ? ’—

he adds :—

‘ If but a woman’s heart might see
Such erring heart unerringly
For once ! But that can never be.’

Yet perhaps the poet may have contributed to render such an impossibility less impossible ; for, say what we will of the painful nature of the subject, the poem is not one from which any truly womanly woman, who loves her sex, should turn away.

It is with a sense of absolute bewilderment that we turn from this poem to the set of Sonnets entitled the ‘ House of Life,’ some of which were published in the earlier volume, and which appear complete in the later one. We charitably hope that we may take it as one proof of the affected and unreal character of much of Mr. Rossetti’s poetry, that the same poet who could treat the subject of woman in her utmost degradation in so high a strain, should treat the subject of conjugal love so as to lower it more than we remember to have seen it lowered in any serious poetry before ; should substitute for true affection the languors of sickly and unwholesome passion, expressed in language which, however overlaid with farfetched and fantastic metaphor, comes at times little short of absolute pruriency. Let it be granted that the purest affection is inextricably interblent with sexual passion, this is certainly not the phase of the matter which would be predominant with high-minded men and women ; still less is it that which it is seemly or healthful to dwell upon in serious literature, poetic or other. To quote Carlyle again : ‘ Thou shalt not ‘ prate, even to thyself, about those “ secrets known to all ; ” ’ and though the author has had the sense to remove from the complete collection one exceedingly disagreeable sonnet, there is enough left to render the poems a much more unwelcome

addition to a domestic library than 'Don Juan,' in so far as this kind of brooding over the ideas suggested by sensuous passion is more enervating and unwholesome than that comic and half-contemptuous treatment of the subject which only raises a laugh. Recalling the recent dictum of our greatest critic and one of our most gifted poets, that poetry is essentially 'a criticism of life' (which, if we cannot accept it *sans phrase*, is certainly one of the most profound and suggestive things ever said about poetry), what a 'criticism of life' is this, which represents the 'House of Life' as the scene only of a moaning, fawning, purposeless, unmanly passion! And unfortunately this tone is only significant of a good deal more that we meet with in contemporary art and literature. In Mr. Rossetti's own paintings, in his women with staring soulless faces and great red lips; in the sickly nymphs of the Grosvenor Gallery; in the love scenes of some of Wagner's operas, where, as in 'Tristan und Isolde,' music is tortured to the expression of the most unbridled sexual passion—in all these we see signs of a tendency which plainly speaks of social unhealthiness and the decay (temporary at least) of the best ideal of manly and womanly feeling. We think of the tone in which woman has been spoken of in other stages of English life and literature—

'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more;'

of Wordsworth's

'Perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;'

of the fine and elevated tone of some of the more serious poems addressed to women by Byron; of the noble figure of Adriana in 'Philip van Artevelde;' of Tennyson's picture of Maud seated under a cedar tree, 'singing of death and of 'honour that cannot die;' and we feel that something rotten in the state is to be argued from the prevalence of a tendency in art and literature to pay to woman a species of homage which hardly deserves a higher title than æsthetic caterwauling.

From a purely literary point of view, these sonnets present a curious phenomenon. They are prefaced with a fantastically expressed sonnet in praise of the sonnet, for which it is claimed, in one good line, that it should be

'Of its own arduous fulness reverent.'

The expression conveys well the idea of the concentrated meaning and clearness, though terseness, of power and style which should characterise this refined and intellectual form of

poetic expression. But the majority of the sonnets which follow seem characterised rather by an arduous emptiness—arduous certainly to the reader, if not to the writer. There are a few which exhibit a comparative clearness of expression and continuity of thought and metaphor, and which, if standing alone, could be accepted as the adequate poetic expression of a moment of impassioned fervour or of curiously elaborated fancy. The sonnet called in the first volume 'Love's Redemption,' for example, which, when taken apart from the rest, is capable of a less sensuous interpretation, struck us, in its first form, as a fine utterance of passionate rapture, based upon an unusual and effective metaphor; in the second edition it is spoiled by the excision of the very metaphor which gave to the poem its peculiar solemnity of turn and association. 'The *'Monochord,'* described in the first volume as 'written during music,' was one which, in spite of some obscure and awkward lines, presented a fine expression of the effect of music on the mind, one remarkable line of which has been before quoted in these pages as conveying what many must have felt in listening to some of Beethoven's symphonies, and which we have never seen expressed in poetry before. By a strange perversity this sonnet also has been in the second edition deprived of its direct reference to music by an alteration of the first line, and reduced to that cloudy vagueness of meaning which it seems the object of the poet in these sonnets to attain. One vigorous and manly sonnet in the first volume, 'On Refusal of Aid between Nations,' is noticeable as breathing quite a different tone, and representing a much clearer literary style than the rest; and there is a fine thought, powerfully expressed, in the conclusion of the one entitled 'Known in Vain.' But, in spite of a good deal of mere musical beauty of language and verse in many of the sonnets, we turn over most of them with an increasing sense of their intellectual barrenness and weakness, of the preponderance of mere sound over meaning, the prevalence of an elaborate and cloying mannerism of words and metaphors, which seems not so much the expression of fullness of thought as the arrangement of elaborate drapery to hide the tenuity of the meaning. The constant iteration of certain words and phrases increases the impression of affectation which these poems convey. The word 'control' (as a substantive) seems to have a peculiar charm; there is some special meaning in the phrase 'soul-sequestered face;' the words 'fain' and 'even'—

'Even in my place he weeps. Even I, not he,' &c., &c.,—

are repeated *ad nauseam*. These latter expressions are a well-known trick with lesser poets of the intense school, and have been the subject of some well-timed gibes in 'Punch.' There are versifiers who are obviously created for nothing better than to vent this kind of pribble-prabble. Mr. Rossetti, if he did justice to the capacities which he has shown in some other poems, might well regard such *niaiserie*s as beneath him. It is only just to say that, on the other hand, we constantly meet with lines of much vivid picturesqueness and suggestiveness, such as remain in the memory :—

- ' And see the gold air and the silver fade,
And the last bird fly into the last light.'
- ' Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.'
- ' Visions of golden futures; or that last
Wild pageant of the accumulated past,
That clangs and flashes for a drowning man.'

But fine lines and metaphors do not in themselves make fine poetry, any more than carved stones make architecture. Perhaps we ought not to forget, either, in reference to our complaint about the sensuous ideal of love expressed here, that there is just a passing recognition of something higher in a sonnet where, after a passage in which the poet puts himself in the supremely ludicrous and indelicate position of a spectator of the most sacred privacies of wedded life, he adds :—

- ' Ah ! who shall say she deems not loveliest
The hour of sisterly sweet hand in hand ?'

We thank the poet 'even' (as he would say) for that suggestion.

As we have before hinted, comparing the tone and style of these 'House of Life' sonnets with that of some of the other poems, we are disposed to regard them as the product of an affectation of mental attitude and literary style, not representing the best side of the author's mind or the best possibilities of his poetic utterance. Whatever chance Mr. Rossetti may have of producing poetry which will be permanently enrolled in the literature of this country appears to us to depend very much on how far he may be able to shake off this artificial and morbid phase of thought and style, and develop the higher powers of genuine pathos and sincerity of purpose, and of a robust and healthy English style, of which some portions of his poems certainly show very striking examples. At present we should very much hesitate to affirm that any of the poetry in these two volumes has sufficient innate vitality to survive the inevitable changes in taste which soon put out

of date all poetry which is based on a mere temporary fashion of feeling and expression, and not on those deep-seated feelings which are common to human nature under all its varying social and intellectual phases. The two among the longer poems which deal most successfully with these more permanent subjects of human interest are nevertheless somewhat heavily weighted by defects of artistic form and consistency and literary finish, defects which always tell against the vitality of poetry sooner or later. The highest finish is realised in the works the interest of which we believe, from other causes, can only be temporary. We must except, however, from this judgment some of the smaller reflective and lyrical pieces; among the former 'A Young Firwood' and 'The Wood Spurge,' among the latter such as 'A New Year's Burden' and two or three of the other poems that are classed as 'songs' in the first volume. By way of giving a pleasant turn to the close of our remarks, we may quote one of these, 'First Love remembered,' which in purity of thought and expression seems to us nearly perfect:—

'Peace in her chamber, wheresoe'er
It be, a holy place:
The thought still brings my soul such grace
As morning meadows wear.

'Whether it still be small and light,
A maid's who dreams alone,
As from her orchard gate the moon
Its ceiling showed at night:

'Or whether, in a shadow dense
As nuptial hymns invoke,
Innocent maidenhood awoke
To married innocence:

'There still the thanks unheard await
The unconscious gift bequeathed;
For there my soul this hour has breathed
An air inviolate.'

ART. III.—*Culturgeschichte des Orients unter den Khalifen.*
 Von A. VON KREMER. Zwei Bände. Wien: 1875.

ON Monday, the 8th of June, 632 A.D., between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, there was a busy movement in the square before the chief mosque at Medina. The serious faces and pious ejaculations of the men, the wails of woe, now plaintive, now rising to despairing cries, of the women, who were in the huts nearest to the mosque, showed that some great and mournful event was anticipated. An hour had passed, when, from the summit of a platform of interwoven palms covered with mud, a powerful musical voice gave forth the call to midday prayer. At that moment a man of some sixty years, whose long sharply cut profile showed his pure Arab descent, appeared at the door of the neighbouring dwelling-house. He was of fair complexion, spare figure, and prominent features. His beard, according to Arab custom, was dyed bright red to conceal his grey hairs, and the brow projecting from under the turban gave evidence of no ordinary intelligence. The man's whole appearance, however, was prematurely aged. His walk was halting, and his back was bent. He was dressed in a white sheepskin picturesquely thrown over the shoulder as a toga, while his hands were left free. Under this garment he wore a close-fitting tunic of camel hair reaching to the knees. It was Abu Bekr, the father-in-law of Mohammed. He saluted all with the customary words, "Greetings to ye all." To which all present replied in the usual formula, "May the greeting of "God be unto thee and His blessings!" The Prophet lay grievously ill within his house, a series of mud huts on one side of the square. Aisha was tending him—Aisha, his passionate youthful wife, then barely in her eighteenth summer, in all the glow of youth, her dark eyes flashing fire, her slim figure coquettishly half concealed in gauzy muslin, her small feet peeping out from the loose red trousers. The Prophet was reclining on a couch of palm boughs, his head on the lap of Aisha, while she fanned his heated brow, and endeavoured to calm his fevered fancy.

There lay the man who within a period of a few years had established a new religion, had conquered Mecca, and rendered all Arabia obedient to his word. He was battling helplessly against the raging fever. His nervous organisation, meagre diet, night watches, and harem excesses had worn out the feeble body. His strength was sinking, wearier and deeper

‘came his breath. Aisha murmured a prayer, “O God, “Refuge of man, drive away this evil. Thou art the Healer, “Thou alone canst cure. Disease must yield to Thy healing “power.” She prayed, and clung to the Prophet’s hand. ‘She felt the hand weigh heavier and heavier. Suddenly she ‘ceased her appeal to God, and her arms fell motionless by ‘her side. The Prophet had passed away.’

The dramatic story of the death of Mohammed, of which the above is a summary, opens a work full of interest to those who would gain some knowledge of the mode of government and state of society under the Chalifs of the first two dynasties. Herr von Kremer, whose knowledge, industry, and research have enabled him to consult all that has been preserved to us of the Arabic chronicles, as well as later authorities, has succeeded in presenting a vivid and accurate picture of the social life of the Arabs. In reading his two volumes we are surrounded with actual realities, with living men, dining and carousing with them, listening to the gossip in the bazaar, witnessing the jousts and races, serenading the beauties of the Chalif’s palace, whispering love in the shady gardens of Damascus, assisting at grave debates, attending the solemn ceremonies at Mecca; we are in the law court, academy, and mosque, in the palace, laboratory, and library; before us passes a living panorama of four centuries, headed by the great Prophet, the inspired one, with his few faithful followers in the burning desert, followed by the simple, stern Omar the lawgiver, by Moâwija the conqueror, by chieftains and poets, by hermits and grave doctors, and closed by the luxurious voluptuary, the Chalif of Bagdad, the last of the Abbasides. Religion and law and finances, the military and civil administration, commerce, literature, and art, are all treated with fulness of detail, precision of language, and acute and scholarly criticism. Within the limits of a review it is difficult, if not impossible, to render justice to so vast a subject, on which, it is true, much has been written, but which is considered by Herr von Kremer in an entirely fresh and original manner.

To Omar, the second of the Chalifs, is due the praise of having first organised into a state the unruly tribes of Arabia. ‘He may be regarded as the founder of all those institutions ‘which raised the Chalifate to a ruling power in the world ‘for centuries.’ Before we pass on to later times it is necessary to glance at the measures taken by this remarkable man to give stability and compactness to the loose and heterogeneous elements of which the Arab race was composed. Mohammed, humanly considered, was a fervent religious

enthusiast; Omar was the cool-headed statesman, of the hard, stern mould of a Scotch Puritan. He kept two objects steadily in view, the extension of Islamism and the assertion over other people of the Arab race in all its purity. Although he was most successful in carrying out his policy in respect to the first point, still the means he employed were not peculiar to himself. It was generally at the point of the sword that the Koran was accepted. With regard, however, to the second object, Omar enacted certain measures which bear the impress of the character of the man who initiated them. The religious bond in early days, beyond the limits of the Prophet's immediate followers, was not a strong one in itself. It is extremely doubtful if the fervour which made martyrs of the early Christians filled the breasts of the sons of the desert to the same degree. The rapidity of the Arab conquests, the unparalleled swiftness with which the Koran was borne from land to land and adopted by the subject races, the devotion of the conquerors to their cause, should not be unhesitatingly attributed to religious enthusiasm in its noblest sense. The Semitic love of plunder and riches, and the proud arrogance of an exclusive race, furnished motors as powerful as any spiritual incitement. The half-hearted and unwilling acceptance of the mission of Mohammed by many of the Arab tribes showed clearly that the truth of that mission had not sunk deeply into the hearts of men. Had it not been for the early military successes of Abu Bekr, Arabia would have thrown off its allegiance immediately after the death of the Prophet. The jealousies and rivalries of the several tribes and their constant feuds might at any moment rend asunder the somewhat weak bond of a common faith. Some stronger tie had to be found if the religion of the Prophet was to be spread amongst foreign nations. For this a firm union between the bearers of the word was necessary to ensure the success of the propaganda. It was essential to create in each Moslem a direct personal interest in the dissemination of his belief. Omar rightly judged that the most powerful instrument would be the prospect of satisfying the avarice and greed of the Arabs.

In the very early days of Islamism, when the financial administration was of the simplest character, it had been the custom to divide the surplus revenue of the state amongst all the members of the Moslem community. It may be as well to give a short account of the sources of the revenue, and we cannot take a better course than follow the narrative of Herr von Kremer.

'The Koran ordains, after inculcating the necessity of prayer, the

levying of a tax (poor-tax) termed "*zakâh*," which signifies purification ; and the Arabs explain that by the payment of that tax the faithful purified themselves and their property from all sin. In the Koran the order to pay the poor-tax follows immediately after that enforcing the necessity of prayer. "Offer up prayer and pay your legal alms." So much importance was given to this poor-tax that it was considered as much a distinctive mark of the pure Moslem as prayer itself. The riches of a man were chiefly estimated, as was but natural in those primitive times, by the number of camels and sheep he possessed, and a proportionate duty was levied. This duty was paid in kind. Merchants were also liable to a certain tax, as is evident from the following order issued by Omar : "Take from the Moslem (merchants) one dirham out of every forty dirhams, and write a receipt for the year, but from the non-Moslem merchants take one dirham out of every twenty."

'The revenue arising from the poor-tax was devoted to the following purposes:—1. The equipment of troops for war against the unbelievers. 2. The payment of the officials (*Amîl*) who were entrusted with the collection of the tax. 3. The support and maintenance of destitute Moslems. It must be remembered that the two noble Koraisite families, the Mottalibids and the Hâshimids, the nearest relations of the Prophet, were expressly excluded from receiving any moneys from the poor-tax, as they were subsidised from the treasury chest. By degrees the absolute disposal of the poor-tax and of the other revenues of the State came into the hands of the Chalif. The taxes which the subjected people of Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia had to pay were twofold: 1. The poll-tax (*gizja*, tributum capitis) ; and 2. The land-tax (*charag*, tributum soli). The poll-tax was divided into three classes. In Egypt and Syria, where there existed a gold currency, the standard being the Roman solidus, the rich man paid four dynars yearly, the middle classes two dynars, and the poor classes one dynar. In Mesopotamia, Eastern Arabia, and Persia, where there was a silver currency, and the standard was the Sassanid dirham, forty dirham were paid as poll-tax by the rich. Beyond these taxes the conquered races had to furnish the troops with certain contributions in kind. A very productive source of revenue was the booty captured in war, of which a fifth part was set aside for the State.'

In the time of Omar's predecessor the donations from the surplus revenue had been limited to the inhabitants of the two holy cities, and possibly to the tribes in alliance with them ; but the distribution was soon extended to all Moslems. The revenues even in Omar's time amounted to such large sums that both the Chalif and his counsellors were at some loss how to apportion them amongst the faithful. The difficulty was surmounted by a census being taken, according to tribes and families, and a fixed yearly sum was paid to each tribe. These donations were of no insignificant amount, as a member of even the lowest class received an annual stipend of 1,000

dirhams (about forty pounds sterling). In distributing these donations Omar strictly followed the precept of Mohammed that all Moslems are brothers, as he made no distinction between pure Arabs (*sayh*), half-blood Arabs (*halyf*), and clients. All Moslems without exception received the share to which they were entitled. The subject races were forced to sow and labour; to the Moslem was reserved the privilege of reaping. His only duty was the noble profession of arms. The non-Moslem paid poll and land taxes, and had further to furnish contributions in kind. The Moslem, it is true, had to submit to a poor-tax of two and a half per cent. and to a land tax of ten per cent.; but he received from the State, on the other hand, his share of the four-fifths of the war booty, and fixed yearly donations in addition. As the number of the faithful increased, and as the exigencies both of the State and of the Court demanded larger resources, the liberality shown towards the Moslems had gradually to be restricted, and some distinction in later times had to be made between the more recent converts and those who were born believers in the faith. The community eventually was classed under three categories: 1. Moslems; 2. Converts; and 3. Tolerated unbelievers. Theoretically no distinction existed between the first two categories, but owing to the condition of the finances it was found impossible to carry the principle into practice. It may be said generally that the converts paid the land and poll taxes, while the Moslem only paid the tithes.

Down to the period of the later Chalifs of the Omeiyade dynasty the Arabs of pure descent were alone considered as forming a stable and reliable element in the State. The policy of the early Chalifs was to preserve the Arabs as a ruling and a warrior caste, distinctly separate and excluded from foreign admixture. Polygamy was adopted as a means to assist the rapid increase of the race. With the view of maintaining the Arab race as pure as possible, Omar promulgated several laws. He issued a decree which prohibited all Arabs, beyond the boundaries of Arabia, from acquiring property or pursuing agriculture in the conquered countries. It is evident that this law could not be strictly followed; and, although Omar punished the smallest infraction of it with the greatest severity, its observance, even in his day, was neither general nor exact.

Another measure of Omar, and one for which he has been much blamed by later historians, was his expulsion of the Jews and Christians from certain districts of Arabia. Nothing can justify such arbitrary steps, though they were taken with the view of preserving Arabia as the bulwark of Islamism. He

considered that there was but one race which should rule, and that race was the Arabian. No Arab could be a slave; he could neither be made a slave by purchase nor by the misfortunes of war. The Arabs were not to learn or speak foreign tongues, and the Christians were not to be permitted to read Arabic or write in the Arabic character. All these measures show that Omar endeavoured to render the distinction between the Arabs and other races as wide and as permanent as possible. In the case of a race of conquerors coming into perpetual contact with many different peoples, it was, however, in fact impossible to maintain such ethnical barriers. The example of the Jews may have been present to the mind of Omar, but the conditions of the two cases were essentially different.

In his private life Omar remained true to the patriarchal habits of the simple old Arabs. An eye-witness relates the following anecdote:—

‘On a very hot summer’s day I was with Osman at an estate which the latter possessed near Medina. In the distance we saw a man approaching, driving before him two camel foals. The heat was so great that the ground was baked dry. We were astonished that anyone should venture out on such a day. When the man came near, we saw to our surprise that he was the Chalif Omar. Osman stood up, and put his head outside the shady place under which we were resting, but drew it quickly in again, as the burning wind was insupportable. When Omar came up to us, Osman asked him why he had ventured out into the open in such a heat. Omar answered that the foals belonged to a number of animals which had arrived in payment of taxes, and that he wished to drive them himself to the State meadow so that they should not run away and escape.’

Omar was mortally wounded in the year 644 A.D. by a Persian slave during prayer in the mosque. Death, however, did not ensue immediately, and he was able to effect his last arrangements in full possession of his faculties. From the date of his conversion to Islamism he had been the wise and trusted counsellor of the Prophet. As Dr. Weil in his ‘Geschichte der ‘Chalifen’ observes, ‘Islamism is indebted to him for most of ‘the energetic measures of those days—measures which the more ‘timid Mohammed and Abu Bekr would never have taken without his assistance.’ The steps taken after his decease with regard to the appointment of a successor are significant and important. He appointed a Council of Regency composed of the most influential companions of the Prophet, to whom he added his own son Abdalrahman, on the express condition, however, that the latter should not put himself forward as a candidate. This council was to come to an agreement as to a successor, and submit their choice for ratification by the people. The Arabs

differed widely from other Asiatics on this point. The idea of an hereditary monarchy was entirely foreign to them. They considered that the Chalifs should be elected in precisely the same manner as they had previously chosen their chiefs—that is, by popular acclamation. In early times this mode was adopted, and the new Chalif received the homage of the people by the primitive ceremony of handshaking. This had been the form observed at the election of Abu Bekr.

‘The ideas and customs inherited from ancient times had merely been followed. The Arab tribes before the time of Mohammed had observed a similar procedure in the election of their chiefs and leaders. It was owing, however, to the fact that no rule had been established that an endless series of succession disputes hereafter ensued. There was a continual conflict between the theory of an election of the prince by the people, and the law of succession according to seniority, by which the eldest member of the ruling family was considered as entitled to the throne.’

In the case of Omar’s successor the Council, after much wrangling, selected Osman, son-in-law of the Prophet. Here the principle of seniority no doubt induced Aly to surrender his claims as the nearest relative of the Prophet. Omar himself had observed the tradition of his race by expressly excluding his son from the candidature.

With Osman a new party came into power, the old patrician party of Mecca, which had only very recently acknowledged the Prophet and adopted Islamism, and which was bitterly hated by the austere puritans of Medina. Osman, by several imprudent acts, roused the jealousy and fears of the Medina party, and the feeling against him became at length so bitter that a conspiracy was organised, and the venerable Chalif murdered.

‘Aly was called by the large majority to the Chalifate immediately after the assassination of Osman. At first he resisted the choice; but the multitude listened not and forced him to stretch out his hand to receive the salutation which signified the approval of the election. The malcontents proceeded to excite a movement against the new Chalif, whom they accused of participation in the murder of Osman. The situation was rendered extremely critical owing to Moâwija, the Governor of Syria, joining the movement, and, under the pretext of avenging the death of Osman, throwing off his allegiance to the Government at Medina and declaring the election of Aly to be null and void. In the sanguinary conflict which ensued Moâwija proved the victor, and Aly fell by the hand of an assassin. His son Hassan was elected by his adherents as Chalif. This feeble and timid ruler soon retired from the throne, and handed over the reins of government to Moâwija. The Chalifate was thus once more in the undisputed

possession of one man. The capital, however, was no longer Medina, but Damascus. The patriarchal Chalifate terminates with this revolution, and we enter into the second period, during which the aristocracy of Mecca governed the vast empire. On the fall of the Omeiyade dynasty the seat of government was transferred from Damascus to Bagdad, and thus ended the pure Arabian period of the Chalifate. The Chalifate in its last stage became more and more affected by foreign and especially by Persian influences, till the invading Mongol finally closed this period.'

The above remarks and quotation from Herr von Kremer's work have been made in order to draw attention to the manner in which the monarchical idea was interpreted by the Arabs. The union of spiritual and temporal functions was considered essential.

'To the pure Semitic mind of the Arabs government and religion were identic conceptions. The Arabs employed the same term (*imâm*) to express "sovereign" or "head of the State," as was originally used when speaking of the leader of the prayer at the public religious services in the mosque. Sovereignty had been hitherto unknown to the North Arab tribes, and, when adopted, could not be disconnected from the religious idea. They could not conceive a prince who was not invested with the highest priestly powers. The Arab State appeared to be a revival of the old Hebrew theocracy. Otherwise it is impossible to understand how personal government and the monarchical principle could have developed and taken root among a people so unruly and so averse to restraint. Stern necessity formed out of the scattered elements of the North-Arab tribes a community whose intersocial relations were so governed by a system of strict discipline as to present to the world a united and compact State. The monarchy was, therefore, a necessary condition to the preservation of the newly-born Islamic commonwealth which was involved in perpetual conflicts with the neighbouring States. It is well worthy of remark that those Arab thinkers who have made philosophical enquiries into the origin of the monarchy have all candidly admitted it to be an institution necessary to the maintenance of good order. They do not hesitate to declare that an unjust and violent monarchy is better than unbridled liberty, since an "unjust monarchy for forty years is to be preferred "to one hour of anarchy."

There was a wide difference between the Arabic and Hebrew conceptions of the monarchy. The former took as a basis the free election by the people, while the latter considered legitimate succession and divine sanction as essential elements in the recognition of a sovereign. The careless rulers of the Omeiyade and Abbaside dynasties paid but little regard to their religious duties as Chalifs, and were content to govern as purely temporal sovereigns, until the rapid decrease of their power induced them to lay more stress on their spiritual claims

as heads of Islam, and to endeavour thereby to reclaim a position to which their actual influence did not entitle them.

The Chalif's spiritual functions were not very arduous. In the early days the Chalif had to preside at the prayers five times daily in the mosque, and also to preach on Fridays. On such occasions he appeared dressed in white, wearing a white tunic and a peaked cap. This colour was changed to black under the Abbasides. The only insignia of dignity that he bore were the signet ring and the staff. In later times, however, the Chalifs appointed representatives for these religious duties, and it is reported that on one occasion a Chalif of the Omeiyade dynasty caused his mistress to officiate in his place.

Under the favouring auspices of Osman, the third Chalif, the Mecca patricians acquired riches and prosperity, and rapidly monopolised all the lucrative and important posts. Wealth flowed into the holy city as country after country became subject to the conquering Moslem, and the pleasure-seeking voluptuous manner of living which the nobles of Mecca generally adopted found imitators even in Medina itself. Music, and song, and dance replaced the old simple customs in spite of the thunders of the fanatics. At banquets and festivals the guests, clad in bright red, green, or yellow garments, reposed on couches strewn with sweet-smelling herbs and flowers. Musk, aloe branches, and other scents burned in gold and silver vases, and charmed the senses of the guests with their heavy perfumes. Goblets of precious metal or of crystal passed from hand to hand, while female singers warbled their most touching ditties. The relations with the female sex relaxed from the severity which Islamism desired to introduce, and which it eventually succeeded in imposing. The young bloods of Mecca pursued their bold courtships without shame in the holy city, and even in the temple itself. As in Europe of the Middle Ages, in the joyous times of the Troubadours, so in Arabia woman was worshipped and courted with a true chivalrous gallantry. In later ages Islamism sternly thrust this frivolity from it, when society was perturbed by fanatical priests, Ulemas, and the inspired hypocrites of the mystical school. A change indeed, and within so short a period, from the days when Abu Bekr employed his leisure hours in cutlery, and Omar, declining a tent, slept under a bush with his mantle as a covering!

'A busy, pleasure-seeking activity distinguished the higher classes of the holy city. A barbaric luxury existed in company with a high refinement of social etiquette and manners. Facilities for social meetings were provided, and a rich patrician established a gambling-

house, a kind of club, where chess and draughts were played; books also were furnished for those who wished to read. At a very early date an ordinary was opened at Medina.'

Two of the poets of the day, Omar Ibn Aby Raby'a and Argy, who were not behind their contemporaries in dissipation, have left behind them many a song illustrating the gay and careless life of the time. Courtships, love adventures, wine songs, and epigrams abound in the collection of which Herr von Kremer gives a discreet and judicious selection. We see in them the forerunners of the minstrels of Damascus and Bagdad, of Cordova and Grenada, of Guienne and Provence. It was not until the middle of the first century of the Mussulman era that an Arab school for singing was established at Mecca, and somewhat later at Medina. Towais is the first who is mentioned as having sung in Arabic and with the accompaniment of the tambourine. The principal musical instruments in vogue at that time were the small drum (*doff*), the tambourine (*tanbur*), the shawm (*nai*), the lute (*'ud*), &c. Formerly the Arabs had merely known a kind of monotonous recitative, and the introduction from Persia of an harmonious unison of voice and instrument was a great novelty.

The more serious saw the dangers likely to arise from the softening and enervating influences of such a mode of life as that above described, and the fanatical party, exaggerating these fears, cried out vehemently for the prohibition of all singing and the destruction of all musical instruments. Laws were even enacted to this purpose, but, as is always the case when the impossible is demanded, they existed only to be ignored. Indeed, as a bitter irony, it was from Mecca and Medina that the Court at Damascus procured the best singers. The danger, however, in the early days was really grave, as beyond the dissertations on the Koran, with which few of the rich occupied themselves, the youth of the towns had no serious studies. They were, therefore, impelled on a very dangerous incline.

We have hastily glanced at the softer side of Arab life before the removal of the seat of government to Damascus; it may perhaps not be out of place now to give a short account of the military organisation of the early Moslems. The troops were not divided into regiments or legions, but according to tribes, and were composed of two arms, infantry and cavalry.

The weapons of the infantry were the bow and the sling, the pike and the sword, and the chief arm of the cavalry was a lance of ten ells in length. The infantry carried as defensive arms large wooden shields covered with leather or metal guards (*tars*), or small round targets (*gahfah* or *darakah*). The troops

wore helmets partly of leather and partly of metal, with a visor and small chain armour to cover the neck. The coats of mail were also of chain armour, but, at any rate in the early days, they were very rare owing to their high price. The army in the field was divided into a centre, two wings, with advance and rear guards. The cavalry covered the wings, and the archers, a very important arm, formed a separate corps. Each tribe had its flag, a piece of cloth tied on to the end of a lance, while the large black standard of the Prophet formed the centre rallying point. This standard was termed ‘‘Okâb,’ the Eagle, from the effigy of this bird which surmounted the pole of the flag, in imitation of the standards of the Roman legions. It is needless to remark that what is at present called the flag of the Prophet is the green curtain which formed the door to his tent.

After the Arabs had met with the Greeks and Persians they quickly adopted many of the improvements they found in the armies of these two nations, and organised their troops on the Byzantine model. The Arabs, however, had one surpassing advantage over all troops of that and of many subsequent periods, which was of more value to them than their abstinence, endurance, and rapidity of movement. This advantage consisted in the stern discipline which was maintained. Otherwise their extraordinary conquests with limited numbers could never have been accomplished.

‘Omar and Osman punished offenders by causing them to be placed in the pillory and their turbans to be torn off. At first these humiliating punishments were deemed to be sufficient; but it was gradually found necessary to increase their severity. Mosâb added to the above punishments the indignity of shaving the head and chin of the offender. Bishr Ibn Marwân pushed matters a little further, and nailed the hands of the prisoner to a post, while Haggâg, the energetic Governor of Irâk under Abdalmalik, simplified the degrees of punishment by decapitating all offenders.’

The battles between the Arabs themselves usually commenced by a series of duels between several of the most important men on either side. These would step out of the ranks, sing a defiant song, call out their names and lineages, and challenge any adversary of equal birth to single combat. After a series of duels the respective armies became excited against each other, and a general attack was then made which ended in a mêlée. The cavalry never charged in a compact body, but in loose order, and retreated as soon as they had made an attack.

The Grecian and Persian armies were very unwieldy in their movements, and when once their ranks were broken they could

no longer stand their ground, and lost as many men by the confusion that followed as fell by the sword of the enemy. It is stated that the Persians occasionally endeavoured to give some firmness to their ranks by binding the men together with chains. The consequences of a defeat in these circumstances can easily be imagined.

The Arabs followed the example of the Romans, and established fixed camps in the conquered provinces. These camps in many instances grew into large towns, and soon lost their original character. Under the Omeiyade dynasty further improvements and reforms were made in the military system, and the Arabs adopted from the Persians the Greek plan, borrowed from the well-known practice of Cæsar, of making a fortified camp at the end of every daily march. Great attention was further paid to the war machines and transport service. For the latter purpose camels were almost exclusively employed, as best adapted to the nature of the country. The troops were regularly paid, and their share in the booty proved an additional incentive to the soldiers to remain under the standards. The pay of the troops under the Omeiyades was liberal, amounting to fifty or sixty francs a month to each soldier. The standing army in those days was composed of sixty thousand men, costing the country about sixty millions of francs annually. During the Abbaside period the organisation of the army underwent considerable changes, both in its number and composition. With the necessity of defending and pacifying the vast empire the army had to be largely increased, and the system of recruiting had to be placed on a less exclusive basis. The new converts were freely admitted; and, as the Persian influence acquired the preponderance, men of all races served under the banner of the Chalif. The Turks were organised into a corps of prætorian guards, and soon followed the example of their prototypes under the Roman emperors.

The Chalifs of the Omeiyade dynasty were the first who undertook maritime expeditions, and they employed for this purpose the skilful sailors on the Syrian coast. With the conquest of Egypt and other countries on the shores of the Mediterranean, a large navy was rapidly developed, which soon became the terror of peaceful merchants and of the inhabitants of the adjacent sea coasts. It is clear that the Moslems effected considerable improvements in naval tactics and equipment from the Arabic terms which still exist in nautical vocabularies, such as admiral, cable, arsenal, corvette, &c.

Notwithstanding the religious enthusiasm, which, as we remarked above, was perhaps not so deep and general in the

early days as is usually believed, and notwithstanding the brilliant and rapid victories which carried the Prophet's banner to the Euphrates and Guadalquivir, the Mussulman State could not have developed such strength and consistency, nay could not even have existed, had not the civil, financial, and judicial administration been established on a firm basis. Much that concerned the above branches of government was no doubt borrowed from the Greeks and the Persians; but the Arabs were a race of far too great originality, the circumstances of their position, habits, and religion were of far too peculiar and special a character, to permit their system of government, their financial administration, and their laws to be but a copy of what they found existing in neighbouring countries and among the nations whom they conquered.

The subject is too vast for us to endeavour to enter upon it within the limits at our disposal; we can give but a bare outline of the mode in which the numerous and distant provinces were governed during the periods of the Arab dynasties. Herr von Kremer has gone most thoroughly into the subject, and his chapters on the financial and legal administration of the Arabs furnish a variety of details which are well worthy of the most attentive perusal. There is one great fact to be borne in mind, which has especial force in considering the affairs of the Ottoman Empire of the present day, and that is that the whole system of the government during the period with which we are now concerned was based on the principle of decentralisation. To-day the exact opposite is the case. Each village and each town governed itself, and the central authority did not interfere unless disturbances took place, or the taxes were not paid. Each province had its separate treasury, and the provincial expenditure was first met before the surplus was remitted to the central government. At the commencement of the Omeiyade dynasty the Empire was divided into ten provinces, and as the list shows the extent of the Moslem rule, it may not be out of place to enumerate them. The provinces were as follows:—1. Syria; 2. Kufa with Irak; 3. Bassorah with Persia; 4. Armenia; 5. Mecca; 6. Medina; 7. The frontier of India (Kermân, Scinde, Kabul, &c.); 8. Africa; 9. Egypt; 10. South Arabia. Over each province was a governor, appointed by the Chalif, and removeable at his will; but it is easy to understand that the authority of the central government over powerful governors of distant provinces became gradually weakened, and the subserviency of these satraps became in many instances merely nominal. In fact, at the date of the Crusades, the political situation of the

East resembled in some particulars that of the West. In each case there is a number of independent princes acknowledging one spiritual head, the Eastern Chalif or the Western Pope. Before, however, the relation between the provinces and the centre had become of this loose nature, the authority of the Chalif was of a sensible kind, and was not unfrequently exercised. Omar considered it extremely inexpedient that all powers, judicial, financial, and administrative, should be entrusted to one man, and he commenced the prudent course of separating these various functions and confiding them to distinct officials. His endeavours in this respect were not, however, very successful, and the efforts of his successors to separate the financial from the administrative duties met with considerable opposition. One governor frankly declared his objections to these reforms to lie in his fear that the Chalif desired to place him in the position of the person who held the horns of a cow while another milked her. There does not appear to have been the same difficulty with regard to the appointment of judges, and Omar insisted on the regular and liberal payment of these officials in order to ensure impartiality and a sense of duty. The finances gradually came into the hands of the Christians and Persians, when their administration became more complicated. Abd-al malik, fired with the desire to render the whole government thoroughly Arab, dismissed all those employés who were not of that race, but he found that it was necessary to reinstate them, as few Arabs were competent to deal with questions demanding a special education. The judges, it should be remarked, were named simply to settle differences between Mussulmans. The contemptuous indifference of the Moslem conqueror for the subject races allowed the latter to regulate their own affairs according to their own manner.

We may tarry for a moment to say a few words with regard to the position of the Christian and other religions under the Arab domination. A special distinction had been made by Mohammed between the Christian and Jewish religions and those of other sects, such as the Manichæans, Zoroastrians, &c. To the former two creeds greater toleration was shown than to the others, and it cannot be denied that, generally speaking, the condition of the two relatively favoured religions was not so hard as has occasionally been asserted. This statement should not be taken too literally, as the treatment of Christians, for instance, varied under different Chalifs and in different countries. The Christian of the town further enjoyed a better position in comparison with his co-religionist who tilled the field. The former was educated to a certain extent, and use-

ful, nay even necessary in the more scientific branches of the government, while the latter had to make good to the treasury the deficits caused by the special exemptions granted to the Moslem. Some weight has been attached to the fact that a distinctive dress had to be worn by the Christians, but this mark of difference was not intended as a badge of inferiority merely, but as necessary to distinguish the several sects. In language and mode of life the Christian was in many places similar to his Moslem neighbour; an outward and visible difference was, therefore, considered essentially necessary. The intellectual activity of the Christians remained not without its influence, and to it the Moslems are indebted not only for their acquaintance with the philosophical literature of the Greeks, and for their instruction in medicine and the more subtle arts, but also many of the later divisions in Islamic thought may have derived their origin from similar movements in the Christian Church. The positions held by the Nestorian Catholics, and also by the 'Prince of the Captivity' at Bagdad, prove that the Moslem rulers were not wanting in respect to the heads or representatives of those religions which they recognised as worthy of toleration.

Herr von Kremer has, with just reason, been at considerable pains to describe the ritual and religious ceremonies in the mosques. The political, social, and religious duties of the Moslems were so interwoven, and indeed still are so, that it would be impossible to treat of them separately. Captain Burton has described in such detail the localities and the pilgrimage ceremonies that it is needless to repeat them here. We would only draw attention to certain points which have not been fully entered upon, and to the importance attached to the proper performance of the obligatory prayers.

The weekly sermon was held with greater ceremony than is at present the case; and the following account, which is taken from an eye-witness, will show the solemnity observed on the occasion.

'When the pulpit had been moved to the wall of the Kaaba, the preacher entered the mosque through the door of the Prophet. He was dressed in a black mantle, embroidered with gold, and his turban, over which was thrown a veil, was also of black worked with gold threads. This was the dress given to him by the Chalif. Preceded by an acolyte, he slowly walked down the mosque between men bearing black banners. In his hand he carried a red twisted staff, on the end of which were fastened strips of fine leather. This he occasionally swung round quickly so as to let all those in the mosque be aware that the sermon was about to commence. Before ascending the pulpit he advanced to the black stone, kissed it, and offered up a prayer. The

sword was then hung over his shoulder, and he commenced to mount into the pulpit. At each step he clanked the sword against the steps, and having offered up another prayer, and called blessings on the heads of the congregation, he threw the sword on the ground and commenced his sermon.'

The sermon was a powerful instrument in the hands of the Ulemas, and they used it unsparingly. In no other religion perhaps has greater importance been given to prayer than in Islamism, and in no other is prayer so tied down with rules and formulas. The smallest details, every gesture and prostration, are prescribed by the most exact regulations, and the non-observance of any of them completely destroys all the efficacy of the prayer. In these circumstances it is inevitable that prayer should, in general, degenerate into a meaningless ritual, although the belief in its efficacy may still be strong. It is performed as part of the daily duty, and is not the spontaneous outpouring of a sincere heart. The faithful in these matters follow strictly the example and ordinances of the Prophet. He laid down that there should be five prayers daily, one before sunrise, at midday, in the afternoon between three and four o'clock, at sunset, and in the night. Great importance was also attached to the prayer being in public and in common. A saying of Mohammed was quoted that 'the prayer in common is worth fiftyfold that which is said 'at home or in the place of business.' The constant reiterations of certain phrases were supposed to have a salutary effect in proportion to the number of repetitions; while, on the other hand, the omission to perform the necessary number of prayers rendered nugatory all the good works that might have been done in the day. In short, prayer was the outward and visible sign of the good Moslem, and even in the time when numerous sects had appeared the prescribed forms and regulations were always universally observed, however much difference there might be with regard to dogma. It is not difficult to appreciate the effect of this rigid discipline exercised daily and universally throughout the Moslem world. However careless the rich and powerful might in time become with respect to their religious duties, the mass of the people followed the traditions of their Church with a scrupulous exactitude. This is the more to be noted, as Islamism demanded much of its disciples. Beyond the prayer five times daily, a Moslem had to pay the poor-tax, to fast during the Ramazan, to make his pilgrimage to Mecca, and to submit to the military service when called upon to do so. There were again numerous regulations with regard to the cleansing of the body and the nature of the food

to be eaten. Notwithstanding these numerous calls on the conscience of the individual, Islamism, however, granted many favours to its devotees. 'Nearly every sin could be washed away by an expiatory fine, by fasting, or by prayer. Frequently the penance consisted in feeding a certain number of poor people, in setting a slave at liberty, or in fasting.'

With the spread of Islamism sprang up numerous sects, some moved to dissent on philosophical grounds, others pushed to extremes by an exaggerated fanaticism. The latter, as is usually the case in the East, gave birth to many frenzied enthusiasts who still exist to the present day. Of the former we shall have to speak later when we treat of the Chalif's Court at Bagdad. With the victory of Moâwija over Aly and the submission of Hassan, the seat of government was removed to Damascus.

Damascus has, at various times and in different circumstances, played a great part in Oriental history, but it arrived at the zenith of its brilliancy when the Court of the Omciyades resided there. Firmly established on their thrones, with absolute power and ever-increasing resources, the Chalifs of that period indulged in all the pleasures of life to a degree hitherto unknown. The dissipation of the worst periods of the Roman and Byzantine emperors was imitated and almost equalled at Damascus. Yazîd I. is the typical Chalif of a characteristic age, an age which had lost the simplicity of the early Arab days, and which had not attained the refinement of the Court at Bagdad. Herr von Kremer gives a lively picture of Damascus at that time.

'Damascus was the residence of a rich and extravagant court, with its train of high officials. Hither came crowds of strangers, merchants, and caravans from all parts of the East. Her bazaars were filled with the artificial and natural products of three hemispheres, and frequented by a picturesque and busy crowd. Here groups of Syrians in their purple cloaks, ornamented with arabesque patterns, with baggy trousers and red sandals, in their full turbans of white or blue, drove their asses and mules laden with the produce of their country. Bedouins, in their woollen mantles of brown and white stripes, their heads bound with "kufjes" of red and yellow, stood gazing and puzzled in the crowded streets; here on a prancing steed passed a haughty chief, shaking his long lance. Descendants of the Prophet, with sharply-cut features, slowly paced towards the mosque counting their rosaries. 'Trains of women, their figures completely concealed in their long white cloaks, bargained and haggled in the shops; black slaves and beggars pushed and wrangled in the mob; water-carriers, selling iced lemonade and sherbet, clinked their metal cups; on all sides were heard the cries of the vendors. "Raghyf jâ shibâb," "Bread, good youths," cried the bread seller; "Goods from Halbun," called

out the peasant with his splendid figs, grapes, and pomegranates; "Eddâim Allâh," "God is the imperishable," was the cry of the salad seller, wishing to win the custom of the devout by praising the eternity of God in drawing attention to the perishable quality of his goods. And all this bustle and turmoil took place within the narrow streets shaded from the sun by straw mattings or under the stone arcades.'

The Chalifs took the lead in the gay, roystering life which was passed by the society at Damascus. Cock-fighting and polo and horse-racing, drinking bouts and revels occupied the greater portion of the day. They lived for the day and were careless of the morrow. Yazyd I. affords a striking picture of the reckless indifference which the high-born showed for their reputations and for the consideration in which they were held by the people. Reclining on couches, in the sumptuously furnished halls or cool courts of their palaces, surrounded with all the luxuries which the riches of the East could procure, the nobles passed their days and nights in watching the voluptuous dances of their female slaves, in listening to the erotic or fulsome songs of highly-paid singers, in drinking, gambling, and intrigue. The passion for music which was rapidly developed at Damascus is worthy of remark. It rose to such a height that fabulous sums were paid for the services of the most popular singers. It is related that Yazyd sent for a famous singer from Mecca, named Ma'bad, and, as was the etiquette in those days, listened to his songs from behind the screen which concealed the Chalif from the public gaze. Ma'bad, however, possessed to such a high degree the gift of enchanting his audience, that Yazyd, unable to contain himself, sprang up and danced wildly round the room till he sank down unconscious. Another anecdote further illustrates the susceptibility of the Chalifs to the power of song.

'Ibn Mosaggih had so great a success as a singer that the younger members of the noble families of Mecca were enraptured with him, and squandered their money on him. The attention of the governor of the city was attracted by the excitement caused by Ibn Mosaggih, and he reported to the Chalif at Damascus that the young nobles of Mecca were ruining themselves on the singer. On receipt of this report, an order came from Damascus to send the singer to the capital. He appeared there, and so captivated the Chalif by his voice that the latter richly rewarded him, and sent him back to Mecca with orders to the governor not to molest him further.'

The love of music and song was especially cultivated by the young nobles of Mecca.

'A stonemason of the name of Hodaly had a great natural talent for improvising rhymes. When he was at work in the quarries, the young people used to visit him, and beg him to sing something to

them. Hodaly,⁷ however, stipulated for his reward in advance, and asked his admirers to help him in his work. They, nothing loth, tucked up their caftans, tied them round their waists, and set to work carrying stones. When the task was finished, Hodaly would climb up on a rock, sit down, and begin to sing, while the audience lay about on the sand. Goblets and refreshments were sent for, and they caroused till sunset.

The pleasures of life were, however, not reserved to the men alone. The position of women in those days was very different from that which they at present occupy in the Mussulman world. Not only were they the objects of much chivalrous admiration, but they were able to exercise considerable influence on public affairs. They did not lead the secluded life which is at present the custom, but moved freely in the society of the time. Indeed, during the most brilliant period of the Abbaside dynasty, a class of women existed who occupied themselves with the theological and scientific disputes of the day, and whose *salons* were frequented by the literary world. 'The advantages which a woman had to possess in order to attract men, were not only beauty, but also noble descent, intelligence, wit, and a fine character.' Perfect freedom was allowed to a woman in the choice of a husband, and cases were not unknown of the widow of a Chalif marrying a simple private individual. The dowry which a woman brought to her husband remained her own property, and she was also permitted to lay down as a condition to marriage that her husband should not take to himself, during her lifetime, a second wife. In the early days of Islanmism the position of woman was independent and respected. 'Nothing was considered nobler or more praiseworthy than when a warrior offered up his life in defence of the honour of his wife.' The first shock to the position of women was given by Walyd II. of the Omeiyades. This Chalif introduced the institution of the harem into social life, and on him must be laid the blame of having first inoculated the Mussulman world with the virus which has gradually and surely undermined its vigour and its health, has rendered fruitless all individual efforts towards improvement and reform, and has vitiated and distorted the higher qualities and energies of Arab, and Saracen, and Turk. The distinction between wife and concubine, between legitimate and natural children, gradually disappeared; woman sank to the position of a slave to the desires of her lord, and children were brought up in the polluted and degrading atmosphere of an Eastern harem. Intermarriages between near relations and polygamy caused the race to degenerate physically and morally.

‘Notwithstanding these serious evils Eastern polygamy has generally been much misunderstood and wrongly judged. At the date of the appearance of Islamism, polygamy was natural to the state of society amongst all civilised races. Every tribe and every family found it necessary to their power and authority and safety to increase their numbers as rapidly as possible. Polygamy not only was supposed to assist to this end, but was also practised in consequence of the family alliances which it procured. But polygamy in these conditions must be carefully distinguished from the harem institution of later days. The Arabs were a people of highly aristocratic principles; great weight was given to noble descent, and *mésalliances* rarely took place. In the house or the tent of the tribal chief several wives did not hold equal positions; one alone was regarded as the mistress of the household, the noble-born, the Arab woman *pur sang*. The other wives held an intermediate position between her and the domestic servants. The relations of Sarah to Hagar in the household of Abraham furnish a good example in point.’

The number of members of each family owing to this system is very remarkable. A son of Walyd II. had as many as sixty sons. A large family, which, in early days, was perhaps of advantage, soon proved to be a curse. At first it was not difficult to find the wherewithal to support families of any size. There was elbow-room and money in abundance. As the Arab reached the limit of his conquests, and the revenues commenced to diminish, as the State was harassed by internal disorders, by party and religious struggles, the fight for existence became serious. With the advent of the Abbasides to the Chalifate the pure Arab lost the dominant position he had hitherto held, and his lands were gradually occupied by Persian and Turkish intruders. He then found it impossible to support his numerous progeny, and poverty and distress became general. With the harem appeared the hideous train of eunuchs, an importation from the Byzantines, who furnished the first supply of these pernicious adjuncts to an Eastern household. Great as may be the reputation enjoyed by the Omeiyade dynasty in the eyes of the Mussulmans, as representing the consolidation of the Islamic Empire, yet to it must be ascribed the introduction of those vices which have never been eradicated, and which are fatal to the true development of both the State and the individual.

In many respects the Court at Bagdad was not superior to the preceding dynasty; but, whatever faults may have existed under the Abbasides, the artistic, literary, and scientific activity greatly redeemed the errors which had been inherited. Under the Abbasides the Moslem was at the zenith of his splendour; it was the Augustan age of the East, culminating

in the dazzling reign of Harun al Rashid. Poetry and music, science, exact and occult, astronomy, philosophy, theology, botany, and medicine were pursued with a vigour and an energy which produced some very remarkable results. Bagdad was the centre of literary, artistic, commercial, and political life. Her trade extended to the walls of Canton, to Russia, Sweden, and Spain. There is scarcely a branch of art, of science, or of philosophical thought, which does not bear in some degree the impress of Bagdad.

The Islamic Church had undergone many changes since its chiefs had transferred their residence from the Holy City. The cynicism, the enquiring spirit, the intellectual movement, which were general and increasing, could not be without effect on religious matters. There were four principal questions on which the Arab theologian occupied his mind—the conception of the unity of God, the transmission of the sovereignty, punishment in a future life, and predestination. On these subjects and others of a kindred nature a mass of polemical literature was written, which split up the community into numerous sects. The intercourse between the Christian theologians at Damascus and the Arab literati had made the latter acquainted with theological dialectics. The contact with new ideas and other religions, the acquaintance with the Greek philosophers which became general amongst the educated classes at Bagdad, the tendency to scepticism, encouraged as it was by the Semitic mode of thought and the manner of living, opened the mind of the Moslem to doubt and discussion, and, in the higher classes, banished the blind unreasoning faith of their ancestors. The sects were, therefore, partly political and partly religious. There were the politico-religious sects of the Chârîgites and the Shy'ites, and the religious sects of the Morgites, Kadarites, and Mo'tazilites. There were numerous others, but these were the principal. The Chârîgites were fanatical puritans, strongly in favour of the orthodox succession, and considering that faith had no value unless accompanied by good works. They declared that those who were not of their opinions were eternally damned, and that it was just and right to shed the blood of all unbelievers. The opinions of the Shy'ites on the succession are too well known to require recapitulation. They adopted old Persian and Indo-Buddhistic ideas respecting the monarchy, and revered their prince as a demi-god. The Morgites were strictly orthodox. They considered faith alone as being necessary to save a man, were opposed to the shedding of blood, and firmly believed in the doctrine of predestination. The Kadarites were

democratic in their ideas, and were the ardent supporters of free will. Their system was highly developed by the later Mo'tazilites, who deviated more than any of the other sects from the orthodox path. On two important points they were at complete variance with the received doctrines—namely, with regard to their conception of God and revelation. They were strongly opposed to the anthropomorphic idea of God, and regarded Him in the abstract nature of a First Cause. The Koran they considered as a book containing the writings of an inspired man, but did not worship it with that blind reverence which had hitherto been the case. These discords in the community, although they no doubt were a cause for anger and ill-feeling, still stirred up a great movement, and prevented men from falling into an apathetic acceptance of traditions and doctrines. Unfortunately the Eastern mind is apt to go to extremes, and we soon see the two distinct classes—on one side the fanatical ascetic, the monkish devotee, the stern, unyielding, punctilious theologian; and on the other the careless unbeliever, the philosophical free-thinker, the cynical, sceptical man of letters. These distinctions are nowhere more clearly seen than in the poetry of the day. Indeed, in Arabian history the progress of thought and civilisation can, perhaps more than in other nations, be traced in the poetical effusions of the time. His impressionable character and facility of expression encouraged the Arab to pour forth his own ideas, or to render the impressions he received from his environment, at once into verse. The enthusiasm with which such lyrical efforts were received we have noticed above.

The physical characteristics and mode of life exercised a great influence on the early poetry. The nomad Arab, wandering with his herds and flocks, had his mental horizon limited by his immediate surroundings. His pictures of nomadic life are, judging from the examples given by Herr von Kremer, charmingly and accurately drawn; and he delights to describe the qualities of his two favourite animals, the horse and the camel. Beyond these subjects, he sings of wars and of raids, describes joyous carouses and hunting parties. Revenge, love, and friendship also form subjects of his lays, but the thought is poor, and but little reflection is shown. Rarely is a word of counsel given. The poetry is but versified description. Before the time of Mohammed there is no allusion to a life after death, and in fact the future, even in the present world, is rarely mentioned. We see, even in the secondhand translations at our disposal, the simple, restless Arab moved by the first impressions, and incapable of looking further than the imme-

diatē present. Old age seemed to be looked upon with some fear, which is singular among a people which in many circumstances revered grey hairs. Probably the seventh age alone is alluded to in the following verses of 'Orwa Ibn Alward: 'It beseemeth me not to totter along propped up by a stick; 'no longer a terror to my enemies, and despised by my friends. 'Shall I crouch in the corner of the room, a jest and a sport 'for the young? and creep about bent like a young ostrich? 'Nay, O children of Lobna, bridle the steeds, let us away to 'the battle-field, for death is better than shame.' With the appearance of Islamism this class of poetry came to an end. The war songs still continued to be sung, but at Mecca a new erotic poetry sprang up, of which the chief exponents were Omar Ibn Aby Raby'a and 'Argy. At the same time more serious thoughts were expressed, and death came to be regarded not merely as an escape from helpless old age, but as the moment when each individual would have to answer for his deeds. Waddâh thus gives vent to such feelings: 'O Waddah, 'why singest thou but the songs of love? Fearest thou not 'death, the lot of all men? Strengthen thy steps, revere the 'God above, for He will save thee on the judgment day.' The poets of the later Omeiyades and of the Court at Bagdad were distinguished chiefly by an absolute indifference as regards religion, a worldly cynicism, and a contempt for morality. 'Argy and his brother poets were not very chaste either in their subjects, sentiments, or words, but their love songs were the outpourings of a gay and careless mind. Their successors wrote as satirical worn-out men of the world, to whom all pleasures were bitter, and who mocked at all that was fresh and natural. The language in these later times was more polished, the versification more correct, and the imagery more vivid; but we lose the rough simplicity and breezy nature of the early Arabs, as well as the naïve passion of the minstrels of Damascus. Abul'atâhija, however, established a new school. He was the champion of the popular feeling against the vices and dissipation of the great; but his fame was eclipsed by the glory of his follower, Abul'alâ, commonly called Ma'arry, born 973 A.D. 'He is celebrated as being the deepest and most 'serious thinker of his race, and stood on the threshold of de- 'cay, a noble monument of the poetic art.' He was pursued through life by the fanatics and ulemas, but his teaching and his example gathered to him many disciples. His calm philosophical mind could not accept the conception of a personal God or of inspired prophets. In this he clearly followed the doctrines of the Motazilites. Reason, he asserted, was the

sole guide of man. God he considered in the abstract idea of the First Cause, and 'religion,' he stated, 'is to be just towards 'all men.' To do good for the sake of good, and not with a view to future reward, was the text of his teaching. His views of the world were somewhat gloomy, and as he became embittered by the persecution and ingratitude of his fellow-countrymen, he began to question the value of existence. His pessimist views went at length to extremes, and he never married, so as to avoid committing the crime of being the author of one human life. 'His father had sinned towards 'him, but he had sinned towards no one.' Far above his age in many subjects, and one of the few examples of a 'pure life amid the general demoralisation, he yet could not escape from the morose misogyny to which all Oriental thinkers are so prone. Buddha, and Mohammed, and other great Eastern thinkers, are all imbued with despair at the folly and hollowness of the world, and at the emptiness of human affairs. Mohammed had a lighter tincture of this pessimism than his great predecessors, for in him the statesman and the conqueror also abided.

The scepticism and intellectual vigour of the citizen of Bagdad did not prevent the continuance of the superstition of the early ages, of the belief in the magic art, and of the fear of evil spirits. Before the advent of Mohammed there had existed the Djinns, who generally appeared in the form of snakes. Shooting stars and meteors were supposed to be the darts shot by angry angels at those snakes who were most inquisitive and daring. There were also ghouls, who, whatever form they might assume, always retained their asses' feet. The Devil was an Islamic importation, and was given dominion over all spirits. Such an ascendancy the democratic Arab of the pre-Mussulman period would never have accorded. The idea of the Devil was borrowed by the Arabs from the Christian and Jewish religions.

'The Devil was not only considered as the evil one who led men astray, and prevented them from performing good works, but he was also regarded as a general marplot, whose delight it was to tease and irritate men on every possible occasion. If a slave let a cup fall, Satan was cursed as the cause of the mishap. To this day if a pipe is upset and the ashes scattered about the carpet, the host will cry out, "Bassak jû malum,"—enough for this time, thou cursed one.'

Flights of birds, as with the Romans, were supposed to be of prophetic import. Great terror was also created by the evil eye, and this fear is preserved to the present day. Amulets and charms of all descriptions were adopted to avert the danger,

and many were the formulæ invented to exorcise the evil effect. Sprinkling with blood the object on whom it was feared the evil eye might alight was a very old custom, and perhaps still exists in the habit of the present day of dyeing and staining with henna. Necromancers and wizards naturally appeared; and though Islamism looked with disfavour upon them, their activity could not be checked. There never was a persecution, however, of magicians, as was the case with the witches during the Middle Ages of Europe, though conjurors were not always so fortunate. It is related that a celebrated conjuror was performing his great trick before a large crowd in Bagdad of cutting off the head of a man and then replacing it. A pious bystander was so enraged at this uncanny power that he drew his sword and decapitated the conjuror on the spot. Astrology was a late introduction, and this, with alchemy, did not appear until some knowledge had been gained of their orthodox parents, astronomy and chemistry.

It is scarcely necessary to refer to the mathematical victories of the school of Bagdad, or to indicate for how much we of the present day are indebted to them in this science. In medicine, notwithstanding the illustrious name of Avicenna, not so much progress was made as might have been expected; but this was probably owing to the religious prohibition of anatomy. The doctors were, however, a very highly-paid class. In pharmacy the Arabs made certain discoveries, of which the terms syrup, jalap, &c., transmit the memory. Avicenna's gigantic medical encyclopædia was a European text-book for many a century. He attributed great importance to the healing powers of gold and silver, and Herr von Kremer suggests that our practice of covering pills with gold or silver may be a remnant of the tradition. In geography, history, travels, romances, and all the lighter class of literature, the Bagdad men of letters were most prolific. They travelled much and collected materials from every quarter. The work of Mokaddary (985 A.D.) is mentioned as a marvellous production, both on account of the accuracy of its information and for the wide range of subjects, historical, geographical, and ethnological, over which it travels.

The favourite mode of giving instruction was for some well-known professor to take his place in a mosque, and sitting down on his straw mat, his back leaning against a pillar, he would expound the Koran, or a philosophical work, or in fact any subject with which he was conversant, to his hearers standing in a group around him. Instruction was gratis at first, but soon it was found that the mosque lectures were not very

profitable to the professors, and regular schools and academies were opened.

We should like to have gone more deeply into the volumes of Herr von Kremer, but the limits of a review compel us to cease. This hasty and superficial *résumé* of a vast subject will be perhaps sufficient to induce the reader to study the work itself. We can most heartily recommend it. We close the volumes with regret, and with the feeling that we have been brought into intimate relations with a little-known period. The period, however brilliant and interesting, was short. The weakness of the State was shown by the rapidity with which it crumbled away on the first onslaught of the Mongol. For years the Chalifs lived on at Bagdad, the tools and servants of the victorious Seljuk; but the gentle minstrel, the subtle dialectician, the keen scientific enquirer, the genial man of letters, had passed away. The Ottoman has taken the place of the Arab. With the zeal and fierce enthusiasm of a convert, the Turk has borne the banner of the Prophet into many lands; he at one time had organised a state and an army which far surpassed those of his European contemporaries; but, however brilliant may have been his victories, however estimable may be some of his qualities, he has never even approached to his Semitic predecessor in art, or science, or literature; in those studies which gilded the vices of the Arab, and make us pass a lenient judgment on his errors, which rendered Bagdad a bright light shining in the East, foretelling the dawn in the grim darkness of early mediæval Europe.

- ART. IV.—1. *P. Terenti Comædiæ*. Edidit et apparatu critico instruxit FRANCISCUS UMPFENBACH. Berolini: 1870.
2. *P. Terenti Comædiæ*. With Notes Critical and Exegetical, an Introduction and Appendix, by WILHELM WAGNER, Ph. D. Cambridge: 1869.
3. *P. Terenti Hauton Timorumenos*. Erklärt von WILHELM WAGNER. Berlin: 1872.
4. *Ausgewählte Komödien des P. Terentius Afer*. Zur Einführung in die Lectüre der altlateinischen Lustspiele, erklärt von CARL DZIATZKO. Erstes Bändchen: *Phormio*. Leipzig: 1874.
5. *Terenti Comædiæ, Andria & Eunuchus*. With Introduction on Prosody. By T. L. PAPILLON. London: 1870.
6. *The Hautontimorumenos of Terence*. With Introduction and Notes. By E. SHUCKBURGH. London: 1878.
7. *The Phormio of Terence*. With Notes and an Introduction. By Rev. JOHN BOND and A. S. WALPOLE. London: 1879.

THE comic poet Cæcilius Statius had lived down the savage opposition with which his innovations on the art and method of his great predecessor Plautus had been assailed; and in the last year of his life, aided largely, if we may trust the witness of his successor, by the excellent acting of Ambivius Turpio, the king of early Roman actors, he reigned undisputed monarch of the comic stage. Indeed, so firmly established was his reputation that the ædiles—the Lord Chamberlains of the day—would refer to his judgment and decision any new claimant for scenic honours. One day, as Cæcilius was dining alone, there entered a stranger who stated that he had been sent there by the ædiles. He was a mere youth, hardly perhaps turned sixteen, and shabbily dressed—in fact, a freedman. His swarthy complexion and spare habit betrayed his race: for no Italian was he, but one of those Liby-Phœnician colonists who, themselves, without any admixture of Phœnician blood, had settled in the territories surrounding the great Tyrian colony Carthage. Cæcilius somewhat contemptuously bade him take a seat at the foot of his own couch and read the manuscript which he had brought with him. The ill-clad youth, obeying these orders, at once began to recite the comedy, a copy of which he held in his hands. It was entitled the ‘Girl of Andros,’ and, like all Roman dramas whose merit has enabled them to overcome the

wear and tear of time and to survive to our own day, was based on the Greek of the Athenian so-called New Comedy, on a play (rather two plays) of its typical exponent Menander. But by a skilful combination of two Greek originals a more substantial plot had been secured—a method by no means without risk of intricacy and confusion to the careless writer, but capable in skilled hands of sustaining the interest and enhancing the effect of a play.

Chremes and Phania are two brothers and Athenian citizens. Chremes, having business in Asia (which represented 'the Continent' to Athenian and therefore to Roman audiences), leaves his daughter Pasibula in the charge of his brother at Athens. He, when civil dudgeon first grew high in Greece, thought good to leave Athens and find the girl's father in Asia. But, a storm arising, they are wrecked off the island of Andros, and, being saved from the sea, are kindly entreated by a man of the place. In course of time both Phania and the man of Andros die, and Chrysis, the daughter of this latter, and Pasibula, who has now changed her name to Glycerium, are like to perish of hunger. So they sail to Athens, where, after vainly trying honest means of livelihood, they become courtesans. Pamphilus, the son of an Athenian citizen named Simo, and a young fellow of promise, falls violently in love with Glycerium, whom he promises to marry. But meanwhile his father has formed other schemes for his son's alliance, and has in fact promised his hand to Philumena, another daughter of Chremes. A mere accident betrays to him his son's less reputable passion for the courtesan. For Chrysis having died, and Glycerium in the depth of her despair hastening to throw herself also on the funeral pyre, the eager anxiety with which young Pamphilus forces her to desist from her rash intent opens the old man's eyes.

It is at this point that the action of the play opens. Simo, the indulgent father, is brought on the stage conversing with his freedman Sosia, the scene being, of course, as in all the plays of Terence, laid at Athens—which to a Roman was more or less what Paris is to us—and in the present instance in the street in front of Simo's house. The citizen begins by reminding Sosia of the kind treatment which he has ever experienced at his hands, and asks for his co-operation in the furtherance of a scheme which is to bring matters to a climax, and so to a happy issue. Telling him the whole story of the life of virtue and self-restraint which his son had for a long while lived, and that among company not of the most virtuous or temperate, he discloses to him what

we have above intimated, how at last his affections had been won by a girl who was in no way a desirable connexion, and how, by his most unfortunate and ill-timed display of that love, he had nipped in the bud all his father's hopes, and the arrangements which promised so well, and were so near to their fulfilment. Simo proceeds to give his freedman a graphic account of the funeral of Chrysis—this girl of Andros from whom the play gets its name, and who, nevertheless, is dead before its action commences—and of the casual way in which his own eyes had been opened to his son's ardent love for Glycerium. The wealthy Chremes, moved by the good report which he heard of the young man Pamphilus, had actually a short time previously come to his father, and had offered to give the son his only daughter, together with a large dowry. The match was highly desirable, and the betrothal had already taken place, the very day on which the play opens having been fixed for the marriage itself. Sosia, who has already learned, to his astonishment, that this bridal is but a pretence and stratagem on the part of Simo, in order either to give him grounds for upbraiding his son, or to bring that son to a better mind, asks what fatal obstacle stands in the way of its consummation.

Si. You shall hear. In the course of these last few days in which these things have happened Chrysis, our neighbour, has died.

So. Good! you've made me quite happy. Ah, I feared some evil of Chrysis.

Si. My son was at the time in company with those who had been lovers of Chrysis; he was constantly with them. With them he saw to the funeral arrangements; in the meantime was gloomy, and sometimes even shed tears. This pleased me then, for thus I took it: "He takes so to heart this death on account of a slight acquaintance, what if he had himself loved? What will he do for me, his father?" I looked upon it as the result of a generous disposition and kindly mind. Why delay you with a long story? I, too, to please him, attend the funeral, even yet suspecting nothing wrong.

So. Ha! what is it?

Si. You shall know. The body is brought forth; on we move. In the meanwhile, among the women present I chance to see one very young, of a form——

So. Excellent, no doubt.

Si. Aye, Sosia; and with a face so modest, so beauteous, that nothing could surpass it. As she appeared to mourn more than the rest, and because she had beyond the rest the beauty of an honourable gentlewoman, I approach the lackeys and ask who she is. They tell me she is the sister of Chrysis. At once it struck me, "Aha! this is it; herein lies the source of those tears and of that tenderness."

So. How I dread the drift of your words!

Si. The funeral procession meanwhile moves on. We follow. We

are at the grave; *she* is set on the funeral fire; all weep. Meanwhile this sister I mentioned went recklessly up to the flame with danger enough. Then Pamphilus by his fright betrays the love he had so well cloaked and hidden. Up he runs, and embracing her waist, "My Glycerium," cries he, "what are you doing? why will you destroy yourself?" Then she, to let you easily see that the love was of old standing, threw herself, quite as a lover would, weeping into his arms.

So. What say you?

Si. I return home cross and chafing, yet have not sufficient grounds for scolding. He would say, "Why, what have I done? what wrong, what sin have I committed, father? I kept her back when she wished to throw herself into the fire, and saved her." The pleading is specious.

So. You are right. For if you scold him for saving her life, what more could you do to one who caused you loss and injury?

Si. Next day Chremes comes to me crying shame, saying that he has heard that Pamphilus has this foreigner to wife. I strenuously deny that it is so; he insists that it is. In the end I part from him knowing that he will not give his daughter.

So. Didn't you then and there scold your son?

Si. Not even here were grounds strong enough to justify me.

So. How so?

Si. "You yourself, father, laid down the limit for these things. The time is at hand when I must live at another's whim; let me in the meantime live at my own."

So. What room indeed is left for scolding?

Si. If on account of his love he shall be unwilling to marry another wife, then and not till then have we an injury on his part to notice. And now this is my endeavour—to get, by means of a pretended wedding, real grounds for scolding in case of his refusal, while at the same time, if that scoundrel Davus has any scheme on, let him exhaust it now while its devices do no harm. He, I believe, will work hard hand and foot, and this too rather to annoy me than to oblige my son.

So. Why?

Si. Do you ask why? His mind is evil, his disposition bad. But if I see him—yet why say more? If it turns out, as I hope, that Pamphilus presents no obstacle, Chremes alone remains for me to win over; and I hope things will go well. Now, it is for you carefully to keep up the trick of the wedding, to frighten Davus, to watch what my son does, and what counsel he takes with that other fellow.

So. It is well; I will see to it. Now let us go in.

Si. Go on; I will follow.

Such was the scene which the young poet read to Cæcilius; and the old man saw that here was no poetaster, no ordinary dramatic writer, rather that before him sat one destined to succeed himself in his post of laureate. This he saw, and as the reading went on and the beauty of the play increased, at length, overcome by emotion, he bade the shabby freedman leave the humble stool to which he had been consigned, and

sit at table with himself. No doubt he rejoiced to see that there was one worthy to take upon him his own mantle and a double portion of his spirit, who would continue his task of educating the yet rude Roman audience into something that resembled an appreciation of art.*

Terence, the young poet, had been either born a captive or enslaved at a very early period of his life. The Roman historian, indeed, Fenestella, the contemporary of Horace and Virgil, argued that he could not have been a captive, born as he was after the conclusion of the second and before the beginning of the third Punic War; urging that had he been taken prisoner by Numidians or Gætulians he would not have fallen into the hands of a Roman general, since no intercourse sprang up between the Africans and Italians until after the destruction of Carthage, several years after the death of Terence. But it is impossible to suppose that in their wars with Carthage the Romans came into no contact with the neighbouring tribes, some of whom siding with Rome would in all probability have Carthaginian prisoners to dispose of. Be this as it may, Terence, at all events, fell into the hands of a good and liberal master, Publius Terentius Lucanus, who procured for him a good general education and, in especial, had him taught Greek. For now was being consummated that bloodless, indeed, yet none the less real and important revolution by which 'captive Greece was to take prisoner her 'stern captor,' by which Greek art was to civilise, Greek vices to ruin Rome. The Italian *camenæ*, heavy of foot and slow of

* Mr. Grove tells us in his charming biography of Felix Mendelssohn in the 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' that when that gifted artist entered the University of Berlin, probably in 1826, when he was in his seventeenth year, he sent in for his matriculation a translation in verse of the 'Andria' of Terence, which had also served as a birthday present to his mother. It is added that the translation, which still exists, is precise and elegant, and corresponding closely with the original both in rhythm and metre. This was the first attempt to render Terence into German in his own metres. This is a very curious and interesting anecdote. Can anything be more extraordinary than that the Liby-Phœnician boy who had produced at sixteen a work of immortal wit and pathos, in language of exquisite purity and art, should find about two thousand years later another Semitic-German boy of his own age to translate such a work, and that this young student should also be the most enchanting musician of his age? The incident suggests more reflections than we have room to commit to paper; but it indicates amongst other things that in Mendelssohn there was an abundant vein of the finest comedy, as was well known to those who enjoyed his friendship.

wing, were to give place to their brilliant cousins who dwelt on the Aonian heights and drank of the Heliconian rill. Save in the *Satura*—‘hodge-podge’ clearly enough by its name indicates its nationality—the *camenæ* appear little more, and then are confounded with the muses. Some two hundred years later the satirist Juvenal complained bitterly of the all-pervading Greek; but as yet, while Rome was still comparatively poor, the results were almost unmixed good.

If this tale, which introduces Terence reading his ‘Girl of Andros’ to Cæcilius, be true, then for some reason or other, which it is impossible for us even to conjecture, Terence had no opportunity of introducing his play for many months to the Roman public: at any rate, it was not acted for at least another year. At length, however, the ædiles give the required assent, and Ambivius Turpio is engaged as chief actor. The success was immediate and great. The delighted audience followed with eager attention the fortunes of Pamphilus and Glycerium, and learnt of their marriage with keen pleasure and loud applause; while the set of young nobles, usually known (from their centre and head Scipio Africanus the younger) as ‘the Scipionic circle,’ welcomed the poet to their party as a valuable and influential ally. Terence was now recognised as the leader of the comic stage.

Yet it must not be supposed that he had no enemies. An opposition, rather loud and malevolent than dangerous, was headed by an ‘old poet,’ who relied for effect upon extravagant burlesque and pompous declamation, and not upon witty dialogue or comic humour. Luscius Lanuvinus (or Lavinius, for his very name is uncertain), of whom we know nothing but that he wrote plays entitled ‘Phasma’ and ‘Thensaurus,’ translated servilely from the Greek, was this old snarler whom Terence, in five out of his six prologues, vigorously assails.

From these prologues (in themselves veritable mines of judicious criticism on literature in general, on dramatic literature in particular) we gain a good idea of the sins which were laid to Terence’s charge; and as all his six plays are preserved to us in a text sufficiently reliable, we have the further advantage, which we have also in reading the indictment of Demosthenes by Æschines together with its refutation, of being able to form an opinion as to the fairness or unfairness of these animadversions.

Heading the list was the ‘Contamination,’—the above-mentioned combination of two Greek plays to form but one. Now this is clearly a difficult and critical task. Given ever so little negligence, and hopeless confusion alike in the plot as in the

characters will inevitably result. But in the hands of so skilful an artist as Terence it serves but to enrich, not to entangle. One passage in particular has been pointed out by Professor Wagner as illustrating the weak point of 'Contamination.' In the first act of his play entitled the 'Brothers,' Terence introduces the young man *Æschinus* as having already torn away a music girl from her master's house and beaten the master, and yet in the next scene the quarrel was still going on. But an exactly similar fault was committed by Plautus in his 'Captives,' when *Philocrates* goes from *Ætolia* to *Elis* and back, a distance of almost a hundred miles, with a man whose liberation he had meanwhile to procure, all in the course of a few hours. Even *Ladewig* has almost retracted his charge of contamination against Plautus. Similarly *Sophocles* brings together in one *coup d'œil* 'Argos, Mycenæ, and the Heræum,' a modern French dramatist no less freely *Richmond*, *Westminster Abbey*, and the *Tower of London*. These are, in fact, instances, and the list could be indefinitely increased, of the license in which playwrights feel themselves at liberty to indulge.

In the second place, these injudicious critics complained of the poverty of his style and the tameness of his characters. Accustomed as they were to hear actors mouth ranting bombast, they knew not (how should they?) Horace's wholesome rule that a comic scene should not be given in verses suitable for tragedy. To their taste 'there were no sallies in the lines' to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that 'might indict the author of affectation.'

Thirdly, they accused Terence of unfair borrowing, and that in two ways. Under the smart of jealousy and wounded vanity they alleged not only that he stole from Plautus and other previous comedians, but that he received undue help from certain nobles—that, in point of fact, the plays were not his own. On each head the indictment failed. On the former accusation his answer was, especially from the Roman standpoint, complete: on the latter he left the question open. There is, nevertheless, no doubt whatever that his work is in the main his own. Help from his noble friends he may have had, probably did have; but the absence of striking inequalities in the literary execution of his six plays, regarded as a whole, is on such a point decisive, and shows how insignificant such help must have been. It is indeed hard to understand how a foreigner, especially one so young, acquired so thorough, yet so delicate, a grasp of the Latin tongue in all its intricacies and idioms, as to dispute with *Cicero* and *Cæsar*

the palm for purity of style. And yet, if the production of the 'Girl of Andros' at the early age of sixteen be regarded as an instance of unnatural precocity, we must bear in mind other well-authenticated instances of a like nature. Pope wrote at twenty the 'Essay on Criticism,' a work which justifies Dr. Johnson's loud praises when he says that it 'exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition—selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression.' Many too will recall Chatterton,

'The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride;'

Pico della Mirandola, who at the age of twenty-three challenged the learned world of Europe; the sculptor Antonio Canova, who before his fourteenth year had designed his group of Orpheus and Eurydice; the painter Adrian Brauwer, who, at the age of ten and self-taught, aroused the wonder of the veteran Hals; Mozart, who had before his seventh birthday not only composed a harpsichord concerto, but had methodically and correctly written it down. Above all, the extraordinary prodigy,* Christian Heinrich Heinecken, this child, when he was but three years old, spoke French and Latin, besides his native tongue; at the age of four, then already well read in geography, history, and even theology, appeared before the King of Denmark at Copenhagen, and pronounced a Latin speech before the assembled Court, and literally, like Mr. Gilbert's Precocious Baby, 'died an enfeebled old dotard at five!'

Yet a fourth charge was brought against our poet, and that of a serious nature. It was alleged that he had entered the profession of a dramatic writer without a proper qualifying education; and it has been proposed that the visit to Greece which brought about his death originated in a determination by a closer study of the Greek tongue, now universal and necessary, to gain further success in his profession. This charge arose in the main from a misapprehension of Terence's aim. He wished to produce, and did produce, not a servile, but a racy and idiomatic version of his Greek prototypes: his work was certainly to be a more or less faithful mirror of the original, but none the less a work of art capable of standing or falling by its own merits.

* Allgemeine Encyclopädie der Wissenschaften und Kunst, Leipzig. 1829 (s. v. 'Heinecken').

With regard to the nobles who are said to have helped Terence, identification is difficult. A current rumour made Scipio the writer of a whole scene in the 'Self-Tormentor,' and the Romans of the Augustan and succeeding ages confidently mentioned Lælius and other members of the brilliant Scipionic circle as the persons whom contemporary criticism intended. But when we look into ages and dates this theory falls to the ground. Terence, in his prologue to the 'Brothers,' describes these nobles as having often served the Roman people by distinguished services in the field and State. Now at this time (the year of the city 594, or perhaps earlier) neither Lælius nor Scipio was much more than twenty-five years of age, and at twenty-five a Roman had very few, if any, chances of greatly distinguishing himself either in war or in peace. Perhaps, then, Santra, the Roman grammarian, is right in urging the claims of Gaius Sulpicius Gallus, of Quintus Fabius Labeo, and Marcus Popillius, the first of whom was an accomplished scholar and astronomer, the last two both consulars and poets, and of all of whom it might justly be said that the people had had experience of their 'conduct in war, in peace, and State business.'

The following year Terence brought on the stage an adaptation of a play by the Carystian Apollodorus, with a commencement borrowed from Menander. The occasion was the celebration of the Megalensian games in honour of Cybele, the Great Mother, whose cult had some years before been transplanted from Asia into Rome. The play itself was quite the least interesting of all those of Terence; and, as it most unluckily fell out, Lentulus and Flaccus, who, as curule ædiles, were the curators of the sacred games, had provided other amusements far more congenial to the Roman taste. The 'Mother-in-Law' had hardly begun when the audience rushed off pell-mell to look at a rope-dancer who was just then all the rage, and without an audience the play could not proceed; and, as if this were not enough, five years later a similar misfortune overtook the same piece.

The position of a dramatic poet at Rome was indeed sufficiently awkward, and very striking the contrast between on the one hand the rough-and-tumble Roman farmer who, as ignorant as the day was long, was as narrow-minded as one could possibly be, who had no thought outside the charmed circle of 'the city' and his farm, whose very religion was downright business; and on the other the quick Athenian who could take a hint when slower men would need the whole—'for the house is clever,' said Aristophanes, perhaps the cleverest of them

all. Small room for wonder that in the one case rope-dancers and prize-fighters proved a stronger charm than the chaste muse of Terence.

But he was not easily discouraged. The next year, as Wagner very plausibly suggests, saw a second performance of the 'Girl of Andros,' this time with the addition of a prologue, the tone of which indicates the violent nature of the opposition which the reactionary party, headed by the old reviler, directed against Terence. It is annoying that a prologue should be used, not for the elucidation of the plot, but for purposes merely polemical; but the guilt lay at the door of those who had provoked the quarrel, not of those who, being attacked, defended themselves.

Accordingly the next year after the first unfortunate appearance of the 'Mother-in-Law,' and also at the Megalensian games, appeared his third play, the 'Self-Tormentor.' A father has been over-severe to his son's shortcomings, and thus driven him to enlist in the service of the Persian king; the scene being, as we must carefully remember, laid at Athens, where young good-for-nothings would often find such enlistment the readiest means of escape from a more unpleasant alternative. But now that the son is driven away the father feels the pricks of acute remorse at having behaved so inconsiderately: 'As long as he shall be leading that 'straitsened life of his, deprived of his fatherland by my 'acts of harshness, all that time I will be perpetually punishing myself for him by working, making money, pinching, 'slaving for him.' This resolve is faithfully and rigidly kept. After some more or less strained scenes, yet with great sobriety of treatment, Terence brings all things right. The son comes home, and his mistress is of course found to be an Athenian citizen of good birth, and in the present case the daughter of a dear friend and neighbour.

The next year but one (the year of the city 593) was a brilliant one for our poet. The 'Eunuch' was exhibited at the Megalensian games in April; at the Roman games in September the 'Phormio.' The success of the former play was great; it was acted on two successive days,* and earned, we are told, a price, unprecedented then at Rome, of 8,000 sesterces, or about 60*l.* sterling. And it deserved its success. The plot is at the same time clear, interesting, and varied; the dialogue clever and lively, with a swing that

* Following Ritschl's reading of a passage of Suetonius, p. 503.

irresistibly carried its audience away. Its attractive sparkle allured even the half-civilised Roman not only to listen patiently to it till the entrance of the actor at the end with his request for applause—and how rare even this was many passages both in Plautus and Terence clearly enough show—but he even went away with an appetite for more, or, rather, for the same on the morrow. In no play has Terence managed his ‘contamination’ better; in no play has it such a rich and varied effect. One scene has been attacked by St. Augustine and other writers, ancient and modern, on the score of indecency. Yet it is extremely doubtful if many of our English dramatists would have passed over the objectionable passage with as light a hand; and it may safely be added that most of our dramatic poets of the seventeenth century would have dwelt upon the offending part in a much less delicate manner than Terence has done. In the case of one play, the ‘*Amphitryo*,’ we are able to compare or contrast the respective manners of Plautus, Molière, and Dryden; and in this case the objectionable matter is treated in the purest manner by Plautus, in the impurest by Dryden. Of coarseness, strictly speaking, in Terence there is none. By a clever trick, Thraso obtains a stolen interview with his mistress, whom he afterwards marries.

The other play brought out in the autumn of the same year, the ‘*Phormio*,’ proved in like manner to be an unequivocal success. The careful discrimination of character, and the ingenuity of the plot, mark it as one of Terence’s best. Phormio, the shrewd, needy, seedy hanger-on and toady, contrives to win for his young master the idol of his heart by clever impudence, she turning out to be her husband’s cousin. The opening scene is one of great vigour, not altogether unlike that of the ‘*Girl of Andros*,’ while the succession of pious frauds put upon the old fathers by the parasite and slave (whose shoulders play quite a rôle in Plautus and Terence, so often are they brought in connexion with the floggings they received) is very diverting.

But Terence’s last performance was his masterpiece. The very next year, the year of the city 594, at the funeral games held in honour of Lucius Æmilius Paulus, the stern victor of Perseus (although, as has been ingeniously and probably urged, this may have been merely a later performance), the ‘*Brothers*’* was brought out.

Two brothers, Micio and Demea, entirely differ in their

* *Adelphæ*; the old spelling *Adelphi* is now exploded.

manner of life: Micio, the easy-going old bachelor, has lived his whole life in the town; Demea the austere has lived *his* life amid rigid and laborious thrift in the country. Of Demea's two sons, Micio has adopted the elder, Æschinus; while the younger, Ctesipho, has been strictly kept at home. Æschinus is indulged by his kind uncle far beyond the liking of his severe father, who actually hears one day that he has carried off by force a girl from her master's house. At once he hurries to Micio, and in an harangue of angry vehemence contrasts the two young men, not knowing that Æschinus (almost a prototype of Charles Surface) had carried off the slave girl for his younger brother. Meanwhile, the girl to whom Æschinus had offered violence, but whom he had promised faithfully to marry, is about to be delivered of a child. Her mother and the whole family are in anguish at what they regard as the base treachery of Æschinus. But at last all things are explained: Demea sees the error of his ways, and even exceeds his liberal brother in profuseness. The following is a clever scene between Demea and Syrus, the old slave, loyal to his young masters, unscrupulous in his hoodwinking and deceiving their father. The scene, as before, is a street in Athens.

'Demea. My brother both shames and annoys me.

Syrus. A wide gulf separates you—a very wide one. You, every inch of you, are sheer wisdom; he is a mere dreamer. Now would you let that son of yours do these things?

De. Let him! Why, shouldn't I have smelt the rat a good six months before he began any such thing?

Sy. Do you talk to *me* of your vigilance?

De. I pray that things may but stay as they are now.

Sy. As each man means his own to be, so he is.

De. What of *him*? Have you seen him to-day?

Sy. Your son? (*Aside.*) I'll drive him off to the farm. (*To Demea.*) He has now been for some time at work on the farm.

De. (*eagerly*). Are you quite sure he is there?

Sy. Why, I took him there myself.

De. Very good; I was afraid he might be lingering here.

Sy. And he was in a terrible rage.

De. Why, pray?

Sy. He attacked his brother in the forum with violent words about this lute-girl.

De. (*in ecstasy of delight*). Do you really say so?

Sy. Ah! he gave it him on every point. For it happened that as the money was being counted out, up comes our gentleman. "Æschinus," he begins to shout, "to think of your doing such dark deeds! of your committing faults so unworthy of your family!"

De. Oh, I cry for joy.

Sy. "You lose not this money so much as your own life."

De. The gods preserve him! I believe he is a chip of the old block.

Sy. Ha!

De. Syrus, he is full of those maxims.

Sy. He had one at home to learn from.

De. This I take care to do. I let nothing pass by; I am training him. In fine, I bid him look upon the lives of all as upon a mirror, and gain from others an example for himself. "Do this!" say I.

Sy. Quite right too.

De. This you must avoid.

Sy. Clever!

De. This is praiseworthy.

Sy. That's the thing.

De. This is blameworthy.

Sy. Splendid!

De. Then again——

Sy. I have not quite time now to listen. I have got some fish to my mind; I must take care that they are not spoilt, for that with us slaves, Demea, is as great a crime as it is with you to do what you have just been talking about. And as far as I can I lecture my fellow-slaves in your way, "This is too salt, that is burnt, this is not washed clean; that is all right, remember so to do it again." I carefully give them good advice to the extent of my wisdom. Lastly, Demea, I bid them look on the dishes as on a mirror, and tell them what to do. I quite see that these things which we do are very trifling; but what would you? You must take and humour the man as you find him. Anything more?

De. Yes; that a better mind may enter you and yours.'

The Greek life which was mirrored by the new comedy as represented by Menander, Apollodorus, and Diphilus, and consequently by Plautus and Terence, was false, enervated, and vicious. The tone of the old comedy—of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes—had been vigorous and free. But as public liberty and the intensity of public life gradually disappeared at Athens, the healthy freedom of the comic stage died out also. The middle comedy (we must carefully bear in mind that these old, middle, and new comedies are but successive phases and developments of the same germ) was tame and poor. With regard to the last stage, although mere fragments—pieced together indeed with wonderful patience and skill by Meineke—of the new comedy are still extant, we remain in little or no doubt as to the character either of the plot or of the usual *personæ dramatis* brought by them on the stage. The father at once severe and easily gulled, the wild son madly in love with a courtesan more beautiful than respectable, the seedy parasite whose belly is his god, the slave scheming and crafty yet devoted body and soul to his young

master, the heroine often a slave girl usually discovered to be an Athenian citizen of free birth—all these meet us again and again in the writings of Plautus and Terence, and the monotony to some extent inevitable is aggravated in our poet by the very sparing use of proper names. More than one father is a Chremes, more than one lover a Phædria or Antipho; and, as Dr. Teuffel remarks, this makes it extremely difficult for the memory to retain a distinct impression of each character. For the name does not of itself bring up vividly before the mind's eye an individual. To illustrate, in three plays—the 'Girl of Andros,' the 'Phormio,' and the 'Mother-in Law'—Chremes is the name of an old man; and, as the Chremes of each play has a carefully discriminated character, this is in itself somewhat confusing; but when we find in a fourth play, the 'Eunuch,' a young man bearing the same name, the difficulty is of course enhanced.

Soon after his production of the 'Brothers,' Terence went into Greece, perhaps as Catullus in after days, in the train of one of his noble friends, and very possibly for convenience of perfecting himself in Greek, ignorance of which had been, as we have seen above, though on inadequate grounds, imputed to him. On his voyage back he is said to have suffered shipwreck, in which the comedies which he was carrying with him were lost, and to have taken the loss so much to heart as to have died soon after. The old and extraordinary statement that these were 108 in number undoubtedly arose from the blunder of a copyist who wrote the word CVM twice, the next copyist taking the second CVM for CVIII, which it more or less closely resembles, while succeeding scribes perpetuated the mistake.

At any rate, it is certain that all the plays which Terence brought out have descended to us. For no others are either quoted or alluded to; no fragments have been handed down under his name.

Terence at the outset of his career had had a hard, uphill battle to fight and many great difficulties to overcome. The average class of spectator in a Roman theatre was very much the same as that of an ordinary modern crowd—such, for instance, as the collection of the great Unwashed which visits the Crystal Palace on a Bank Holiday. There was certainly a sprinkling of nobility; but, there being no charge for admission, the vast majority belonged to the lower orders. Plautus, with his genuine fun and broad jokes, too often, at least in his imitators, degenerating into obscene buffoonery, had set a fashion which it was next to impossible for after writers to

avoid. When, therefore, Cæcilius began to be a little too serious, he at once found it hard to get a hearing; and all, or nearly all, the Terentian prologues contain an entreaty to the audience to listen patiently to the end. And, notwithstanding the savage opposition which was raised, Terence was enabled by the influence and support of the young nobles, Scipio and his following, to keep the even tenor of his way; and he might have boasted, as Aristophanes had done some two and a half centuries before him, of the reformation which he had effected on the stage.

The coarseness of the mimes—popular pantomimic plays—was a most seductive counter-attraction to our author's chaste sobriety. These mimes, Ovid tells us, indecent as they were, were looked at and listened to by many of the Senate, by maidens ripe for marriage, by matrons, by men and by boys. Little wonder, then, that the uneducated crowd, the great Unwashed, found his plays cold. Yet even he has been found fault with for a passage in the 'Brothers,' wherein the one of milder mood, carried away by the intensity of his feeling, expresses in round terms approval of the irregularities of youth. But we cannot too carefully distinguish the artist from the moralist. What he aimed at doing, Terence did well; and this was, as we have said, to give his Roman audience a more or less faithful picture of society at Athens, as depicted in the plays of the late comedy. If this mode of reasoning were universal, we should be compelled to believe that Euripides sympathised with the sophistries of Odysseus, Shakespeare with the villany of Iago. Nor was the code of morals at a high level; Christianity had not yet touched ethics, and Terence is distinctly above, and not below, the high-water mark.

But his strong point, and an extremely strong point too, is the refined grace, the exquisite finish, the keen point of language and style. He is, indeed, a well of Latin undefiled. The elegant wit, in respect of which he vies with his Attic masters, may well make us marvel how the African slave attained such a thorough command over a language not his own. The old Greek proverb 'Nothing in excess' was never more effectively illustrated than in his writings; and throughout he approaches the severe beauty of Greek sculpture. Plautus sometimes verges upon buffoonery, Terence never. And it was, in fact, this perfection of style which laid him open to the calumny—if calumny it were—of being assisted by noble friends in the production of his plays.

With regard to their treatment of the Greek originals, whereas Plautus took little but the bare outline and filled it

up from his own fertile imagination, Terence preserved with much more accuracy the Greek colouring : he never sends his dead bodies through the Metian gate at Rome, and his allusions to Roman customs are sparing, though by no means absent. If, however, he imitates the Greek at all closely, like Virgil, he borrows in so masterly a manner as to make the theft his own. ‘*Ars est celare artem* ;’ and herein he most undeniably succeeds. If we had not known it in other ways, most assuredly his style would never have betrayed to us the fact that his work is not altogether original.

And yet Cæsar’s epigram charging him with want of comic force is to some extent true ; and it would be unjust to say that he has the freshness or power of Plautus. But humour of a keen, dry kind he has in plenty. If we may be allowed to make a comparison, he bears, roughly speaking, the same relation to Plautus that Thackeray, as a satirist, bears to Dickens. If he has less broad fun, he has as much pointed humour, and certainly greater delicacy of treatment. Plautus, as Horace tells us, imitated the bustle of Epicharmus ; Terence’s plays are all *stataria*. Like Sophocles, he has the true dramatic tact of making each scene not only good in itself, but also conducive to the general action of the play ; and he has a strong vein of that ‘irony’ which in dramatic excellence is so necessary a factor.

With regard to his want of originality, this he does not, any more than other Roman writers, attempt to conceal. When his enemies accuse him of plagiarism, he sets to the disproving of the charge not by attempting to show that the passage in question is his own, but that he has translated it word for word from the Greek. To this a rather curious parallel has occurred in our own times, when an adaptation from the French may be described as ‘new.’ And just so the ‘Mother-in-Law,’ when reproduced a second or even third time, could still be called ‘new.’

We have already said that the six comedies have come down to us in a condition more or less satisfactory. Yet perhaps Ritschl* is not overstating the truth when he alleges that there is hardly a scene of the Terentian plays in which there is not some serious flaw, even after the labours of Bentley. We have, however, a most excellent manuscript, an uncial of not later than the fifth century of our era, known as the *Bembo* from having once belonged to the celebrated Cardinal Pietro Bembo. It is sadly mutilated, and has received shame-

* Op. Phil. v. 370.

ful treatment * even in comparatively modern times ; but it is the only manuscript copy of Terence, not even excepting the Victorian—and many hundreds of such copies exist—which is not disfigured by the wholesale corruptions and interpolations of the unknown grammarian Calliopius. Unfortunately, one authority of undoubted value we are not able confidently to use. Donatus, a distinguished grammarian at Rome during the fourth century, besides preserving to us a life of Terence which he ascribes to Suetonius, wrote a full commentary on his plays. But the commentary is in so corrupt a state that it is out of our power to collect, so to speak, the scattered limbs. And yet a better edition might be made than has yet appeared, for after the lapse of centuries still the least bad edition is the *editio princeps* brought out at Rome by Conrad Sweynheym and Arnold Pannartz in the year A.D. 1472 !

From his own day to our times the study of Terence has never languished ; the early fathers of the Church read and studied him, and Erasmus learnt all the plays by heart. But slowly and surely the character of the text degenerated ; and not until the famous edition of the ‘British Aristarchus,’ Richard Bentley, was any decided improvement made in this direction. Gabriel Faerno, an Italian scholar of great promise, had died young, or he would doubtless have anticipated much of what was actually accomplished by Bentley. As it was, he collated several good manuscripts, carefully as collating then went, and especially the Bembine. His edition was printed after his death, in A.D. 1465, by Petrus Victorius, and was of such importance that to attempt to amend Terence without its aid would be (as Bentley says, who printed his notes entire) the mark of a man not in earnest about his work or reputation.

English editors have been nearly as unanimous in disparaging, as German critics in lauding to the skies, ‘that incomparable critic,’ as Macaulay calls him, Dr. Bentley. The warm language of Hermann and Ritschl contrasts strangely enough with the damning praise of more than one English editor. Terence might perhaps fail to

‘Recognise in each effusion
Dr. Bentley’s various readings ;’

but the brilliancy and certainty of many of them go far to justify the strong epithet *divinum* applied to his genius by Reinhardt, Klette, and other first-rate scholars. Not even

* Umpfenbach, Præf. p. vii.

Ritschl has surpassed his commanding knowledge of the early comic poets and of the niceties of the Latin tongue. As to the often repeated story that he could not enjoy a joke, it is untrue, as anyone can see who will carefully study his commentary. And that he could appreciate the humour of Terence seems to be shown by the way in which he once gave a select party some of his verses. When he was dining with a friend and the gentlemen were sitting over their wine, the ladies upstairs imagined that he was treating the company to 'Unfortunate Miss Baillie,' whereas he was but reciting some Iambic tetrameters.

In the present century Godfrey Hermann and Friedrich Ritschl gave to the revival of Terentian studies a spur like that which the great Danish scholar, Jo. Nic. Madvig, had some half-dozen years before given to the study of Lucretius. The work thus begun was followed up vigorously by Lachmann, Fleckeisen, Krauss, Dziatzko, Umpfenbach, Wagner, and many others; and the discovery and accurate collation of manuscripts has already led to excellent results. In 1870 Umpfenbach published an admirable critical edition, of which (though the text is strangely inconsistent, not indeed pretending to be formed) the materials must serve as the basis of all future work on the text of Terence. About the same time Professor Wagner brought out at Cambridge an edition with a commentary, which is not, however, equal to that great scholar's reputation, or to his edition of certain plays of Plautus, or of the 'Hautontimorumenos,' with excellent German notes in Teubner's series. Dziatzko's editions of the 'Phormio' and the 'Brothers' are still better, and his texts of those plays probably nearer the original than any other, except perhaps that of the 'Brothers' edited by Spengel. Editions of the 'Hautontimorumenos' by Mr. Shuckburgh, and of the 'Phormio' by Messrs. Bond and Walpole, have recently appeared in Macmillan's capital classical series, and these delightful little volumes form a valuable addition to the pocket library of the student and the scholar. For to end by the words of Melanchthon: 'I exhort all school-masters with all boldness to commend this author to the zealous study of youth. For I think that from him more help is gained for forming a judgment concerning the manners of men than from most works of philosophers. Nor will any other writer teach greater elegance in speaking, or steep the tongue of a boy in eloquence of a more useful kind.'

ART. V.—1. *Origins of English History.* By CHARLES ELTON, sometime Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, author of 'The Tenures of Kent,' &c. London: 1882.

2. *The Making of England.* By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A., Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. London: 1881.

MR. ELTON's elaborate and comprehensive work brings under contribution an array of authorities, ancient and modern, which unquestionably indicates long and painstaking industry on a subject as vast as it is obscure and difficult. The names of the authors alone who wrote on Britain in Greek or Latin fill seven pages of the Appendix; but, besides these, the notes have constant references to numerous writers, from Leland down to the present time, on the topography and the antiquities of our islands. A series of ten rare and very quaint old maps, chiefly from the Latin edition of Ptolemy in 1478, but comprising some others, completes this handsome volume.

It may be stated generally that Mr. Elton describes Britain as it was before and under the Roman occupation, while Mr. Green takes up the history from the conquest of Kent and the 'Saxon shore,' extending from the Wash to Southampton Water, by the Jutes, closely succeeded by the Saxons and the Engles. Both writers have, of necessity, a good deal of matter in common. But the object which Mr. Green keeps specially in view, and which he works out consistently, with much thought and research, is to construct, chiefly from Bede and the Saxon Chronicle, such an account of the successive conquests and kingdoms established by the gradual defeat of the Britons and the mutual aggressions of the rival kings, as can be proved to be in accordance with the physical geography of the country, and the etymology of the numerous surviving towns and settlements of the Teutonic races. Interspersed with his lively and picturesque descriptions of the complex changes and relations arising out of the long competition for the possession of Britain, Mr. Green has given a series of twenty-eight outline block-maps, showing the boundaries of the successive occupations and the physical conditions of Britain, more than half mere forest and fen, till the close of the eighth century, and the establishment of the central kingdom of the Mercian King Offa.

In some respects, principally as combining geography with ethnology, both these works may be said to form a worthy

sequel to two recent publications of great merit and research—Mr. Bunbury's 'Geography of the Ancients,' and Mr. Freeman's 'Historical Geography of Europe.' Not that the volume first before us is strictly, or even mainly, geographical; but it deals so largely with the early settlements in Britain, and the early voyages of exploration to the north and north-west coasts of Europe, that it may be fairly regarded as in some measure a supplement to those works. In fact, Mr. Elton has treated the whole subject of ancient Britain from times long preceding the invasion of Julius Cæsar, commencing with the adventures of Phœnician traders, till the destruction of the British towns by the Teutonic invaders from the north-west of the mainland. It has been his wish, he says in his brief and modest Preface, 'to collect the best and earliest evidence as to the different 'peoples with which the English nation in any of its branches 'is connected by blood and descent.' Thus the various Celtic families and their languages,* their burial-places and customs, their camps, barrows, and earthworks, their laws of inheritance, their rites, religion, and superstitions, the early *fauna* and the primitive aspects of our forest-clad island, with the results of its occupation as a Roman province—all these, and almost every kindred topic, are discussed with great learning, and form a connected account which will be read with equal interest by those who are well versed in the history of their country, and by those who seek for information about it.

The author of one work, to which, as far as a careful perusal has enabled us to notice, Mr. Elton makes no reference, had some years ago gone largely and learnedly over very nearly the same ground. The late Professor Phillips' 'Rivers, Mountains, and Sea-coast of Yorkshire,' published by Murray in 1853, contains indeed an account, ethnological, geographical, and antiquarian, of the northern half of our island only, viz. that from Lincoln to the Solway Frith, the territory of the great and warlike Brigantes. But this half, having for its centre the imperial city of Eboracum, was probably the most populous in the times preceding the Saxon invasion; and between the two works there is principally this difference,

* Our knowledge of the early population, of course, increases by researches and new discoveries, or is reduced to greater certainty. Otherwise, the excellent ethnographic map of Britain in plate xxiv. of Keith Johnston's 'Physical Atlas' (1850) supplies in a very convenient form a sufficiently good *conspectus* of the whole subject. He gives special weight to the Scandinavian admixtures with the various British families.

that Mr. Elton dwells rather more on the classical authorities about Britain, while Mr. Phillips gives a somewhat fuller account of the British monuments and earthworks. Still, the Professor has evidently paid close attention to early history, and his very interesting volume forms almost an exhaustive treatise on the state of Britain prior to the Roman invasion. For the geography of England under Roman government he remarks that the geography of Ptolemy, the *Itinera* of Antoninus, and the *Notitia Imperii*, are the most important, and 'are indeed of inestimable value, since 'they give us information of the state of Britain in the days of 'Hadrian (A.D. 120), of Antoninus Caracalla (after 210), and 'at the very last moment of the Roman sway, before the 'eternal farewell of the legions' (410). Mr. Elton has not made very much use of Ptolemy, beyond giving us facsimiles of the quaint maps, already alluded to, attached to the Latin version of the Greek geographer. The *Itinerary* he has cited chiefly in chap. xi., on the Roman Province of Britain, and in discussing the perplexing subject of the Roman Roads, he says, 'We are helped by the *Notitia* for the period between 'the reign of Constantine and the retreat of the Roman 'armies.' Mr. Elton has had the benefit, which Mr. Phillips had not, of the writings and researches of Mr. Tylor, Professor Rolleston, Mr. Freeman, Dr. Guest, Mr. Earle, and other recent explorers of Roman Britain and of the primitive populations. These enquiries, with the discoveries of the remains of Roman villas that are still made, all tend to show, first, that Celtic Britain was far more extensively 'Romanised' than was formerly thought; secondly, that the destruction of Roman and Romano-British towns and settlements after the departure of the Roman legions, and the reoccupation by the Teutons, was far more complete. The name of our island has been changed from Britain to Engles-land; the old language has long become extinct except in a mere corner of the island; and if Celtic and Scandinavian forms and faces are still seen along with the fair-haired Saxon, that fact is due to the extraordinary law by which old types are not only retained in exclusive races like the Jew and the gipsy, but keep breaking out, as it were, after centuries of intermarriage.

It would seem that, of all the exact sciences known to the ancients, geography was the most imperfect. Even the famous map of the world in Hereford Cathedral (*temp.* Edw. I.) makes the earth a circle, with Jerusalem for its centre. A totally false idea of the world and of its size retarded enquiry, and 'sailing by the stars,' without chart or compass, was always

hazardous. Mr. Elton has no real grounds, in our opinion, for astonishment at 'the extent and accuracy of the knowledge ' which the earliest classical writers possessed concerning the ' north of Europe, compared with the ignorance and confusion ' of later times.' We think this knowledge was really very small, very vague, and often very erroneous.

The first geographer of the north-west countries of Europe, Pytheas, an eminent mathematician of Marseilles, and a contemporary of Alexander the Great, is perhaps unknown to many even by name. Mr. Elton calls him 'The Humboldt ' of Antiquity,' and says that his writings for several centuries were the only source of knowledge respecting that part of the world. Indeed, it is remarkable how very little of Europe north of latitude 50° was known even to the Romans in the time of Tiberius and the geographer Strabo. Rumours were current—more than half of them Greek fables perpetuated from the early *λογοποιοί*, Hecataeus and Pherecydes, and known to us from allusions in Pindar and the dramatists—of a happy land of Hyperboreans, of amber islands, of a river Eridanus, of 'Fortunate Islands,' of Tartessus or Tarshish on the Andalusian coast. Something too seems to have been known of a *pigrum mare*, or frozen sea, of the sunlit Arctic nights, of an 'ultima Thule,' Lapland or Iceland, and of regions so cold that frozen wine was chopped with a hatchet.* But the geography of the outer world, *i.e.* of all countries far removed from the Mediterranean basin, as described in the Odyssey and the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, is almost purely mythical. We cannot understand what grounds Mr. Elton can have for saying that 'in ' the fourth century before Christ the Greeks had acquired ' an extensive knowledge of the western and northern countries from Gibraltar to the mouth of the Vistula, and as ' far north as the Arctic Circle.' He himself admits that for several centuries the writings of Pytheas were 'the only ' source of knowledge respecting the north of Europe.' And what Pytheas reported (as far as we know it) cannot be said to give us a high idea of his powers as an observer or his faithfulness as a narrator. The eye and the mind of the Greek, unlike those of the Phœnician, were steadily directed to the south and the east. The tin and the amber trade was but a feeble inducement to lead adventure into the far north and west, while

* Virg. Georg. iii. 364 :

'Cæduntque securibus humida vina.'

The whole passage fairly well suits the life and the habits of the Eskimo.

the spices of Araby, the Indian wares and bright-coloured textures * brought from Tyre and Babylonia, and the corn and wine from Sicily and Libya, directed the enterprise of merchants and explorers towards the more highly civilised settlements of the ancient world. Pytheas, however, seems to have been an exception to the received custom. He made his way along the western coast of Europe, and visited Germany and the Baltic *via* the British Channel. 'His discoveries,' says Mr. Elton, 'were in the highest degree interesting and important.' The one idea of the early geographers was that the earth was a flat circular disc with a bounding sea so completely environing it that some coast must be reached in every direction alike by those who went far enough. Out of this ocean the sun was thought to rise—the origin of our phrase, 'Red Sea'—and into it to set. No part of the world below 10° of north latitude was known even to the Romans. The Scythia of Herodotus does not extend far to the north of the Black Sea, and the nations he somewhat vaguely describes lie mostly to the south of the fiftieth parallel, or in the lesser half of Europe. These facts, rightly considered, give great interest and importance to the early voyage of Pytheas.

'If,' says Mr. Phillips, 'Pytheas touched, after six days' sail northward from Britain, the shore of Iceland in the long days of summer, when the sun did not set—if he landed in Britain and (however rudely) estimated its circumference; if he, in a second voyage, explored the Baltic coast of the fossil amber; this Phœcean navigator must be regarded as worthy of the age of Aristotle and Alexander, and no mean specimen of an archaic voyager to the North.' (*Yorkshire*, p. 194.)

The prehistoric, possibly pre-Celtic, races who have left us their 'palæolithic' flint implements, but not their more perishable bones, in the pleistocene gravel beds, or who resided in dark caves contemporaneously with the hyæna, the lion, the reindeer, the great cave-bear, the mammoth, and other fierce wild animals, must ever remain absolutely unknown. It is only, perhaps, of late years that people have begun seriously to believe that the symmetrically-shaped flints, dug by hundreds from gravel beds in Norfolk and elsewhere, are really the

* The permanent Indian vegetable dyes (Indian shawls) were known early to the Greeks from the Parthian and Bactrian traders to the Caspian from north-west India. (See Herod. i. 203.) The *πέπλοι παμποίκιλοι* of Homer are perhaps the same, but the Tyrian trade in the shell-dye of the *murex* was a strong and successful rival. To it we mainly owe the imitated tints in the early stained glass.

works of an intelligent creature, and not mere 'lusus naturæ.' The student of Mr. Stevens' 'Flint Chips,' especially if he has examined for himself many collections, either private or public, and compared them with the similar productions of modern savages, and can discriminate the forgeries of 'Flint 'Jack,' does not now need to be convinced. But we can only infer that the age when these people lived must be immensely remote, possibly, if not probably, during the latest glacial period. History begins to dawn, and that but faintly, many long ages after this, even if some 'glacial traditions' have really come down to us. It is possible—we cannot say more—that the 'Blue Rocks' which are said to have rolled and plunged and nipped vessels at the entrance of the Bosphorus—the *Symplegades* of the Argonauts*—were really icebergs which became stranded in shallow water, and thus appeared to be miraculously fixed. It is possible that the accounts of Diodorus (accepted as even probably true by A. von Humboldt), of both the Mediterranean and the Euxine having been closed basins within the human period, and of the plain of Thessaly having once been a lake, as the plain of Pickering in Yorkshire is believed to have been, may be something more than mere fable, because geological appearances greatly favour these conclusions. It is possible again that the 'ancient reports' of men, known to Pindar nearly five centuries B.C., that Elis and the plain of Olympia were once covered with snow, were 'glacial' traditions; and when Æschylus asserts† that 'Cave-man' was once a denizen of dark and sunless holes in rocks, this is not likely to have been a mere poetic invention. Whether man inhabited these islands when they were part of an icebound continent like Greenland must depend on the true date of the gravel deposits, in which human flint-weapons are unquestionably found. There were *periods* in the life and habits of man which, strange to say, were not merely local, but characteristic of vast families and settlements, including our islands, at very remote times. 'The mind of the uncivil-

* Pindar, Pyth. iv. 209. The description is the more remarkable because real ice-floes must have been quite unknown to the Greeks.

† Prom. 461. Compare Lucret. v. 958—

'Necdum res igni scibant tractare nec uti
Pellibus, et spoliis corpus vestire ferarum,
Sed nemora atque cavos montes silvasque colebant,
Et frutices inter condebant squalida membra,
Verbera ventorum vitare imbresque coacti.'

'tured man,' says Mr. Tylor,* 'works in much the same way 'at all times and everywhere.' And again, 'Deep-lying 'agreements in culture tend to centralise the early history 'of races of very unlike appearance, and living in widely dis- 'tant ages and countries.' This important truth he repeats in the concluding remarks, 'Among the Australians there 'are only a very few exceptions to modify the general rule, 'that whatever is found in one place in the world may be 'matched more or less closely elsewhere, piecemeal or as a 'whole.' Hence the same kind of pottery and implements are found under the mound at Hissarlik and in early British barrows, and dolmens and stone circles are met with in Algeria and even in India. All men once burned their dead, placed their ashes in crocks, and raised pillars or barrows over them. Many of the northern families at least made 'kitchen-middens,' lake-habitations, pit-holes or caves for dwellings, set up stone pillars, used stone implements and bone needles, or tools rudely formed from the horns of deer. Want of culture is conservative by its very nature. It makes no progress, for it strikes out no new inventions. The records of savage man in our island are not houses, or temples, or inscribed monuments, but only a few holes which he dug for his huts, a few bits of bone or arrow-heads which he left in his cave, a row or a circle of boulders set up on end over a tomb, or the flints which he chipped, or the stones which he sharpened, for his use as a warrior or a hunter. Therefore we have few data, beyond the shape of a skull, occasionally recovered, to tell us who he was, or why, or when, or whence, or how he came. The very mystery stimulates a perhaps hopeless curiosity. Though we have not a word of his language in writing, we may have still in daily use a great many of the names which he gave to rivers and mountains, and we can at least connect most of these with the great Aryan family. We have in England an Axe and Esk, an Usk and Ouse, just as there was a river 'Αἰῶς in Thessaly, and *Pen* is the name of many of our hills in common with the Apennines; while Dun and Don, Danube and Dnieper, Thames and Tanais, are names extending over a wide portion of Europe. The existence of man then in these islands from very remote times must be regarded as an ascertained fact. But his condition must have been wretched enough. Mr. Elton cites passages from Herodian and Dion Cassius describ-

* 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' pp. 90 and 206.

ing the habits of the Caledonians, in terms which remind us of the Tierra del Fuegians, the most miserable tribe, perhaps, on earth.

‘They appear as naked savages, tattooed with the strange shapes of beasts and birds—they passed their days in the water, swimming in the northern estuaries, or wading with the stream as high as the waist. Dion Cassius adds, with his characteristic vivacity, that they would hide in the mud for days together, with nothing but their heads out of water. . . . They have no towns, or fields, or houses, but roam on the wild and waterless mountains, or in deserts and in marshy plains.’

Mr. Brown says much the same of the Fuegians.*

‘Though living in a country where sleet, snow, rain, and frost are of almost every-day occurrence, the male Fuegian wears no clothing, except a small piece of sealskin thrown over his shoulders, and moved now and then so as to shelter his person in the direction from whence the blast may be blowing. . . . The skins of this race seem to be almost insensible to cold, and though they seem to strangers to be always shivering and chilly, yet this must have become a second nature with them, for they may be seen moving about from place to place, or sitting in their canoes, with the whirling snow beating against their naked persons, or gathering about their limbs, seemingly without caring about it, or even being conscious of it.’

If we may trust Strabo, the Irish were more savage (*ἀγριώτεροι*) than the British: they were cannibals, and even cooked and ate the flesh of their deceased parents! That some of the German coast tribes had the same reputation is remarked by Mr. Elton.

It seems hard to believe that so late in history as the time of Augustus the Britons painted themselves with woad,† which yields, Mr. Elton says, a blue dye, with properties like those of indigo. Yet Propertius asks: ‡

‘Nunc etiam infectos demens imitare Britannos,
Ludis et externo tincta nitore caput. . . .
An, si cæruleo quædam sua tempora fuco
Tinxerit, idcirco cærulea forma bona est?’

This passage is interesting, for there can be little doubt that ‘quædam’ refers to some British captive or concubine with woad-daubed face or forehead. A century later Martial

* Races of Mankind, i. p. 310.

† *Isatis tinctoria*, a cruciferous plant, but a doubtful native, it is said; though, if so, one may wonder how the Britons procured it.

‡ El. iii. 11, 1. This he addressed to his Cynthia, who had taken to painting her face.

speaks of the *picti Britanni* from whom baskets (the *barbara bascauda*) were imported.

Whether the 'Picts' of the northern tribes were so called from their painting, or whether this is, as some maintain, a Latinised form of a Celtic word, may perhaps be doubted.* But as painting was probably a substitute for tattooing, a practice still so common among the Polynesian islanders, sometimes covering the entire body from head to foot, so painting was in time superseded by coloured patterns woven in textures, such as the Fiji Islanders produce; and that this is the real origin of the stripes in the Scotch tartans may be inferred from the *virgatæ braccæ* described by Propertius as the dress of Virdomarus, a Belgic chief. It is a curious inquiry what was the instinct in man which first suggested adorning the body with bright colours or with the quaint patterns of the tattoo, which seemed so degrading to the Greeks that they regarded it as a sort of branding, and called the wearers of such marks *στυγματίαι*. Must we adopt the Darwinian theory of 'sexual attractiveness' as applied by him to birds and butterflies? Rather, perhaps, savage man, as a fighting animal by nature, tried to make himself look as terribly grotesque as coloured feathers, bushy hairdress, grinning teeth or bone ornaments, and striped limbs could make him, with a scalp or two hanging at his horse's bridle, and his shield or club picked out in lively patterns. Such, we can hardly doubt, were once the inhabitants of these islands.

Britain was, indeed, before it fell under the Roman power, 'a land of uncleared forests, with a climate as yet not mitigated by the organised labours of mankind.' It was, in fact, the author says, 'little better in most parts than a cold and 'watery desert.' We may wonder at the remark of an Italian that 'asperitas frigoribus abest,' when even now we occasionally have winter-colds quite down to zero. There is every reason to believe that in the time of Julius Cæsar the greater part of the island was covered with thick forest; in the clearings of these, on barren heaths, or on the ridges of higher ground, the pit-habitations, vestiges of which are still rather numerous, were grouped. What a tale the rain-gauge would have told in those days! The immense oak trees, the trunks of which we

* Virgil's *picti Geloni* have been compared; but it is rather doubtful, from a classical point of view, whether any nation would be called simply 'picti' to distinguish them. If we remember rightly, *poicht* means in Gaelic a dweller in the plain. In the Saxon Chronicle they are called 'Peohtas,' a word not very like *picti*.

often find in our eastern fens, covered with many feet of turf, were used by the natives for their canoes, and of these, more or less fragmentary, fashioned by flint-axes and hollowed by fire, our museums contain some specimens. It seems to require a very long period to convert a dense oak forest into a peat bog, or to detach an island from a continent; but some interesting indications of comparatively recent changes may be cited. In the north of Ireland quantities of the bark of the *Pinus silvestris* are found lying along with the roots under seven or eight feet of peat, and, moreover, pieces of the wood which, when cut with a knife, are still as fresh and as white as if just taken from a carpenter's shop. The horns, still attached to the skull, of a red deer, were obtained in the ploughing of a field in the Cambridge fen, and they are so perfect that the very tips of the tines still *shine* with the friction they had undergone. The oaken chair from which these words are written has a rather singular history. Some years ago word was sent by a tenant of a fen-land farm that a plough had been broken against a stump. The 'stump' proved, on clearing away the earth, to be a magnificent oak tree, still quite sound, and nearly straight, not less than eighty feet long and twelve in circumference.* Not being able to move it, the country people had sawn it into lengths and split it into pieces, and so carted it away. The rightful owner of the timber succeeded in rescuing one length entire, and out of this two armchairs were made. The wood is extremely hard and heavy, partially black, though much of it has the fine brown tint of walnut wood. Such a tree, carefully dried and sawn into planks, would have been of considerable value. A room or hall panelled with black oak many thousand years old would be a real curiosity.

These primeval woods literally swarmed with red deer, wild oxen (*urus*), wild boars, with wolves, beavers, elks, which had succeeded the older pachyderms and mammals, the lordly occupants of Britain when it was part of the mainland. The red deer still lingers on wild in a few haunts; the *Bos primigenius*, a complete skeleton of which, from the Cambridge fen, is in the Museum of Natural History at Cambridge, is thought to survive in the Chillingham Park oxen, and to be the progenitors of our long-horned cattle. Of this and also of *Bos longifrons*, which is now quite extinct, except in its descendants, our present 'shorthorns,' the Cambridge Woodwardian

* Probably this was by much the largest as well as the most perfect fossil tree ever found in this country.

Museum contains only a number of skulls, with the horns more or less perfect. We have seen a skull of *Bos longifrons* from the Peak of Derbyshire encrusted with and preserved by a thick coating of petrification. The removal of a portion of this from the under jaw showed the bone to be still fresh-looking. These creatures, though they would roam forests, would not inhabit fens. Skeletons of the great Irish elk found in bogs may, it has been thought, have perished there, driven by hunters; but the bones of the oxen we now find in the peat, or immediately under it, must have been denizens of the wood, and have gradually died out as the morass outgrew the forest. Whether this was caused by a change of level or an irruption of the sea by the wearing away of the land, or by the damming of the streams by beavers, we cannot tell. Human implements have been occasionally found among the fallen trees, as well as the action of fire applied to the roots. A further indication of comparatively recent times is given by the quantities of hazel nuts, still quite perfect, found a few feet below the peat, and the bark of the silver birch still retaining its resinous properties.

A great many local names still survive of portions of our ancient 'forests,' some of them forests only in name. In Saver-nake forest, near Marlborough, we have measured oaks thirty-five feet in circumference, and even more. Old as these must be, they are juveniles by the side of some of our oldest yew trees, the age of which has been estimated at not less than three thousand years old.* Trees, therefore, which flourished when Isaiah prophesied and Homer sang, may still be putting forth leaves and blossoms. What was Britain when these trees were young? O that they had a voice, like the talking oaks of Dodona, to tell us of the past!

Now there must have been tracks and openings through these vast woods; for every tribe must have had some communication with its neighbours, either for cattle-driving, or for friendly intercourse, or for wife-stealing, or for hostile invasion. It is an interesting question if many or even most of our tortuous country lanes, often depressed many feet (sometimes ten or fifteen) below the level of the fields on either side, but evidently not formed by spade-cutting, are not these veritable tracks. What is their origin? About a Roman road there is no mistake. It is straight, it is *raised* (whence it is often called a 'causey' or causeway†), it is even now (though

* Humboldt, 'Aspects of Nature,' vol. ii. p. 93.

† The phrase *munire viam* indicates the wall-like character of the ~~agger~~ raised from a fosse on each side.

rarely*) sometimes paved with large stones. But in the hollow roads, so common in Staffordshire, Shropshire, Devonshire, perhaps everywhere, the ground is depressed simply by the wear and tear of an immense number of years. Roman roads seem things of yesterday compared with them. We doubt if the subject has been much enquired into, though every scrap of Roman road has been traced and mapped out by antiquaries. A remarkable characteristic of country lanes is their often useless, often inconvenient, sinuosity, showing a total absence of engineering skill. The Roman *viæ*, on the contrary, nearly always led direct from one important town or stationary camp to another. The fact of their almost invariable straightness shows that they took no account of the native tracks which, following natural openings or the curvings of hillsides or valleys, led from one British settlement to another, as they still lead, for the most part, from one Saxon village to another. The Roman roads in the territory of the Brigantes are so numerous, that Professor Phillips's map of them† reminds one of the threads of a spider's web. But any map of the Ordnance Survey, showing the direction of the country lanes, rather resembles the windings of a labyrinth. This very contrast of the crooked with the straight seems to us to throw a doubt on the proposition advanced by Mr. Green on the authority of Dr. Guest, that 'roads such as the Foss Road or the Icknield Way are of earlier than Roman date.'

Sunken lanes, as far as their present character is concerned, can only have been formed in this way, and it is a way which, as the geologists say, 'postulates time.' Not having been laid with stone originally, they were gradually worn down by tread and traffic. The currents of wind blow the dust along the tunnel-like hollows into the valleys, or on to the adjoining fields. The rain washes the *detritus* into the lower levels, where it often passes into some cross stream and is carried away. Sometimes, indeed, these lanes themselves become rivulets, or have a side channel from bank-springs. That they were purposely excavated is wholly out of the question, as is capable of positive proof by anyone who has carefully examined the nature of them. They are not 'cuttings' at all, but only 'wearings.'

* In a piece of Roman road leading to Uriconium, not far from Acton Burnell and Caradoc, the original pavement of blocks yet remains, which gave rise to the term *street*—i.e. *stratum*—in Watling Street, Ermin Street, &c.

† Plate xxxii. of his *Yorkshire*. Mr. Elton gives a careful account of these principal and cross roads in the north of England on p. 341.

Very often these deep lanes are so narrow that two vehicles cannot pass unless one of them draws up at some gate or chance widening. The friction of wheels against the banks keeps them uniform in outline. It seems very probable that some of these lanes are the oldest vestiges of man in this country. 'Once a road, always a road' is, of course with many exceptions, the general rule of the intercourse between peoples. A proof of this is the vast number of Roman roads in England, either still in use as highways, or at least traceable in lanes and byways. A remarkable and still tolerably perfect portion of the Roman road between Colchester and Huntingdon (Godmanchester) may be traced for about eight miles through a sparsely inhabited country to the south-eastward of Cambridge. We first strike it about three miles from that town; and though the track is obliterated by agriculture from this point to Cambridge, it reappears on the other side in a continuous straight line as the high road to Huntingdon, and thence direct to Deva (Chester). Mr. Elton thinks that the Roman town *Camboricum* was Grantchester, about two miles from Cambridge. It is certain, as the name *Granta castra* implies, and as faint traces of earthworks still indicate (as also in the neighbouring village of Chesterton), that there was a Roman camp there; yet there is no indication of the Roman road having passed it. On the other hand, the singular mound known as the Castle Hill, which resembles that at Marlborough and those large hillocks called *Raths* in Yorkshire, probably had a Roman road passing close to it. This is also the case at Marlborough, where the Roman road actually deviates to avoid the older Silbury hill. The river which we now call the Cam, and which Milton in his 'Lycidas' has turned into a river-god 'Camus,' was the Granta. It is a curious historical enquiry when the name 'Cam' was adopted. It is said to mean *crooked* in Celtic, containing perhaps the same root as *καμπύλος*, and thus Morecambe Bay is said to mean 'crooked sea.' But it was extremely likely that the Roman name *Camboricum* would be corrupted to *Camboric* and *Cambridge*, and then the word would be thought to mean a bridge over the Cam. Mr. Green, we observe, spells the word *Camboritum*, which, if correct, is unfavourable to our theory. We commend the enquiry, if it has not yet been made, to those who have leisure for antiquarian research, and have access to college records.

Grantchester is mentioned not only by Venerable Bede, but a little later by the writer of the Anglo-Saxon life of St.

Guthlac of Croyland, who correctly states that the great north fen begins at this village. Here first the slightly rising ground on either side of the little stream expands, leaving a valley of alluvial and marshy fields covered with rushes, and hardly redeemed from the true fen which follows the course of the river till its junction with the Ouse. All this wide region, once, as we have said, covered with oak forests and swarming with wild oxen and red deer, and in still earlier times with herds of mammoths, became a bay or arm of the sea (the Wash) by the gradual erosion of the gault on which the trees grew. This shallow bay was in part filled up with silt and 'warp,' or river mud, and thus became a great morass, the low rising grounds at Ely, Ramsey, Peterborough, and Croyland being occupied as islands of refuge and retreat by the religious in Saxon and Norman times. Ancient embankments and modern engineering have combined to turn into fertile cornfields a vast wilderness which, in the time of the Saxon St. Guthlac, was full of 'swart pools,' brambles, and reed-beds, and, moreover, in the belief of the ascetics who dwelt there, haunted at least as much by demons as by wild birds! But even in the time of Queen Anne the fen-farms were visited in boats, and persons are still alive who plough fields over which they waded for snipe-shooting in their youth.

That the present 'Wash' once extended down to Manca and the now extinct Whittlesea Mere, is proved by a curious and most unexpected discovery made some five-and-twenty years ago. The perfect skeleton of a huge grampus was recovered in draining off the water of the lake. Now this is a North Sea fish, and it must have got into the lake when it communicated with the sea, and was more or less salt. It may, of course, have got in when small, and have become too large to find exit through the shallow opening. Similar 'puddles' on a large scale, which will some day be redeemed from the sea, to make amends for the wearing of our coasts, are the Norfolk 'Broad,' Poole Harbour, Southampton Water, Pegwell Bay, and a great many low-lying flats in our bays and estuaries, containing hundreds, perhaps thousands, of available acres. A good deal has already been done, as in Morecambe Bay, by railway embankments, which cut off strips of marsh-land running up into the country.

As we have said, both the forest period which preceded the bogs and fens, and the gravel deposits which cover palæolithic human implements and the bones, tusks, and teeth of *Elephas primigenius* (mammoth), are perplexing from the mixed evidences they present of modernness and antiquity. Turf-

cutters, fen-ditchers, and railway excavators often come upon stems of trees so large and so solid as to find their work seriously impeded, and to have frequent recourse to the saw. Mr. Phillips remarks that these forests often grew 'at elevations and in aspects where now the utmost art and care fail to raise oaks or pines, or indeed any tall trees. This is one of the many examples spread over the British Isles and northern Europe, for which no satisfactory explanation can be given by climatal variation of merely local character.' The general opinion is, that these forests were flourishing at a period, not geologically remote, when England was united to the mainland, and when the British islands were not islands at all. Half Europe was then a forest, roamed by aurochs and bisons, and our country was simply a part of it. Remains of submarine forests are seen at low tide on the south and east coasts, indicating a former extension of the land. We once examined a number of stumps left exposed in Torbay (Torquay) during a spring-tide, and still rooted in the soil on which they grew. The wood was almost as soft as cheese, and could be cut with a knife as easily as a turnip. What the trees had been, it seemed impossible to determine. Perhaps they were part of a vast forest that some thousand years ago extended into France, and occupied the whole of the present Channel. Yet the recent appearance of some of the buried trees we have already alluded to. Are they some thousands, or are they only a few hundreds, of years old?

Again, what water-power spread out the wide and deep gravel-beds which extend often over many square miles, and are (as in some parts about Kensington) at least twenty feet thick? Either they were left by rivers which have altogether disappeared, or made by existing rivers under different levels, channels, and tidal conditions, or they were spread, by the sudden melting of glaciers, from long-accumulated moraines, carrying with them occasionally the flint implements which, we may suppose, were often hastily left in the escape from a sudden inundation. We remember seeing, recovered from a cutting seventeen feet deep through gravel near Cambridge, a large piece of a mammoth's tusk, lying together with a number of bones, which proved to be the mixed remains of *Elephas primigenius* and *Bos primigenius*. What appeared to the finder at the time truly surprising, as a mark of lateness, was a handful of quite perfect and fresh-looking shells of *Helix nemoralis* lying with the bone deposit.

The earliest relics of rude man are of course absolutely date-

less, for he had no writing; and we might as well expect to find a human skeleton *in situ* in the London clay as a scrap of writing on a stone circle or a 'Cyclopean' wall.* Certain it is that the men who dwelt in 'Kent's Cavern,' the diggers of the holes in the limestone rock in Worle camp at Weston-super-Mare, and the mollusk-eaters who threw up the shell-mounds, could not *write*, if some of them could scratch or carve a rude picture; yet in point of antiquity they may be very much later than the full and careful records of Egypt and Assyria. Tumuli, indeed, and lake-habitations come within the historic period, for the Homeric poems fully and minutely describe the process of raising the barrows of the Troad, while Herodotus gives us an equally minute account of the lake-habitations in Thrace.† This kind of dwelling, it is stated, in the Crannoges or artificial islands of the Scotch and Irish lakes, must have been continued into Christian times. Pile-villages are even now in use by the Red Indians of Guiana, on the Delta of the Orinoco, and a sketch of them is given by Mr. Brown in 'Races of Mankind,'‡ who adds, 'Pile dwellings are by no means confined to the Waraus (of Guiana); even in the same region, on a large shallow lake off the Gulf of Maracaibo in Venezuela, is a tribe of Indians who, to avoid the mosquito, dwell in several villages built on ironwood piles.'

We have seen, then, that Palæolithic and Neolithic man lived in Britain, a contemporary of the fierce mammalia which have long been extinct. The *urus* of Cæsar is allowed to be the *Bos primigenius*; a huge buffalo-like brute it was, and dangerously savage, as even its more civilised descendants, the

* Mere scratches and fanciful patterns have sometimes been assumed to be alphabetic writing, as those on the clay balls (whorls) found by Schliemann at Hissarlik. The really archaic Greek vases never have any writing on them. Di Cesnola, however, gives a series of ancient Phœnician inscriptions found by him at Cyprus, where we might expect to find them, and where it had been predicted that they would be found. It is said that scratches not very unlike letters or cyphers have been found on menhirs and dolmens, and in the sepulchral chamber under the tumulus of the *Ile du Géant*, off the coast of Brittany.

† Lib. v. 16. They are mentioned still earlier by Æschylus, 'Persæ,' 865, Στρυμονίου πελάγους Ἀχελωίδες πόλεις.

‡ Vol. i. p. 276. Even cave-habitations still exist in France, near Saumur. Mr. Green observes that the caves of the Yorkshire moorlands show traces of having been occupied by British refugees from the sword of the English invaders.

Chillingham cattle, are reputed to be. But Cæsar's account of the 'alces,' which ought to mean 'elks,' partakes of that mixture of the fabulous and the marvellous which is so common in the early accounts of rare animals, particularly of the serpent kind. Having no joints in their legs, he says,* they cannot lie down, and therefore sleep leaning against trees,—a description more suited to the sloth. Some years ago, the skull of a *Bos primigenius* was dug up in the Cambridge fen, with a flint axe sticking in its forehead. This was, of course, regarded at the time as a great curiosity; but doubts were afterwards thrown on the genuineness of the discovery.† The fracture in the forehead had really been made with a pickaxe, and the flint had been 'popped in' by workmen, who hoped to make a good profit, in which they doubtless succeeded. Cæsar absurdly says that the urus was 'almost as large as an elephant;' but Mr. Elton thinks that he confounded *Bos primigenius* with the auroch or bonassus, otherwise called the maned bison, a creature which did not, we believe, exist in Britain unless sparsely in very early times, perhaps with the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus.

Mr. Elton regards the voyage of Pytheas as the first means of opening the tin and the amber trade to the Greeks, the former at least having hitherto been in the hands of Phœnician merchants. With regard to the latter, which the Romans knew to have been a vegetable gum or resin, and which resembles in its nature the lumps of clear resin dug from under the forests of Kauri pine in New Zealand, it seems singular that the demand for an article which is now so little appreciated should in very ancient times have created an important and extensive trade. It is remarkable, too, how rarely the names of metals so familiar and so necessary to us as tin, lead, and copper are mentioned in any Greek writers after Homer, in whose time they were probably obtained only from the East. Bronze, or bell-metal, χαλκός, was the alloy in ordinary use, though the word may also have meant copper (the 'red brass' of Iliad ix. 365); and χαλκεύς, 'brazier,' was the ordinary term for the workman we call 'blacksmith.' The voyage mentioned in Od. i. 184, ἐς Τεμέσσην μετὰ χαλκόν, may have been to Cyprus, or some unknown Phœnician port in the Levant. As copper is one of the commonest, so tin is one of

* De Bell. Gall. v. 27.

† The fraud came afterwards privately to the knowledge of those who secured it. But the account is given, without any suspicion, by Professor Bonney, 'Cambridgeshire Geology,' p. 58 (1875).

the rarest of metals in respect of distribution, gold being, it seems strange to say, in this respect perhaps the commonest of all. The name *κασσίτερος*, the Sanscrit *kastira*, indicates that the Ionians first obtained it in the trade with India from the Persian Gulf. The extensive use of bronze for both domestic and political purposes demanded a constant supply of tin, and the question is a rather obscure one, from what countries and by what means the Greeks regularly procured it for so many centuries. Weapons of the so-called Bronze Age prove at once the antiquity and the universality of the blending of copper and tin during long ages when the use of iron was yet in its infancy. Iron is often indeed mentioned in the *Iliad*; but it is curious to find a pig of iron (*σόλος αὐτοχόωνος*) offered as a prize of value for athletes in xxiii. 826. It is now known that both the Egyptians and Assyrians made use of iron, and it has occasionally been found in tumuli, though not in those of very early date. It has been found, too, in the tombs of Mycenæ and Cyprus, but scant vestiges of it were discovered by Schliemann at Hisarlik. At the present day, a ton of iron may be bought for less than fifty shillings, while a ton of copper or of tin costs from seventy to a hundred pounds. Tin, then, which is scarce and dear, was used long before iron, which is common and very cheap, and, moreover, quite as easy to smelt as copper. The fact seems strange; * but tradition confirms ascertained results. According to Hesiod, men worked with bronze before they worked with black iron, † and Ovid repeats the statement ‡—

‘Æs erat in pretio, Chalybeia massa latebat.’

The very name *adamant*, to which Hesiod applies the epithet ‘green,’ and which in the early Greek poets is rather a hard kind of rock than a metal, perhaps means *irreducible* by fire, and may refer to vain attempts to extract iron from the heavy basalts and greenstones. Of course, the word is also susceptible of the meaning which in later times caused it to be applied to the diamond,—a degree of hardness which nothing can subdue.

* The subject is well discussed by Wilkinson, ‘Ancient Egyptians,’ vol. ii. pp. 153–56. He concludes that the various processes necessary to make iron malleable made it less likely to be employed than a more ductile metal.

† Hes. Opp. 151: χαλκῷ φειράζοντο, μέλας δ’ οὐκ ἔσκε σιδήρος.

‡ Fasti, iv. 405. So also Lucret. v. 1286—

‘Et prior æris erat quam ferri cognitus usus.’

Vague accounts of certain 'tin islands' in the west, *Cassiterides insulæ*, point, as Mr. Elton shows, and even illustrates by a curious map from the Latin Ptolemy of 1478, to a site quite inconsistent with either the Scilly Islands on the coast of Cornwall, viz. to a group of ten islets lying off Cape Finisterre, a little to the north of Vigo. Strabo places them to the north of this corner of Spain, *κατὰ τὸ Βρεταννικόν πως κλίμα ἰδρυμέναι*, i.e. 'about in the latitude of Britain,' and he says tin is produced in the Cassiterides, 'and brought to 'Marseilles from the British islands.' But Finisterre, meaning 'lands-end,' was believed, as Mr. Elton says, by the ancients to be part of the northern coast, which stretched somewhere indefinitely away to 'ultima Thule.' A remarkable account of the inhabitants is added from Posidonius the Stoic, who had himself visited Spain, Gaul, and Britain in the first century B.C.

'The islands are ten in number; they lie near to each other northwards from the harbour of the Artabri in the open sea: one is deserted, but the others are inhabited by people who wear black cloaks and long tunics reaching to the feet, girded about the breast. They walk with long staves, and look like furies in a tragedy; they subsist by their cattle, leading for the most part a wandering life; and they barter hides, tin, and lead with the merchants in exchange for pottery, salt, and implements of bronze.'

On this strange description of the tin-miners we may remark, that there is much in it to suggest the notion of sorcery. Now the *Τελχίνες* were, in the Phœnician mythology, a class of imps, or 'Robin Goodfellows,' connected with the working of metals. Just such another is the 'Wayland Smith' in Teutonic mythology, mentioned by Mr. Elton—an invisible workman who was believed by the country people in Berkshire to shoe the horses of travellers, and is introduced by Sir Walter Scott in the novel of 'Kenilworth.' The *Telchines* have been compared with the Hebrew Tubal-Cain. The 'long dress' described is evidently borrowed from tragic representations. Posidonius was no doubt told all this by cunning Phœnician traders, who had no desire to reveal to strangers the real centre of the tin-works, and therefore described it as a group of 'uncanny' islands lying at some distance from the coast in a stormy sea. A few hints of this kind would as easily have deterred the credulous philosopher from the attempt to visit them, as reports of sudden storms in the Atlantic now deter tourists from visiting the islands off the coast of Ireland. There seem good reasons for concluding that tin was really, as Strabo says, brought from Cornwall by the overland route to

Marseilles.* It has often been objected, that no vestiges of early Phœnician settlers have ever been found in Cornwall. But a 'Cassiter Street' is said still to exist in Bodmin, and Mr. Elton mentions 'Stanza Bay' and 'Stans Ore Point' in Hampshire as deriving their names from the *Stannum* † of the Romans. These local names rather favour the view that the 'Iktis' of Diodorus is the same as 'Vectis' (Isle of Wight), confounded in the description with St. Michael's Mount off the Cornish coast. Mr. Elton is inclined to think the Isle of Thanet is really meant, which was joined to the mainland at that time at low water.

Himilco, the Carthaginian voyager, who seems first to have discovered the Azores, Madeira, and Teneriffe, also visited the Cassiterides or 'Oestrymnic' islands. That the inhabitants used coracles, the wicker-framed boats still seen on the Severn, may be fairly thought to indicate a Celtic custom of the south-west of Britain. Mr. Elton cites in a note the high authority of the late Mr. Kenrick in favour of the identity of the Cassiterides with the Scilly Isles. But he does not seem to have been aware of the careful essay in Sir G. W. Cox's larger 'History of Greece,' who discusses the question from the point of view raised by Sir G. C. Lewis. He thinks that no reliance can be placed on the statements of Pytheas as to what he saw or did. He says, 'It is beyond question that to the Greeks, and even to the Romans down to the days of Julius Cæsar, the countries with which the Phœnicians had, as it is asserted, carried on a direct and constant trade for centuries were for all practical purposes utterly unknown. Herodotus (iii. 115) could not tell whether the Cassiterides were islands or not.' And yet 'the difficult manufacture of bronze was the most important art of the ancient world, before the Celts discovered the method of making the hard Noric steel.'

The question is a curious one, and therefore we have somewhat extended the remarks upon it. But it is one which can never be finally settled. Probabilities seem in favour of

* A. von Humboldt says ('Cosmos,' vol. ii. note 169) : 'When I was in Galicia in 1799, mining operations (for tin) were still carried on, on a very poor scale, in the granitic mountains. The occurrence of tin in this locality is of some geological importance, on account of the former connexion of Galicia, the peninsula of Brittany, and Cornwall.'

† This word is identical with our *tin*, in German *Zinn*, in Icelandic *dën*, in Swedish *tenn*. A. von Humboldt, *ut sup.*, who remarks that there is a similarity of sound in the Malay and Japanese word *timah*.

the view that the tin trade in both the east and the west was a Phœnician monopoly, and that these cunning adventurers purposely concealed, under fables and false reports, the real site of the regions from which they themselves obtained it. Sidon is called *πολύχαλκος* by a Phœnician woman in Od. xv. 425, and from this passage, and xiv. 288, we may infer the cunning as well as the dishonesty of the traders from that port.

As early as B.C. 440 we have distinct mention in Sophocles * of the trade from Sardis in the alloy called *electrum*, and in gold from India. The same word, in the plural, apparently meaning 'amber beads,' occurs in Od. xv. 460, in connexion with Phœnician art. And that amber (not 'jeweller's gold') is the meaning must be inferred from Od. xviii. 296, where 'a necklace of gold strung with amber beads' is mentioned, the two substances being here put in marked contrast.

Mr. Elton rightly speaks of the 'trade and travel' of the early Greeks, following the Phœnician navigators, as a 'fascinating subject.' The first, perhaps, in recent times who called much attention to it was A. von Humboldt, in his now too little read 'Cosmos.' Of late years discoveries in Babylonia, Cyprus, and Palestine have given a new impulse to Semitic studies; and the Phœnicians and their tin trade may crop up again as a theme for learned discussion, since we now know that bronze was used in very early works of the Egyptians and the Assyrians.

Mr. Elton gives us a somewhat full, and certainly a very interesting, account of the religion of the British tribes. One peculiarity of it is the number of barbarous Celtic divinities, reminding us of the *Τριβαλλοί* of Aristophanes. Many of these insular gods were adopted into the local Roman mythology, and the same was the case in the Gallic provinces. Not a few of these were mistaken for kings and champions or even for giants and enchanters. Thus Belinus or Belenus, a healing sun-god, was reputed to have been the founder of Caerleon on Usk, and his name is immortalised in our renowned 'Billingsgate,' which would have been more appropriately called after Onnes or Dagon, the fish-god. The goddess *Sul*, the British Minerva, whose name (possibly occur-

* Antig. 1037 :—

κερδαίνειν', ἐμπολαῖτε τὰπὸ Σάρδεων
ἤλεκτρον, εἰ βούλεσθε, καὶ τὸν Ἴνικόν
χρυσόν.

ring in Silbury and Silchester *) has been found on monuments at Bath, appears to have presided over the healing waters, and thus 'Sulis aquæ' were corrupted to 'Solis Aquæ,' the name of the Roman town. Camulus, the Gallic Teutates, was the war god, and gave his name to Camulodunum, Colchester. Taranis, the Diana, worshipped with bloody rites by the Gauls, seems to have been the Jupiter Tonans of the British. Gog and Magog are corruptions of Gurgunt, who bears the Latinised name Gargantua in Normandy—for sex seems to have been easily commutable in these worthies. Perhaps the words imply 'little Gurg and big Gurg,' whence they were applied to hills of different height, as the 'Gog-magog' chalk hills near Cambridge. A common feature in the early mythology was to combine a Teucer with an Ajax, a small and active with a ponderous and huge champion. Epona, the goddess of horses, is mentioned by Juvenal.† Nudd or Nodens was Neptune, and Lir, *alias* King Lud and King Lear, was a sort of Nereus, while Manannan Mac Lir was the bright sun careering through the sky. Inscriptions found in Eskdale record the names of native goddesses—Ricagambela, Virudesthis, and Harimella. Sun-worship, as it prevailed almost everywhere in the old world, so had its peculiar phase in these islands. Remnants of it still remain in the Yule-log ‡ of a north-country Christmas; and the Round Table of the mythical King Arthur is but the golden table in the temple of Belus at Babylon. Mr. Elton gives many curious instances of the survival of sun-worship to this day among credulous country folk. The Druidical circles (so called) may be solar emblems, like 'Ixion's Wheel;' and the horrible Druidical rites of human sacrifice may be compared with those practised by the sun-worshipping Mexicans under Montezuma at the time of the Spanish conquest. Mr. Elton gives a graphic sketch of Druidism; though, as is well

* But *sel* in Saxon means large, good, convenient, &c. Thus we have Selby, Selkirk, Selsey, &c., where, however, the vowel *e* is retained.

† Sat. viii. 157 :

'Jurat

Solam Eponam et facies olida ad præsepia pictas.'

‡ Generally connected with *gules*, *gold*, and *yellow*; but Mr. Elton (p. 411) says the name is derived 'from the turning of the sun in its 'annual course.' This log or brand is but a variety of the fatal log thrown into the fire by Althæa in order to cause the death of her son. Æsch. Cho. 595. See Sir G. W. Cox, 'Aryan Mythology,' vol. i. p. 431.

known, we are ourselves somewhat sceptical as to the existence of Druids, for there is no tangible evidence of the fact. 'The system,' he says, 'is believed to have been invented in Britain, and its abnormal character makes it easy to suppose that it was devised by the wild Silurians.' He compares the British Druids to the Red Indian 'Medicine Men,' while those of Gaul he supposes to have been rather a philosophic caste, and to have had more culture as a priestly class. It is a most lamentable thought that in all ages and nations impostors who pretend to interpret the will of heaven should hold life and death in their hands, and rule nations by the iron rod of a superstition which is nothing better than a debased and debasing form of devil-worship. False religion is inseparable from cruelty. What the Druids are said to have done in Britain and Gaul, the Ashanti and other African tribes do now. In some form or other atonement by blood, and the theory of sacrifice necessarily consequent on it, is and ever has been the religion of the world. That is a fact or a mystery, which remains to be more fully explained. People generally—but not thinkers—are contented with the theory of 'a primitive revelation.' It is very curious that so many accounts of divine commands in this direction should turn on a parent being required (like Agamemnon in the play) to sacrifice his own child.

The connexion of the Druids with the oak tree, whatever we may think of the resemblance of the name to *δρῦς*, and the ancient notion of prophecy by 'talking trees,'* seem to have been something real. The mistletoe, cut from the oak with a golden knife, was clearly regarded as a sacred and mysterious plant, and the object of worship, possibly from its parasitic and seemingly spontaneous growth. The *aureus ramus* described by Virgil as gathered in a dark wood and brought as a tribute to Proserpina, and the appearance of which the poet himself compares to the mistletoe, was probably based on some account of the Druidical ceremony, the golden knife being confounded with the greenish-yellow look of the mature plant. Virgil may have had the account from Posidonius, or even from Pytheas. The immolation of human victims by burning them alive seems so clearly identical with Semitic Moloch worship that one is tempted to speculate on a common origin for both. The custom of leaping through bonfires, still kept

* αἱ προσήγοροι δρῦες, *Æsch. Prom.* 851. τῆς πολυγλώσσου δρῦος, *Soph. Trach.* 1168. Hence, probably, a person of unknown parentage was said to come ἀπὸ δρῦος ἢ ἀπὸ πέτρης, *Od. xix.* 163, and elsewhere; such places being the seats of primitive oracles.

up, Mr. Elton tells us, in the Highlands of Scotland, and an important feature in the old Roman *Palilia*, appears to be but a symbolical performance of the same barbarous and truly devilish rite.

In concluding our notice of Mr. Elton's interesting book, we repeat our conviction that he greatly overrates the knowledge which the ancients had of the north of Europe. The Romans generally followed the Greeks, and the Greeks were too credulous and too fond of the marvellous, as well as too much educated in mythological stories, to be safe guides. In one place Mr. Elton expresses his surprise that Dr. Latham should state that 'it was only through the Romans that the Greeks knew much of Germany.' What Dr. Latham meant to say, we believe, was the converse, which is clearly the truth; 'it was only through the Greeks that the Romans knew much of Germany.'

We now turn to a closer examination of Mr. Green's important and very complete work on the 'Making of England,' i.e. on the formation of a land of Engles out of a land of British Celts. At this point we leave the region of mere conjecture and prehistoric speculation, to consider the actual condition of a people who, though pagan and half-barbarous, had in their race the elements and the conditions of a civilisation which was destined in time to surpass that of Rome, and a power against which not even the brave and determined Britons could make a finally successful stand. Confined at last to the mountainous region to the west of the Severn, and to the rocky sea-girt strip which we now call Cornwall, but which appears in Mr. Green's maps as 'West Wales,'* they were separated from the kingdoms of the invading Teutons by a line as clearly laid down and as lasting as the Wall of Antoninus which formed a barrier to the Picts and Caledonians of the north. There the descendants of the Britons still live, and there the language they spoke still survives. And though only in the memory of the present generation it has become extinct in Cornwall, it lingers on in the *patois* spoken in the wilder parts of Brittany, and is attested by the very name given to the ancient Armorica, *Bretagne*. Here the children of the Welsh hold an outlying province of France, as the Basque population hold a strip and a corner nearly in the same relative position in the mainland of Spain.

A large part of Mr. Green's work is taken up with a detailed

* This was first subdued by the West Saxons under Egberht in 814 (p. 432).

account of the battles and the encroachments by which the Teuton gradually elbowed and ousted the Romanised Celt. His narrative is occasionally hard to follow, for the changes by which first the Saxons of the East, then the Saxons of the West, and finally the Northumbrian and Mercian kingdoms of Oswald and Penda, assumed the lead, are often complex, and the history of the close of the fifth century must be gathered from the scanty records of Gildas and Nennius. Of these two authorities, Mr. Green remarks: 'Little is to be gleaned from the confused rhetoric of Gildas; and it is only here and there that we can use the earlier facts which seem to be embedded among the later legends of Nennius.' Gildas died in 570, Nennius at some time in the seventh century. Bæda (Venerable Bede) and the Saxon Chronicle are throughout appealed to by Mr. Green,* who closes his history with the absorption of the three kingdoms of the West Saxons, Mercia, and Northumbria, and their union under the sway of Egberht in 827. By this event 'the old severance of people from people had at last been broken down, and the whole English race in Britain was for the first time knit together under a single ruler.'

The long and desperate struggle between Briton and Celt began with the complete conquest of Kent and the 'Saxon Shore.' A strong line of fortresses, the principal of which was that vast and marvellous enclosed Roman camp still remaining at Richborough, formed a kind of screen behind which the Britons retired, leaving the invaders in possession of the eastern shore of 'the Caint' (Kent). But the Isle of Thanet once gained, a stand-ground for the Jute was secured on British territory. Canterbury, Aylesford, and the valley of the Medway were annexed, and the whole of Kent had passed into the hands of the invaders before the year 500.

Norfolk and Suffolk were to some extent isolated from central Britain by the great Fen and the fringe of forest beyond it to the west. But in time all barriers, both natural and artificial, proved inadequate to restrain the enterprising Saxon.

'How stubborn the British defence had been,' says Mr. Green, 'the very length of the struggle has told us. To tear the Saxon Shore

* Bede's 'History' 'stretches over nearly a century and a half, from the landing of Augustine in 597 to the year 731, in which the old man laid down his pen. A prefatory opening, compiled from older writers, from legends and martyrologies, sums up the story of Britain under the Romans and its conquest by the English; but it is with the landing of the Roman missionary that the work really begins.'

‘from the grasp of its defenders was a work of fifty years; and even when the Saxon Shore was lost, when its cities had become heaps of charred ruins, when the fortresses which had so long held the pirates at bay from the Wash to the Solent were but squares of broken and desolate walls,* the country at large retained its cohesion, and faced its foes as stubbornly as before. Driven as they were from their first line of defence, the Britons fell back on an inner line, whose natural features presented yet more formidable obstacles to their assailants, and the island as a whole remained untouched by the English sword.’ (p. 223.)

The battle of Deorham in 577 opened the Lower Severn valley, with the rich district in the neighbourhood of Bath, to the West Saxons, and five or six years before this, they had advanced northward as far as the Ouse at Bedford.

Throughout the whole struggle for supremacy nothing is more remarkable than the isolation of East Anglia up to the latest period of the Saxon history. In all Mr. Green’s block-maps, showing the frequent changes of occupation, the settlers in Norfolk and Suffolk remain undisturbed. No doubt, geographical position and the impossibility of access across the great Fen were the main reasons of this. Possibly, however, the Engle was either less aggressive than the Saxon, or more disposed to agriculture than to war. Mr. Green regards the well-known ‘Devil’s Dyke,’ from the Fen at Reach across the Newmarket Heath, as a work of the East Anglians to form a barrier against hostile advance from the South. ‘It was rather as assailants than prey,’ he hence infers, ‘that they regarded the towns of central Britain.’ The most restless and most enterprising race, on the other hand, were the West Saxons, who, not contented with their long strip of coast from Kent to the estuary of the Severn, kept ever pressing forward to the west and the north, till they at last approached near to the confines of the Wash.

The author’s account of London (the *Londinium* of Tacitus †) is very graphic and interesting. It was originally founded to block the passage up the Thames; but ‘its commercial greatness has made men forget its military importance,’ although

* Large portions of the masonry of the so-called Richborough ‘Castle’ remain still quite perfect, the cement being so hard that it is difficult to knock off the smallest fragment. The nature of it, mixed up as it is with small chippings (*cædimenta*) or fragments of Roman brick, well illustrates the meaning of our term. ‘*Cæmenta demittere*,’ in Hor. Od. iii. 1, 35, must refer to throwing down concrete, which is still largely used in blocks for piers and sea-walls.

† Ann. xiv. p. 33.

from the first moment of its history till late into the middle ages London was one of the strongest of our fortresses. Its site, indeed, must have been dictated, like that of most early cities, by the advantages which it presented as well for defence as for trade. It stood at the one point by which either merchant or invader could penetrate from the estuary into the valley of the Thames; and in its earlier days, before the great changes wrought by the embankment of the Romans, this was also the first point at which any rising ground for the site of such a town presented itself on either shore of the river. Nowhere has the hand of man moulded ground into shapes more strangely contrasted with its natural form than on the site of London. Even as late as the time of Cæsar the soil which a large part of it covers can have been little but a vast morass. Below Fulham the river stretched at high tide over the ground that lies on either side of its present channel from the rises of Kensington and Hyde Park to the opposite shores of Peckham and Camberwell. All Pimlico and Westminster to the north, to the south all Battersea and Lambeth, all Newington and Kennington, all Bermondsey and Rotherhithe, formed a vast lagoon, broken only by little rises which became the "eyes" and "hithes," the "islands" and "land-ing-places," of later settlements. Yet lower down to the eastward, the swamp widened as the sea poured its waters into the Thames in an estuary of its own, an estuary which ran far to the north over as wide an expanse of marsh and fen, while at its mouth it stretched its tidal waters over the mud flats which have been turned by embankment into the Isle of Dogs. Near the point where the two rivers meet, a traveller who was mounting the Thames from the sea saw the first dry land to which his barque could steer. The spot was, in fact, the extremity of a low line of rising ground which was thrown out from the heights of Hampstead that border the river valley to the north, and which passed over the sites of our Hyde Park and Holborn to thrust itself on the east into the great morass. This eastern portion of it, however, was severed from the rest of the rise by the deep gorge of a stream that fell from the northern hills, the stream of the Fleet, whose waters, long since lost in London sewers, ran in earlier days between steep banks—banks that still leave their impress in the local levels, and in local names like Snow Hill—to the Thames at Blackfriars. (p. 28.)

In like manner, Rochester (*Durobrivæ*, a word which seems to contain the same root as *Durovernum*, Canterbury, and perhaps *Dubæ* for *Durobræ*, Dover) was founded not only to protect the road between Richborough and London, but to prevent the passage from the Thames estuary up the Medway. Its present name represents Hrofes-ceaster, the stronghold of the Jutish chief Hrof.

The singular isolation of Ireland from the contests waged between the Engle and the Briton is remarked by Mr. Green, as well as the influence of that country in evangelising the north and other parts of Britain which the Roman mission had failed to convert. Monastic and ascetic in its character,

Irish Christianity was deficient in the organisation which largely formed the strength of the civil polity as well as of the religion of Rome. 'Hundreds of wandering bishops, a vast religious authority wielded by hereditary chieftains, an inextricable confusion of tribal quarrels and ecclesiastical controversies in which the clergy, robbed of all really spiritual influence, contributed no element save that of disorder to the State, a wild jungle-growth of asceticism which dissociated piety from morality, and the absence of those larger and more humanising influences which a wider world alone can give—this is the picture which the Irish Church of later times presents to us.' Mr. Green does not believe in anything like subordination to or recognition of Roman supremacy on the part of the Irish ecclesiastics in the seventh century. 'To the Church of the Roman obedience,' he says, 'to the Church, that is, of Kent, East-Anglia, and Wessex, the Irish Church seemed as schismatic as the Church of Wales. Both alike held aloof from any definite submission to the Church of Rome; both clung to a tonsure of their own; both kept Easter at a season different from that of the rest of the Christian world.' With Rome, however, at the synod of Whitby in 664, the victory remained; under Oswiu 'from the Channel to the Firth of Forth the English Church was now a single religious body within the obedience of Rome.' Had England clung to the Irish Church, to which in no small measure it owed its conversion, 'it must have remained spiritually isolated from the bulk of Western Christendom.' It was mainly due to the action of Wilfrid, whose wealth and lavish expenditure as Bishop of York* reminds us of that of Cardinal Wolsey under Henry VIII., aided by Benedict and the energy of the Greek Archbishop Theodore, that the Roman influence in Northumbria completely superseded that of the Irish missionaries.

With the victory of the Northumbrian King Aethelfrith at Chester in 613, by which the Britons of the north-west were detached from the rest in the fastnesses of Wales, 'Britain as

* York became an Archbishopric in 735. 'Thus,' says Mr. Green, 'the supremacy of the see of Canterbury found a rival across the Humber,' and his words are illustrated by the curious document published in fac-simile by the Palæographic Society (part x. plate 170), being a deed dated A.D. 1072, and signed by William the Conqueror, Queen Matilda, Lanfranc Archbishop of Canterbury, and several other bishops, settling the primacy of Canterbury over that of York. One of the signatures is 'Ego, Thomas Eboracensis Archiep. concedo.'

‘a country ceased to exist,’ though conflicts with detached portions of the older race still continued, Northumbria against Cumbria, Mercia against North Wales, Wessex against the present county of Cornwall. Under Edwin (in 626) Northumbria had, by the conquest of the West Saxons, become supreme over the whole of England except Kent, and thus ‘the gathering of the English conquerors into the three great southern, midland, and northern groups, which had characterised the past forty years, seems to have ended in their gathering into a single people in the hand of Eadwine.’ This political union at a later period Mr. Green considers to have been mainly held together by the general acceptance of the church-system which had been moulded into shape by Theodore. ‘Throughout the whole of the period’ (the century following the death of Theodore in 690) ‘it was the Church alone which expressed this national consciousness. Politically, the hope of a national union grew fainter with every year; and at the moment of Theodore’s death such a hope seemed almost at an end.’ The return of the old tripartite division seemed imminent, and it was only by the submission of Northumbria at last that the nation became united under one ruler, Egberht.

With this event Mr. Green’s well-written and instructive volume is brought to a close. The continual invasions of the Danes for more than two centuries afterwards form a history in themselves, and it would be a welcome appendix to his earlier history if he would undertake to explain and disentangle the rather loose entries on this head in the Saxon Chronicle.



- ART. VI.---1. *Correspondence respecting the projected Panama Canal.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1882.
2. *Canal Interocéanique, 1876-77.* Rapport sur les études de la Commission Internationale d'Exploration de l'Isthme du Darien, Par L. N. B. WYSE. Paris: 1877. Rapports sur les études de la Commission Internationale d'Exploration de l'Isthme Américain. Par L. N. B. WYSE, ARMAND RECLUS, et P. SOSA. Paris: 1879.
3. *Congrès International d'études du Canal Interocéanique.* Compte Rendu des Séances. Paris: 1879.
4. *Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique*, Nos. 1 to 60. (1 Sept. 1879 to 15 Feb. 1882.) Paris.
5. *Isthmus of Panama and its Commercial Connexions.* By F. N. OTIS, M.D. New York: 1867.
6. *Canal of Nicaragua, or a Project to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by means of a Canal.* By N. L. B. London: 1846 [not published].

THE continents of North and South America are linked together by a long and irregularly-shaped isthmus, which forms a unique feature in the physical geography of our planet. In no part of the world is there known to exist a range of hills of which the influence is so widely felt as in the case of the three sections or distinct groups of mountain ranges which form the backbone of the Isthmus of Panama. In Northern America the chain of the Rocky Mountains, after having formed the interesting mountain systems of California and Utah, divides into two great branches, which take a vast circuit round the elevated plains of Central Mexico, and again unite a little to the north-west of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Here the Cordillera, or chain properly so called, terminates at the end of the plateau of Tarifa, in the neck of land which separates the basin of the Rio Coazacoalcas from that of the Rio Chimalpa.

From the interruption here caused in the mountain wall, the first portion of the range underlying the isthmus proper stretches in a south-easterly direction through Guatemala and Honduras; the nucleus of the range being formed by the *altos* of Guatemala. In this group the watershed line lies close to the shore of the Pacific; throwing out radiating branches towards the Atlantic, one of which runs far to the north, and forms the great peninsula of Yucatan. This section extends from Tehuantepec to

the Col de Guajoca, in the valley of the Camayagua, in the depression of which, two rivers, running at a little distance apart and parallel to one another, the Hunuya and the Goas-coran, discharge their waters, the first into the Atlantic, and the second into the Pacific.

The second section of the isthmian mountains, called the Honduras-Nicaraguan group by the German geographer Berg-haus, commences at the Col de Guajoca and extends to the valley of the Rio San Juan. Running at first close to the shore of the Pacific, this range gradually approaches the centre of the isthmus. The eastern slope, broken by mountain offshoots and watered by rivers of the first order, terminates on the north-east in the point Gracias a Dios. The western slope forms a long, low, and comparatively speaking level valley, crossed by an irregular and independent series of volcanic peaks. This accessory line of volcanoes, which presents the most distinctive feature of the physical geography of Central America, is nowhere so distinct from the main line of rocky axis as in the Honduras-Nicaraguan district. In the Guatemalan group, above mentioned, the line of volcanoes is drawn close to the principal chain; and in the third system, of which we are about to speak, it forms a portion of the Cordillera itself.

This third section, which has been called the Colombia-Costarician district, differs from the former two in essential features. Instead of jutting out in points and headlands, the eastern coast is uniform, and draws nearer and nearer to the axis of the mountain chain. The rugged roots of the Cordillera under this eastward slope are desert and inaccessible. On the Pacific slope, on the contrary, occur the important peninsulas of Nicoya and Veragua. The nucleus of this vast and compact agglomeration is the gigantic peak of Cartago, or Irazu, which rises to the height of 10,850 feet. We must here take leave of the guidance of M. Paul Levy, from whose work, entitled '*Nicaragua*,' published at Caraccas, the preceding indications are taken, by reason of the extreme detail into which he pursues the subject of the physical conformation of the lake of Nicaragua, and of those mountain sinuosities, the account of which it is impossible to follow without a map on a large scale. But we cannot hesitate to express our opinion, that the range which bifurcates from the last-mentioned line of mountains to the west of the Gulf of Parita, and then sweeps in a circular arc, forming the backbone of the Darien part of the isthmus, may fairly rank as a fourth mountain group. In this chain, as far as we can ascertain, volcanoes are absent and earthquake is said to be unknown. The Bay of Panama, which lies within

this majestic curve, suggests by its circular plan the result of former volcanic action on a colossal scale, as if some ancient member of the series of burning mountains had here sunk beneath the ocean, and pushed up an earth-wave at its feet.

The main equatorial current, due, it is considered, to the 'slip' between the rapidly rotating solid surface of the bottom of the equatorial ocean and the superincumbent mass of water, rushes along the north-eastern coast of South America, until it is turned and broken by the Isthmus of Panama. A portion of this tepid stream, having yielded up in the Caribbean Sea the contents of the rain-clouds that water Europe, circles round the Gulf of Mexico; and, driven back by the impenetrable shore, is deflected in a north-easterly direction until it warms the shores of Devonshire, of Western Ireland, and of Western Scotland, and is finally lost to the north and north-west of Great Britain. The effect of this constant stream of warm water is to raise the mean temperature of the British Islands by an amount equal to the difference due to fifteen or more degrees of latitude. And, from the close connexion which has been observed between tidal and atmospheric phenomena, it may be fairly inferred that the large proportion of westerly winds which characterises the meteorology of England is in great measure due to the existence of that rocky wall, of 1,400 miles in length, which deflects the equatorial current to our shores.

When the existence of the Isthmus of Panama first became known to the maritime adventurers of the sixteenth century, the influence of the conformation of the land on the currents of the aquatic and aerial oceans was unknown; but the importance of opening, if possible, a gateway for commerce became at once evident. Don José de Garay, in a Report describing the advantages of a passage through the isthmus, gives extracts from the letters of Cortes to the Emperor Charles V., which show the zeal and anxiety with which the writer sought to ascertain the existence of a natural strait. 'It is the thing,' wrote Cortes, 'above all others in this world I am most desirous of meeting with, on account of the immense utility which, I am convinced, would result from it.' In 1588 an old Spanish historian, the learned prelate P. Acorta, wrote, 'I am of opinion that no human power would be sufficient to cut through the strong and impenetrable bounds which God has put between the two oceans, of mountains and iron rocks, which can stand the fury of the raging seas. And if it were possible, it would appear to me very just to fear the vengeance of heaven, for attempting to improve the works which

'the Creator, in His almighty will and providence, ordered 'from the creation of the world.' The religious view of the case thus expressed is in very close accordance with the famous reply of the Pythia to the Cnidians, when, more than two thousand years before the time of the Père Acorta, they proposed to cut a channel through the Isthmus of Corinth—a reply which we may give in the English form :

'Delve not, nor towers upon the Isthmus pile;
Had Jove so wished, himself had made an isle.'

So exclusive was the jealousy of the Spaniards that little was known of the interior of the isthmus until Humboldt received permission from the Spanish Government to visit and explore its dominions in America. The 'Travels' of Humboldt are still cited as a text-book on the subject. But the discovery of gold in California gave a new stimulus to the search for an ocean gateway through Central America. And eight distinct lines of interoceanic connexion have been indicated and more or less carefully examined, in the hope of securing such an outlet for the commerce of the world.

(1.) Of these the most northerly, called the Tehuantepec route, is the first in order of time, as well as that which, from its locality, has found most favour in the United States. It was to this vicinity that Cortes chiefly directed his attention. It has been repeatedly surveyed—from the year 1744, by Don Augustin Cramer, to 1842, by Señor Moro, as will be found in a book called 'Survey of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, executed in the years 1842 and 1843, under the superintendence of a scientific commission appointed by the projector, Don José de Garay. London, 1844.' In 1852 it was surveyed by Mr. J. J. Williams, on behalf of the Tehuantepec Railroad Company of New Orleans. The project was to ascend, from the Atlantic coast, the river Coatzacoalcos to its junction with the Malalengo, from which spot a canal was to be carried to the summit level on the Mesa de Tarifa, through a series of locks, rising 525 feet in all, and descending 656 feet into the lagoons on the shores east of Tehuantepec. The canal would have a length of about fifty miles, and would require nineteen additional miles of trench to convey water. The length of this line is stated by Mr. Kelley, of New York,* at 'about 210 miles,' and by M. Voisin, a Director of the Suez Canal,† at 240 kilomètres, or about 149 miles.

* Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers, vol. xv. p. 378.

† Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique, An. 1, No. 2, p. 10.

It is estimated that the passage of the locks, which M. Moro counts as 150, and M. Voisin as 120, would consume so much time that the transit of the canal would occupy twelve days. No port exists on the Tehuantepec coast; which is subject to terrific hurricanes, and the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos is ill adapted for the improvements which would be necessary. Even more serious is the difficulty apprehended from the subterranean movements, of volcanic origin, to which the country is subject. Without attaining a force that may be called that of earthquake, this continual unrest is such as to render extremely problematical the permanent efficiency of such machinery as would be necessary for the working of locks of the large size that would be required for uninterrupted transport. In addition to these formidable objections, it is questioned whether an adequate supply of water for lockage is to be obtained at so high a level as that scaled by the canal. Of the project now brought forward for a 'ship railway' over this line we do not think it worth while to speak seriously.

(2.) The Honduras route was explored by Mr. Squier in 1853,* for the purpose of a railway. It is not referred to by M. Voisin. It was proposed to begin at Puerto Caballos, in the Bay of Honduras, and to proceed due south to Fonseca Bay, on the Pacific. The length is stated by Mr. Kelley at 160 miles. The harbours are said to be good, and the head waters of the Rio Goascoran, which enters the Pacific, and of one of the chief affluents of the Rio Utua, which flows into the Bay of Honduras, are parallel for several miles, and even interlock. But the summit level is 2,308 feet above the sea, which is conclusive as against the feasibility of a canal.

(3.) The Nicaragua route has obtained much support. It is that which of all others is the most constantly combated in the columns of the organ of M. de Lesseps, the '*Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique*.' On June 22, 1847, the late Emperor of the French, on the occasion of the discussion at the Institution of Civil Engineers of a paper, by Joseph Glynn, on the plans then proposed for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, warmly supported the Nicaragua route. His argument was the original one:—

'That it was not necessary merely to cut through the narrowest part of the tongue of land, but through that part of the country which was the most populous, healthy, and fertile, and which was traversed by the greatest number of rivers, in order that commercial activity might be

* *Vide* 'Notes on Central America, and the proposed Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway,' by E. G. Squier, New York, 1853.

communicated to the remotest parts of the interior. . . . From the embouchure of the river San Juan to the Pacific Ocean the canal would run in a straight line about 278 miles, enhancing the prosperity on either bank of more than a thousand miles of territory. The effect that would be produced by the annual passage through this fine country of two or three thousand ships, exchanging foreign produce with that of Central America, and spreading everywhere activity and wealth, would be almost miraculous.*

We have placed at the head of this article the title of a pamphlet by N. L. B., which is in some respects a literary curiosity. The copy now before us was presented to ourselves in 1846 by the author, who was no other than Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, afterwards Emperor of the French. The pamphlet was never published. In 1842 several influential persons in Central America wrote to the Prince, then a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, suggesting that he should endeavour to obtain his liberation from the French Government, under an engagement to proceed forthwith to Central America. In 1845 this overture was more formally repeated in a despatch from M. Castellon, then Minister of the Central American States in Paris; and a few months later, Señor del Montenegro announced to the Prince that the Government of Nicaragua had conferred on his highness full powers to conduct and execute the undertaking. The refusal of the French Government to liberate the Prince put an end to the scheme at that time; but after his escape and arrival in London he was not indisposed to renew the negotiation, and he then wrote this pamphlet. We believe the calculations then made in favour of a canal connecting the Nicaraguan lakes and the two oceans to be extremely fallacious. The expense was estimated at only four millions; but it is obvious, from the Prince's own statements, that such a passage would only have afforded draught of water for vessels of 300 tons. His object was, however, quite as much to promote emigration, trade, and civilisation in the State of Nicaragua, as to open a communication between the two oceans. The whole scheme is singularly characteristic of his adventurous, chimerical, and somewhat credulous disposition.

The river San Juan de Nicaragua directly connects the Atlantic with the south end of the lake of the above name, from the northern end of which but a few miles intervene to the Pacific. Various surveys have been made, and in 1837-8 Lieutenant Baily† was employed by the Central American

* Min. Proc. Inst. C. E., vol. vi. p. 428.

† *Vide* 'Central America,' by John Baily, R.M., London, 1850.

Government to explore the route. The surface of the Lake of Nicaragua is 121 feet 9 inches above low water in the Atlantic. The river San Juan, in its course of 79 miles from the lake, varies in depth from 9 feet to 20 feet, and its course is broken by various rapids, some of which are of considerable length. The summit level of the mountain chain which divides the valley of the lake from the Pacific is 487 feet above the lake, and a tunnel of nearly 16 miles long would have to be pierced through this wall in order to reach the port of San Juan del Sur on the Pacific. The total length of navigation, through river, lake, and canal, would be 190 miles, according to Mr. Bailly. The port of San Juan del Sur is narrow at the entrance, but widens within the harbour. It is surrounded by high land, except from W.S.W. to W. by S. The depth of water at the entrance is 3 fathoms and the width 1,100 yards. Ships can go up for a mile and a half, but the amount of excavation required for a canal 30 feet deep and 50 feet wide is no less than 162 million cubic yards, which is more than that required for the construction of 2,000 miles of English railway—a figure quite conclusive against this scheme. In 1852 the route was surveyed by Colonel Childs,* who proposed to descend from the lake by fourteen locks to Brito, on the Pacific, where, however, there is no harbour. The length would be 194 miles. To avoid the difficulty of cutting through the ridge, it has been proposed to continue the navigation from the extreme north of the Lake of Nicaragua, by the Estero de Panaloya and the river Tipitapa to the Lake Leon, or Managua, and thence to the port of Realejo, on the Pacific, or, yet more to the north, to the Estero Real, an arm of the Gulf of Fonseca. But the length of the navigation would thus be increased by a hundred miles, and it is doubtful whether Lake Leon could furnish the water necessary for lockage, in both directions, which it would have to supply.

The Nicaragua route, therefore, is liable to the cardinal objections of extreme length, enormous works, numerous locks—which would allow of the passage of, at most, not more than twenty-four vessels per diem—and the no less formidable danger, to use the words of Humboldt, that ‘there is no part of the globe so full of volcanoes as this part of America, from the 11th to the 13th degree of latitude.’ The time of passage, if the canal were completed, is stated by M. Voisin at 4½ days.

(4.) A route has been suggested through the state of Costa Rica, from the Chiriqui Lagoon, on the Atlantic, directly

* Min. Proc. Inst. C. E., vol. xv. p. 379.

south to the Gulf of Dulce, on the Pacific, a distance not exceeding forty miles. Coal of average quality, it is stated by Mr. Wheelwright,* exists close to each end of this line. But the country was subsequently examined by M. Hellert, who found that a passage through the mountains was impracticable.†

(5.) To the subject of the Panama route, now attempted by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, we have presently to return. The line proposed, which follows as closely as possible the course of the existing railway, is 75 kilomètres in length, of which eight are to be formed by dredging in the bays of Limon and of Panama. A paper on the facilities for a ship canal through the Isthmus of Panama, by Lieut.-Colonel John Augustus Lloyd, illustrated by a map and sections, was read before the Institution of Civil Engineers on December 11, 1849, and discussed for three consecutive evenings.‡ In November, 1827, Colonel Lloyd, then a captain of Engineers in the Colombian service, received instructions from General Bolivar to make a survey of the Isthmus of Panama and Darien, in order to ascertain the most eligible line for communication between the two seas, whether by canal or by road. Captain Lloyd was assisted by Captain Falmark, a Swedish gentleman, also acting as an officer of Engineers in the Colombian service. For the details of the survey, which first indicated the controlling features of this route, we must refer to the paper by that gentleman above quoted, and to the excellent 'Review' by Mr. Joseph Glynn.§ From the death of General Bolivar no further steps were taken in the matter, and the maps and papers of Captain Lloyd remained in the possession of the Royal Society and of the Royal Geographical Society, until, in September 1843, M. Napoléon Garella received from M. Guizot, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, an order to make a survey of the isthmus. M. Garella availed himself of the observations of Captain Lloyd. His own levels were only barometric, and the line which he suggested appears to have been by no means the best to be found. M. Garella proposed a summit canal of more than three miles long, the level being reached by thirty-six locks and three large aqueducts. The point on which, at the present moment, it is most interesting to compare the experience of Colonel Lloyd with the actual state of things on the isthmus, relates to the cost of labour. The Creole natives of the

* Observations on the Isthmus of Panama, by W. Wheelwright, London, 1844.

† Min. Proc. Inst. C.E., vol. xv. p. 380.

‡ Ibid. vol. ix. p. 58.

§ Ibid. vol. vi. p. 399.

isthmus are described by Colonel Lloyd as a hardy race, in most cases willing and intelligent, and their simple habits peculiarly fit them for the description of labour which would be required of them. The pay of a strong able 'peon' in the country is about a real, or a real and a half (which is equal to sixpence, or ninepence) a day, and their rations, consisting of a pint of rice, one pound of 'tassago' (dried beef in strips), and a 'golpe' of 'aguardiente.' By the mail arriving at the close of January 1882 the news was brought that, when the 'Para' left Colon, labour was difficult to get at four shillings a day, and there was a strike all over the isthmus for another shilling.

(6.) The narrowest part of the isthmus lies between the mouth of the river Chepo, in San Blas, or Mandinga Bay, and the Pacific. Mr. Kelley says that attempts have been made to explore it at different times by Mr. Wheelwright and Mr. Evan Hopkins, but that both were prevented from carrying out their design by the hostility of the Indians. The distance from coast to coast is stated by this author to be 27 miles; M. Voisin puts it at 53 kilomètres, which is nearly 33 miles, including 16 kilomètres of tunnel. The bar at the mouth of the Chepo is said by Dr. Cullen to be quite dry at low water, and this part of the Atlantic is beset with reefs and shoals. There is also a sandbank, which extends many miles, in the Bay of Panama. The great objection, however, is the height of the Cordillera in this locality. Further east a supposed pass, called that of Concepcion, has been examined, with equally unfavourable results.

(7.) The Darien route was first advocated in 1850, and a pamphlet entitled 'The Isthmus of Darien Ship Canal,' by Dr. Cullen, was published in London in 1853. It was proposed to commence in Caledonia Bay, in the Atlantic, and by a route of 39 miles to reach the Bay of San Miguel, in the Pacific. Dr. Cullen stated that he had repeatedly crossed the isthmus at this point. Mr. Lionel Gisborne subsequently opinion in locality, and, without crossing the isthmus, gave an visited the favour of the practicability of the scheme. He estimated the summit level, to be reached by a canal joining the Lara, a tributary of the Savannah, and the Caledonia river, at 130 feet above the sea. On the other hand, Lieutenant Strain, of the United States Navy, was unable to find the routes and passes thus indicated. His party wandered for three months, enduring sufferings and privations which proved fatal to many of them, in the valleys of the Chucunaque and of the Savannah, before they reached the Pacific. Lieutenant Strain himself was buried at Panama. In 1853 an expedition under Captain

Prevost attained an altitude of about 1,200 feet, but did not reach the summit. Like attempts were made, with like results, in 1854; and the general accord of the explorers is unanimous as to the hostility of the Indians, and little less so in the conclusion that the Sierras Lloranas extend in an unbroken chain from the Gulf of San Blas westward to the Gulf of Uraba or Darien.

(8.) The last of the interoceanic projects, taken in their geographical order, is one of those indicated by Humboldt, and lies between Cupico Bay, on the Pacific, in latitude $6^{\circ} 30' N.$, and the river Naipi, running into the Atrato, which falls into the Bay of Choco, in the Gulf of Darien. An attempt was made, in 1845, to form a company in London to effect a junction of the seas by this route. So long since as 1788 a real water communication was here effected between the two oceans, although navigable only for canoes, by the construction of the canal of the Raspadura, of three miles in length, uniting the Rio di Raspadura, an affluent of the Rio San Pablo, which falls by the Quito and the Atrato into the Atlantic, and the Rio San Juan de Chirambua, which flows into the Pacific.

About $4^{\circ} N.$ latitude the Cordilleras bifurcate, one branch continuing onwards close to the Pacific; the other, after slightly diverging eastward, reassuming a northerly direction, under the name of the Antioquian Mountains, till it terminates on the eastern side of the Gulf of Darien. The two branches enclose a large oval space, divided into two unequal parts by spurs thrown out by either chain, in the latitude $5^{\circ} N.$, which separate the smaller and southern valley of the San Juan from the larger and northern valley of the Atrato. The latter is a great alluvial plain, of 170 miles in length, with an average width of from 60 to 70 miles. The Atrato, after a course of 300 miles, receiving a vast number of tributary streams, discharges itself by nine mouths into the Bay of Candelaria. At the confluence of the Truando, 65 miles from the sea, the width of the stream is 350 yards, and its depth 58 feet. We omit to follow the careful details of the surveys which are recounted by Mr. Kelley, for the reason that, after ascending the valley of the Truando for 39 miles, we come upon $37\frac{1}{2}$ miles of open cutting in solid rock, and a tunnel of 6,470 yards in length, which 'Captain Kennish recommends' to be double, each aperture being 100 feet in width, and 120 feet in height, the crown of the arch being 90 feet above high-water level in the Pacific. The total length of the navigation, 'from sand-bar to sandbar,' is 131 miles and 892 yards, 'with a minimum width and length throughout of 200 feet and 30 feet

'respectively.' The total amount of excavation required is estimated at '105,000,000 cubic yards, which could be taken 'out in about 12 years by 22,000 men, allowing 400 yards per 'man per year. An estimate has been made of the cost, 'which, including all possible contingencies, may be fixed at '30,000,000L.' So says Mr. Kelley, to whose estimate, which is to be found on p. 394 of vol. xv. of the Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers, we refer those of our readers whose curiosity is not yet satisfied as to the feasibility of the scheme. M. Voisin's account of the Atrato-Napipi line gives a length of 290 kilomètres, or nearly 180 miles, a tunnel of 4 kilomètres, 2 locks, and 3 days required for passage.

Against these various projects, as to the physical possibility of either of which we must be allowed to speak with extreme reserve, the project of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, as officially reported in No. 2 of the '*Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique*,' on September 15, 1879, offers three alternative methods of executing the junction of the oceans by the Isthmus of Panama.

It is necessary to speak of this project with somewhat more detail than we have devoted to the accounts of the rival schemes, for the reason that it is now generally regarded as an organised public work, in the full course of operation. So far, however, is this from being the fact, that the 52nd fortnightly number of the '*Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique*' admits, in its *Rapports sur les opérations du service des travaux*, not only that not a spade had been put into the ground (except in the way of trial borings, and in the preparation of sheds, workmen's huts, wharves, and a hospital containing 60 beds, on the north point of the island Manzanillo), but further that the surveys, both of the coast and of the interior, are incomplete. 'En ce qui concerne les études hydrographiques de la baie de Colon, il y a lieu de les considérer comme terminées, au moins quant à présent, où il ne s'agit que d'arrêter le tracé même du canal. . . . Quatre sondages sont en cours d'exécution entre les deux hauteurs du Cerro Obispo et de la Santa Cruz, qui paraissent marquées par la nature pour servir de contreforts extrêmes au barrage du Chagres.' Nor do we find any works, except those of borings, 'installations,' and the opening of a trial trench, recorded in the '*Bulletin*' down to February 15 last.

It thus appears, so far from the undertaking being now in full operation, that the important features of the country which (as was shown in the *Procès-verbaux de la 4^{me} Commission*,

which assembled at Paris in May 1879 to consider the technical questions of the interoceanic route) it is necessary distinctly to ascertain, are as yet unsurveyed. The section of the Canal published in No. 38 of the Bulletin is the same as that attached to the Report of MM. Wyse, Reclus, and Sosa, dated October, 1877. This line was not levelled ('Rapport,' p. 74), as we understand the phrase, the heights being taken to a certain distance by vertical angles, and sketched in other parts (p. 129) from the railway. And the section of the railway itself, which was set out under extreme difficulties, is so far from being absolutely reliable, that the absence of *données complètes* is admitted by M. de Lesseps in No. 22 of the 'Bulletin du Canal.' At the date of the last advices the very choice of the plan by which it should be attempted to deal with the great difficulty of the floods of the Chagres seems thus to have been little further decided than at the period of the discussion at Paris. Our deductions from the official journal of the enterprise are shared by the 'Bulletin Polytechnique' of Zurich, which writes on October 29, 1881:— 'Quant aux travaux, quoi qu'on en dise, ils ne peuvent être commencés, car il faut auparavant que les études définitives aient indiqué l'emplacement sur lequel les susdits travaux doivent être exécutés. Le tracé présenté par MM. Wyse et Reclus, basé sur les renseignements pris sur une ancienne carte, est reconnu, au point de vue technique, comme un *absurdum*.' We have before us the *tracé* in question, in the 'Compte rendu des séances du Congrès international,' and must admit that no more perfunctory and unsatisfactory sketch for a scheme demanding the outlay of tens of millions sterling could well be produced to a professional adviser. And yet the same number of the 'Bulletin du Canal' which we have previously cited contains a call for the second 125 *francs par action*, that is to say, for paying up half the capital of the Company.

It is, therefore, simply and solely upon the idea of the personal ability of M. de Lesseps to bring to a successful conclusion an unstudied and colossal enterprise, that any expectation of the completion of the Panama Canal is now based. 'Look,' is the argument of the followers of this enterprising and successful speculator, 'at the Suez Canal.' Let us, for a moment, follow the advice.

At the time of the French expedition to Egypt, Bonaparte, whose engineering skill was by no means the least admirable part of his genius, perceived the importance of restoring the ancient communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and ordered a complete survey to be made by M. Lepère,

a French engineer of reputation, whose report and survey, together with plans and estimates, are given by Denon in his 'Description de l'Egypte.' Lepère proposed that vessels should ascend the Nile to Bubastis, and pass, by a canal of 18 feet in depth and 77 miles long, to the basin of the bitter lakes; from which another canal of 13 miles in length was to lead to the Red Sea. The estimate for this work was 691,000*l.*; which further works in the mouth and bed of the Nile, together with the restoration of the Canals of Farounah and Chebri-el-Koum, and that of Alexandria, raised to a total of 1,200,000*l.*

In 1830, Captain Chesney, afterwards so well known for his survey of the Euphrates, examined the country between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and reported as to a cut which 'would offer the shortest and easiest way to Suez.' 'As to the executive part,' he remarks, 'there can be but one opinion. There are no serious difficulties; not a mountain intervenes, scarcely what deserves to be called a hillock.'

In 1847, Mr. Robert Stephenson combined with M. Paulin Talabot, M. de Negretti, an Austrian engineer, and M. Linant, a French engineer in the Egyptian service, in having a survey made of the isthmus. Mr. Stephenson personally examined the ground, and it was then ascertained, contrary to the views till that time entertained, that there was no difference in the mean level of the two seas. This fact Mr. Stephenson considered unfavourable to the construction of a canal without locks, from the fact that the absence of current would allow of the silting up of the water way. At the time of Mr. Stephenson's visit to Egypt, as many as 50,000 men were employed on the works of the barrage of the Nile. In 1857, Admiral Spratt, after making a careful survey of the coast, came to the same conclusion as Mr. Stephenson.

M. de Lesseps, however, took the view previously indicated by General Chesney, and formed the company which executed the actual canal. The minimum depth of water was fixed at 8 mètres (or 26 feet 3 inches), and the width at water-line at 80 mètres (or 262 feet). The entire cost of the canal, together with a smaller canal deriving fresh water from the Nile, somewhat on the plan suggested by M. Lepère, with entrances to both seas, and piers and lighthouses at each end, allowing for contingencies, was 6,480,000*l.*, a sum which, to cover interest during construction, was raised to 8,000,000*l.*

The canal was opened for traffic in 1870, some material alterations having been made in the cross section. The length is stated in No. 2 of the 'Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique' at 166 kilomètres (102.92 miles); and the entire contents of

the earthwork removed as 75,000,000 cubic mètres. In a discussion on the subject on April 16, 1867, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Sir John Hawkshaw and Mr. Abernethy, who had both visited the works, agreed that—

‘in the execution there were no engineering difficulties. Though large, the works were of the plainest kind, there was not a single work of art from one end of the canal to the other, with the exception of the sea jetties. There was no bridge, no lock, no sluice; nothing in fact to execute but the sea jetties and a large excavation, which had to be done about half in the ordinary way of dry excavation, and the other half by dredging.’

And yet M. de Lesseps, on October 22, 1879, did not hesitate to state, before the members of the Topographical Society:—
 ‘L’opération de la construction d’un canal entre la Méditerranée et la Mer Rouge, était bien plus difficile que l’ouverture maritime entre l’Océan Atlantique et l’Océan Pacifique.’*
 The cost of the dredging for the Suez Canal is stated to be 1 franc per cubic mètre, which, according to Sir J. Hawkshaw, is about three times as much as that on a ship canal in Holland with which that engineer was connected, of as large a capacity as the Suez Canal. And yet we find from a Report by M. de Lesseps, dated May 28, 1879, that ‘the cost of the Suez Canal and associated works, including the offices in Egypt and Paris, was, on December 31, 1878, estimated at 496,144,432 francs, or nearly 20,000,000l.’† It would lead us too far from Panama to enter into the details of the expenditure of this large sum, or into the various reasons assigned for the trebling of the original estimate of 6,480,000l. What is essential to remark is, that this excess over the original estimate, in a case in which no engineering difficulties existed, is hardly calculated to lead to an unbounded confidence in the completion by M. de Lesseps of a new and confessedly most difficult scheme for the capital thus indicated: ‘Aux termes des statuts déposés chez M. Champetier des Rives, notaire à Paris, la Compagnie Universelle du Canal Interocéanique est constituée au capital de 300 millions de francs, représentées par 600,000 actions de 500 francs.’ The same number (30) of the ‘Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique’ which contains this announcement remarks, ‘Nous ne saurions mieux terminer ces renseignements qu’en ajoutant le tableau suivant de la valeur actuelle des titres de Suez:—

* Bulletin du Canal, No. 13, p. 106.

† Min. Proc. Inst. C. E., vol. lix. p. 375.

Plus-value des titres du Canal de Suez.

Désignation des titres	Prix d'émission	Valeur au 15 nov. 1880
Parts de fondateur .	5,000	380,000
Actions . . .	500	1,820
Délégations . .	270	797

'Par les résultats de Suez, nos lecteurs pourront préjuger 'ceux de Panama.' It may be permissible to add that it is remarkable that it did not occur to a man of the keen intelligence of M. de Lesseps that one feature of the above *tableau* might tend rather to suggest the English than the French significance of the verb employed. The *fondateur*, whose 'parts' enjoy a 'plus-value' of 76-fold, seems to have made a better bargain than the shareholders, who only enjoy an increase of 2 $\frac{2}{3}$ -fold on their investments.

As the 'Bulletin' does not reproduce the 'statuts déposés chez M. Champetier des Rives,' we are unable to ascertain how far the share capital of 300 millions (of which only the insignificant fraction of 10 millions is 'reserved,' in the terms of the statutes, 'à la société civile des concessionnaires primitifs pour la 'concession et les études apportées par cette société à M. 'Ferdinand de Lesseps') may be eked out by 'délégations' or otherwise. But we confess that we stand aghast at the difference between this 'constituted capital' and the detailed estimate for the work in question, which was laid by M. Ribourt, 'ancien ingénieur de l'entreprise du tunnel de San 'Gothard,' before the Fourth Commission on the Inter-oceanic Canal on May 20, 1879. That estimate, 'sans les bâtiments, 'habitations et hôpitaux,' and also without the usual allowance for 'contingencies,' amounts to 930 millions of francs. It gives the detailed experience of a practical man; and 'le 'Président remercia M. Ribourt de sa communication, qui fait 'entrer le travail de la commission dans le vif du sujet.' ('Compte rendu,' p. 256.) Some reclamation took place as to this estimate, but M. Voisin, or, as he prefers to be called, Voisin-Bey, reporter of the Second Sub-Commission, in his Report in the name of the two re-united Sub-Commissions, thus concludes this portion of his statement: 'La dépense totale de 'construction du canal peut être estimée au chiffre de 1,043 'millions de francs. La durée d'exécution des travaux a été 'évaluée par la seconde sous-commission à douze années.'*

* *Compte rendu*, p. 290.

With regard to this, it should be known that in No. 22 of the 'Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique,' p. 210, M. de Lesseps says:—'Six années suffiront pour finir le travail, soit 1,500 jours, en comptant 250 jours par an, 50,000 mètres cubes par jour avec 8,000 travailleurs, les machines et la force motrice nécessaires.' The number of days' work, of any particular class of workmen, required to execute a given quantity of earthwork, is not familiarly known to engineers, as it is one of the secrets of the trade of the contractors. But in the San Gothard tunnel, which was executed in the mode proposed by M. de Lesseps for the Culebra cutting, the average day's work of a man was about one-third of a cubic yard.* And on the Sirhind Canal, according to the observation of Colonel Crofton, R.E.,† the cost of ordinary excavation gave a proportion of about one and a half cubic yard per man per day. It is not probable that these rates of efficiency can be obtained in the wild and pestilential swamps and forests of Panama. But allowing these ascertained rates, and taking 180 working days in the year (of which five months are continuously wet), the human labour requisite to excavate 29,000,000 cubic mètres of hard rock, and 44,000,000 cubic mètres of ordinary earthwork, would occupy 20,000 men for 42 years, making no allowance for 'épuisement.'

Nor is this disparity the only circumstance which demands a prompt explanation from M. de Lesseps. In No. 2 of the 'Bulletin,' dated September 15, 1879, four months later than the Report of M. Voisin, is the statement, in large type: 'Le canal à niveau à ciel ouvert demande un déblai total de 46,150,000 mètres cubes.' On March 15, 1880, however, the 'cube à extraire' has grown to '75,000,000 de mètres cubes,' of which 27,734,000 mètres cubes consists of 'roches dures.' ('Bulletin du Canal,' No. 14, p. 114.) We can hardly say whether the matter looks better when we observe that the 46 millions of cubic mètres tallies pretty fairly with the estimate of M. Ribourt, on the quantities furnished by M. Wyse, of 40·6 millions of cubic mètres of open cutting, and about 7·7 million cubic mètres of excavation in tunnel. ('Compte rendu,' p. 261.) In fact, the two enormous guesses of 46 and 75 millions are explained by the fact that in the smaller quantity a tunnel of 7,720 mètres long is included, while the larger figure contemplates a trench 'à ciel ouvert,'

* Practical Tunnelling, 3rd edition, p. 323.

† Min. Proc. Inst. C.E., vol. xli. p. 235.

instead of that monstrous perforation of the Cordillera. Again, in No. 38 of the 'Bulletin du Canal Interocéanique' we find a 'devis des déblais (garages et chenaux compris), études complémentaires,' amounting to a total of 72,986,016 cubic mètres, of which 28,937,292 is hard rock, and 25,909,406 is excavation below the water-level—7,500,000 mètres cubes of the latter being composed of 'roches dures avec épuisement.' A longitudinal section accompanies this *devis*, which shows an extreme depth of cutting of 333 feet, 296 feet of which is composed of 'terrains durs à enlever à la mine.' But we look in vain for any explanation of the discrepancy between the 46,150,000 mètres cubes of September 15, 1879, and the 72,986,016 mètres cubes of March 15, 1881, or between the sum of '1 milliard 70 millions of francs,' which in May 1879 M. Voisin found necessary for 'la dépense totale de construction en douze années' ('Compte rendu,' p. 448), and the capital of 300 millions of francs stated to be 'constituted' on November 15, 1880. ('Bulletin,' No. 30.)

We have felt compelled to set down with exactitude these formidable figures, and to cite minutely the authority for each, from the feeling that the sense of wonder, of perplexity, and we may even add of shame, that their collation has excited in our own minds may not unnaturally be shared by some of our readers, and even lead them to the conclusion that they have been presented with a partial, a prejudiced, or an erroneous view of the scheme put forward by M. de Lesseps. To ask the public for the sum of 12 millions sterling for the execution of a work which can be of no value to anyone before its final completion, at a time when the 'fondateur,' was perfectly aware that even his own surveyor, M. Wyse, estimated the net cost of the work—independent of the extra expense caused by water, of the interest of 5 per cent. per annum during construction, of the 'divers charges' of the Company, including the indemnity to be paid to the Panama Railway Company—at 30 millions sterling ('Compte rendu,' p. 261), and which the engineer of the Suez Canal (as above stated) estimated at 42,800,000*l.*, is one of those facts which we decline to characterise. Those persons must have an extraordinary amount of confidence in the value of *châteaux en Espagne* who can conclude that any individual connected with the 'direction' at this moment entertains any serious idea that the physical execution of this canal is a matter within the range of either practical engineering or practical finance. The disproportion between the capital 'constituted' and the estimates on which

the appeal is based is one that can attract but one judgment from either the intelligence of English men of business or the moral sense of the British and American public.

Failing to extract from the 'Bulletin' of M. de Lesseps any serious and consistent account of what he proposes to do in order to effect the opening of a maritime gateway between the continents of North and South America, let us endeavour to put before our readers in as few words as possible, what this task really comprehends, in so far as the plans, sections, and evidence laid before the International Congress give any elements of sober calculation.

The river Chagres, springing from the western slopes of that range of hills which, rising to altitudes of 2,000 and 3,000 feet, look down on the shore of the Caribbean Sea from the Gulf of S. Blas to Portobello, runs through a broken and irregular country to the north of the auriferous granite hills which branch from the above-cited Cordillera to Cruces and Gorgona. The longest affluent is termed the Rio Pequeni on Mr. Hopkins's Survey; but we are speaking of the whole basin of the stream which below Gorgona is called the Chagres, and which receives the Trinidad and the Garun after bending northward at a right angle near Gorgona. The length of this longest affluent, according to the map, is over seventy miles. The area drained by the river system is stated by M. Reclus * at 4,010 square kilomètres, which is about 1,550 square English miles. The rainfall of the district (as to which there is as great need for careful observation as for all the other physical features of the isthmus) is at all events known to exceed 120 inches in the year. Falls of rain to the amount of six and seven inches in a few hours are not rare in the district; and at Gatun, about seven miles from the mouth of the Chagres, the flood volume of the river is estimated by M. Jules Flachet † at 1,600 metric tons of water per second, which is four times the volume of the highest flood ever measured on the Thames. From Matachin—which is the point where the proposed canal parts company with the valley of the Chagres—to the sea, is a distance of about twenty-eight miles, in which the river falls, according to Colonel Lloyd's levels, about thirty-five feet. The section attached to the *tracé* of MM. Wyse and Reclus gives a little more than double this fall from the point where the line of canal finally crosses the course of the Chagres. There is a cataract of from fifty to sixty feet below Matachin, and M. Menocal, an advocate of the Nicaragua route, states that the

* *Compte rendu*, p. 265.† *Compte rendu*, p. 266.

rain of a single day raises the water of the Chagres from thirty to thirty-five feet—Dr. Otis says forty feet.

At this cardinal point in the route of the canal, therefore, where the valley of the Chagres is to be abandoned by means of a cutting through the Cordillera, the level of the bottom of the canal is 100 feet below that of the bed of the Chagres, or 140 feet below the mean level of the nearest indicated points on the section above and below the intersection.

From the foot of the ascent of the Cordillera at Matachin, a length of nine miles lies across a range of which the lowest point is 166 feet and the highest 333 feet (according to the section of MM. Wyse and Reclus) above the bed of the canal. It is through this hill that the tunnel of 7,720 mètres was proposed in the plan published by the Congress. Without going too minutely into the estimate of quantities from so very rough a section as that laid before the Congress, we must remark that it has been assumed that the sides of this unexampled trench will stand so nearly perpendicular as to slope only one foot horizontal in every ten feet vertical. And it must further be observed, that if it should be found necessary to make these slopes as flat even as an angle of forty-five degrees, or a proportion of one to one, the cubic contents of this excavation will be more than doubled. But a communication from M. de Lesseps to the Académie des Sciences* states that three borings on the Culebra range have reached the depth of one hundred feet without having met with rock, the strata consisting of a conglomerate of clay, containing globular fragments of doloritic rock. As no engineer could expect a cutting of this depth and of this material to stand at a slope of one to one, even in a climate not exposed to a tropical rainfall, the cubic contents of the Culebra cutting assume a magnitude that the imagination fails to realise. A Commission of the Academy of Sciences has reported† that the Culebra cutting will contain 37,000,000 cubic yards; the proposed dam, 26,000,000 cubic yards; and the entire line of canal, 100,000,000 cubic yards. It is difficult to associate the idea of serious business with projects of such a nature in such a climate; more particularly when each fresh obstacle that is discovered is vaunted as a facility, as in the case of the new appreciation of the geological nature of the Culebra range.

* Comptes rendus de l'Académie des Sciences, vol. xciii., 1881, p. 23.

† Comptes rendus, 1880, pp. 200, 364.

On emerging from the southern slope of the Cordillera, the main difficulties attending on the execution of the remaining eighteen miles of route consist in the necessity of diverting the numerous streams that run across the line of canal, and in the erection of the tidal gates rendered necessary by the rise and fall of twenty-seven feet in the waters of the Pacific. The survey and execution of proper channels for shipping access within the Bay of Limon and in that of Panama, form the fourth of the independent questions, full light upon which is necessary before any impartial engineer can even hazard a guess at the minimum sum, or time, which would be absolutely requisite for the completion of the works.

It is thus certain that whatever facility the valley of the Chagres may offer by its levels for the excavation of a canal is counteracted by the fact of the occupation of that valley by a torrential stream, of a magnitude approaching that of some of the chief rivers of Italy. Three modes were proposed to the International Commission in order to deal with this difficulty. But the magnitude of the task, as indicated by the facts that we have above cited, does not appear to have been at all appreciated by any speaker or writer on the subject.

One proposal was to construct a canal for the flood-waters of the Chagres alongside of the navigable canal. But as large affluents flow into the river below Matachin on each bank, this plan would really involve the making of three parallel canals of large size. In the absence of a series of cross sections of the valley, it is matter of doubt whether such a plan is physically possible.

A second proposal was to tap, so to speak, the Chagres at Matachin, and to divert its waters to the Pacific. But while this plan, if possible, would increase the difficulties of construction at the one end as much as it diminished them at the other, it would afford no relief to the floods of the Trinidad, the Gatun, and the smaller affluents of the Chagres below Matachin, and it would further require the construction of a tunnel for the Chagres of magnitude equal to that proposed for the canal itself.

The third plan on which, if anything can be said to be fixed, M. de Lesseps appears to have resolved, is to retain the flood-waters of the Chagres by means of an enormous embankment, between the Cerro Gamboa on the south, and the Cerro Baruco on the north, raising the level of the waters from forty to forty-five feet above the Chagres, so as to allow of their gradual escape. The need of a treble canal is not obviated by this suggestion. Nor would it be a question

of one embankment, but of many, as the depth of the navigable line of canal below the Chagres valley would subject the former to floods that would render navigation impossible. And, according to our best experience of public works in Europe (an experience fully confirmed by the facts of the execution of the Suez Canal), the construction of such an embankment from such a cutting could hardly by any possible effort be completed in twenty-six years. That time, therefore, must elapse before it would be possible to begin the canal from Chagres to Matachin, with its bed thirty feet below the level of the sea.

We are anxious to avoid fatiguing our readers by anything like technical detail. But we cannot avoid the remark that if the Interoceanic Canal be regarded, not as a Bourse speculation, but as an excavation which it is proposed to make by human agency, the question of its actual feasibility has not yet been really entered upon. An excavation which, if the last accounts of the borings be correct, would contain at least twenty times the bulk of the great pyramid; an embankment holding more than a third of the contents of that excavation, and requiring twenty-six years for its execution at the wholly unprecedented rate (from one end) of a million cubic yards in a year; a canal displacing for its execution a torrential river of four times the volume of the Thames in its heaviest flood, and with its bed at a depth of thirty feet below sea level; all this to be done while as yet the preliminary observations of rainfall, river discharge, and cross section of country have to be made—the proposal of such an enterprise seems rather worthy to adorn the name of Alexandre Dumas, or of the author of the tales of the Arabian Nights, than that of any person familiar with the practical execution of public works.

Nor are the climatic difficulties which must be encountered in the construction of works of wholly unprecedented magnitude matters of imagination. We have before us a little volume written by F. H. Otis, M.D., with illustrations by the author, published at New York in 1867, which certainly deserved to be laid before the 'Congrès International.' From the early part of 1849 Messrs. Totten and Trautwine sustained a most gallant struggle with the climate in the construction of the Panama Railway:—

'On January 27, 1855, at midnight, in darkness and in rain, the last rail was laid, and on the following day a locomotive passed from ocean to ocean.' [What the American railways are, however, in comparison of our own, is pretty well known.] 'Much of the work, especially

on the Pacific division, was of a temporary character: streams were crossed on temporary trestles, many of them of timber procured from the adjoining woods, and which it was known would not last more than six or eight months; deep ravines (which it was found, from the nature of the adjoining soil as well as from the amount of work involved in filling them, would delay the laying of the track for many months) were crossed by temporary trestle-work, in order to obtain the advantage of immediate connexion between the two oceans by rail, thereby saving the thousands of men, women, and children, who were then crossing the isthmus every month, the thirteen miles of mule ride over a dangerous path, as well as the almost incredible hardships and perils to which they were subjected.*

To climb to the estimated summit level of 263·9 feet above the mean tide of the Atlantic (in a spot where a cutting was made 24 feet deep) required gradients as steep as 60 feet in a mile, or 1 in 18. But there was no fear of any testing of the accuracy of the grading by the irresistible logic of the water-level. The work was a triumph, but a very rough one. The cost was prodigious. The average cost of one of the 84,225 miles of railway which were returned as constructed in the United States to the close of the year 1880, was about 11,600*l.* per mile. The cost of the Panama Railway was 48,600*l.* per mile, according to Poor's 'Manual of the Railroads of the United States, 1881.' But this allows 57·57 miles for the length of the line. The distance from Aspinwall to Panama is only 47·57 miles, according to Dr. Otis, and the plan in No. 38 of the 'Bulletin' agrees with this. The actual capital of the enterprise is 13,989,000 dollars.

The cause of this, for America, enormous cost of a rough temporary line of railway is one that would tell with double force on the execution of a low-level canal. It was the deadly nature of the climate.

'The working force,' says Dr. Otis, speaking of the year 1851, 'was increased as rapidly as possible, drawing labourers from almost every quarter of the globe. Irishmen were imported from Ireland, coolies from Hindostan, Chinamen from China, English, French, Germans, and Austrians, amounting in all to more than seven thousand men, were thus gathered in, appropriately as it were, to construct this highway for all nations. It was now anticipated that, with the enormous forces employed, the time required for the completion of the entire work would be in a ratio proportionate to the numerical increase of labourers, all of whom were supposed to be hardy, able-bodied men. But it was soon found that many of these people, from their previous habits and modes of life, were little adapted to the work for which they had been engaged. The Chinamen, one thousand in number, had been brought to the

* Isthmus of Panama, p. 40.

isthmus by the company, and every possible care taken which could conduce to their health and comfort. Their hill-rice, their tea, and opium, in sufficient quantities to last several months, had been imported with them; they were carefully housed and attended to; and it was expected that they would prove efficient and valuable men. But they had been engaged upon the work scarcely a fortnight before almost the entire body became affected with a melancholic suicidal tendency, and scores of them ended their unhappy existence by their own hands. Disease broke out among them, and raged so fiercely that in a few weeks scarcely 200 remained. The freshly imported Irishmen and Frenchmen also suffered severely, and there was found no other resource but to reship them as soon as possible, and replenish from the neighbouring provinces and Jamaica, the natives of which, with the exception of the northmen of America, were found best able to resist the influences of the climate.*

But even with regard to the negroes it had been found, in August 1850, that

'Sickness, caught by exposure to the incessant rains, working waist-deep in the water, and in an atmosphere saturated with malarious poison, soon made such sad inroads among them that, in a few weeks, more than half their number were on the hospital records, and, either frightened by the fevers, or seduced by higher wages offered in the California transit, so many of the remnant deserted that the work came to a pause.†

While on this part of the subject it may be as well to add (considering that the purchase on fair terms of a commanding proportion of shares in the Panama Railway is an object which the capital of the Canal Company must be large enough to cover) that in the year 1880 that enterprise divided 16 per cent. on its share capital. The receipts in that year were, from passengers, 148,178 dollars; from freight, 1,489,210 dollars—making, together with rentals, allowance for mails, &c., an aggregate revenue of 1,755,464 dollars. The working expenses were only 647,962 dollars, or 36·10 per cent. The passengers carried were 26,801, the freight was 167,433 tons, so that the high rates of more than a guinea per passenger and 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* per ton of goods must have been charged by the company—a fact which at once explains the low percentage of the working expenditure, and the more than satisfactory increment of the dividend. The 'price of passage through' is given by Dr. Otis at 25 dollars. A subsidy of 250,000 dollars was also paid by the Company to the State of Columbia.

The 'Congrès International d'Etudes du Canal Inter-océanique,' which was opened at Paris on May 15, 1879, was

* Isthmus of Panama, p. 35.

† Ibid. p. 31.

divided into five commissions charged to report on (1) statistics, (2) economy and commerce, (3) navigation, (4) technical details, and (5) ways and means for execution. The first commission made a voluminous Report, edited by M. Levasseur, on commerce and tonnage. The Report of the second commission, drawn up by M. Simonin, on the advantage which the commerce of each nation would derive from the canal, 'répond que ces avantages éclatent immédiatement en pleine lumière. Il suffit pour cela de jeter les yeux sur un globe terrestre.' It would have been more to the purpose to condescend to facts, and to give a few plain statements as to the relative distances between the mouths of the Thames, or of the Seine, and the chief ports of the Pacific by the Cape, by the Suez Canal, and by the Isthmus. The '*Compte rendu des Séances*' contains, indeed, a '*Carte pour l'intelligence du Rapport sur le commerce et le tonnage*,' on which the '*lignes de grande navigation*' are indicated. But not a single distance is denoted, and from the projection employed it is impossible to measure the approximate distances by the different routes on the chart. This vagueness, perplexing as it is to the serious student of the case, may, however, have a definite aim; as M. Levasseur takes credit for a large amount of traffic through the canal which is not altogether justified by geographical distance. Thus as regards the maritime commerce of Great Britain, he tabulates not only the tonnage to and from the western seaboard of North and South America, amounting in 1876 to 1,533 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,282,000 tons; but further, that of China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand, amounting to 1,182 vessels, with a tonnage of 1,178,000 tons.

To Sydney, indeed, the geographical distance does not differ by quite 500 knots between the four routes, viz. by the Cape of Good Hope, by the Suez Canal, by Cape Horn, and by Panama, of which the distances increase in the order we have given. But nautical distance is only one element in determining choice of route. Prevailing winds and currents, avoidance of stormy seas or of rock-bound coasts, have all to be studied by the mariner; and the comparatively trifling difference in the length of course from the Thames to Sydney by four such different routes is enough to show how important it is to have this question of routes illustrated by the experience of the skilled navigator. This consideration is enhanced by the remark that the dues for the passage of the canal would amount to as much as the cost of more than 800 knots of additional voy-

The China trade—speaking again only of measured nautical distance—finds its shortest route by the Cape, and its longest by Panama, the track through the Suez Canal being of intermediate length. Here again it is desirable to know all the elements of the nautical problem. For Japan the route by Panama (through the canal) would be 1,400 knots less than by the Cape, and would possess a still greater advantage over the Suez line. The Japanese trade (with reserve as to the other elements than that of distance alone) may thus fairly be credited to the Panama route.

As far, then, as the maritime commerce of Great Britain is concerned, we shall probably be justified in adding to the tonnage to and from the western shores of the New World and the islands of the Pacific the bulk of the trade with Japan, and perhaps a third of that with our Australian dependencies. But even if we were to take the whole, as the Commission has done, we have only a gross amount of less than *four and a half per cent.* of the tonnage which enters and clears the ports of the United Kingdom in a year, which in 1876 was 50½ millions, and in 1880, 58½ millions, of tons.

One reflection, we think, indisputably arises from the consideration of these facts. It is, that no rational expectation of the opening of an ocean gateway through the barrier of the Isthmus of Panama can be entertained apart from an assurance of the loyal support and ready aid of all the Powers interested in the opening and in the maintenance of such a route. As the maritime Power whose steam mercantile navy contains a gross aggregate tonnage of 4,265,619 tons, out of the 6,475,198 tons forming the entire steam mercantile navy of the world, England may be justly regarded as one of the Powers most directly interested. But we have seen that, as matter of direct financial concern, only between three and four and a half per cent. of our sea-borne trade, inward and outward together, would be likely to make use of the canal if available for our ships. To the United States, on the other hand, the saving of more than 10,000 knots in the voyage from New York to San Francisco would be of primary importance. The world may, therefore, well enquire how it is that something which it would be too civil to call hesitation has long been manifested in the United States towards an undertaking of which the chief maritime advantage would unquestionably be their own—an advantage in no way to be diminished by the determination of the question of the source from which the enormous capital requisite might be supplied. On the other hand, the comparatively small financial advantage

that would accrue by the completion of the undertaking to the maritime commerce of the United Kingdom shows that in the decided tone which English statesmen always have taken and always must take in reference to the perfect freedom of the canal, it is rather in our ancient character as trustee of the freedom of the seas and guardian of international faith and of the sacred observance of treaties, than as the accomplice of higgling politicians, that the Queen's Government has acted in the matter.

In the 'Times' of February 9 (in an article on the subject of some very able despatches of Earl Granville to which we are about to direct attention), the effect of Mr. Blaine's despatches, to which the English Foreign Secretary replied, is described as that of 'lightning on a clear sky.' If it were so, it must have been at all events only to be compared to those portions of clear sky which look brightly down on the sub-Alpine valleys, but which the mountaineers well know to be liable to the obscuration of sudden storm at any and every moment. To us, at all events, the sense of surprise was absent. For it is nearly twenty-six years ago, in the 'Edinburgh Review' for July, 1856, that no less competent an authority than Sir Henry Bulwer himself called attention to the fundamental condition established by the treaty of 1850:

'That the region of Central America should be a neutral territory to the nations of the earth, and that it should be dedicated to the purposes of traffic and transit, with means of communication constructed and protected under their auspices, and open, on equal terms, to the whole world.'

And that statesman truly added that—

'To allow a maritime Power to take entire possession of this territory, possessing so important a coast both on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, would be a fault for which our posterity, which has a right to be considered in our policy, inasmuch as it is charged with our debts, would never, and ought never, to forgive.'

It was in consonance with these views that, in 1850, in the negotiation of the treaty which was jointly signed by Sir Henry Bulwer and by Mr. Clayton on behalf of the United Kingdom and of the United States, the former ceded to the latter the subjects of several distinct claims, none of which, from our own point of view, were rightly urged against us. At that time, in the words of Earl Granville's despatch to Mr. West, of January 14, 1882, 'the United States had no possessions whatever in Central America, and exercised no dominion there. Great Britain was in the actual exercise of

‘dominion over nearly the whole eastern coast of that country.’ By the treaty she consented—

‘To abandon the occupancy which she already had in Central America, and was neither to make acquisitions, or erect fortifications, or exercise dominion there in the future. In other words, she was to place herself in the same position with respect to possessions and dominion in Central America which was to be occupied by the United States, and which both of the contracting parties by the treaty engaged that they would endeavour to induce other nations to occupy.’

Nor will we rest our assertion alone on the authority, high as it is, of language which the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs cites from a note to Lord Napier of November 8, 1858, by General Cass. The words of the treaty are plain, conclusive, and indisputable. They are these :

‘Article 1. The Governments of Great Britain and the United States hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal, agreeing that neither will ever maintain or erect any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonise, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America ; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have to or with any State or people for the purpose of erecting or maintaining such fortifications or of occupying, fortifying, or colonising Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same. Nor will Great Britain or the United States take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connexion, or influences that either may possess with any State or Government through whose territory the said canal may pass for the purpose of holding directly or indirectly, for the subjects or citizens of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the subjects or citizens of the other.’

It should be added that the treaty was concluded (as is declared in the eighth article) with the desire ‘not only to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general ‘principle’ in regard to the protection, by treaty stipulations, of any practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America. That object was essentially prospective, and even remote ; but the instrument was framed and agreed to for the express purpose of providing for the contingency that has now been brought near to us. The Panama Canal is, in fact, the *casus fœderis*.

‘This was the treaty,’ we again cite the words of General Cass to Lord Napier, ‘as it was understood and consented to by the United States, and this is the treaty as it is still [November 1858] understood by this Government.’

And such is the public law of the civilised world, under the guarantee of which, on May 15, 1879, an International Congress of 136 members, representing 25 distinct races or peoples, met at the Hôtel de la Société de Géographie, in the Boulevard Saint-Germain, at Paris, to discuss the project of an interoceanic canal through the Isthmus of Panama. Vice-Admiral le Baron de la Roncière le Noury was the honorary president; Colonel Sir John Stokes, R.E., Sir John Hawkshaw, and Sir Charles Hartley, were among the English delegates; and Rear-Admiral Ammen, Commander Selfridge, two engineers, and four members of Chambers of Commerce, were among the eleven representatives of the United States. To the details of the proceedings of the Congress we need not now return. Its issue was the constitution of the company of which we have spoken, of which 250 francs per share, or half the capital, is now called up. The constitution of this company, and the raising of a sum which is already so considerable from the public, are elements in the case which no diplomacy can affect to disregard.

As to the aim and meaning of the treaty, a copy of which lies before us, we think that it is perfectly certain that no twelve honest men, of ordinary education, could have the slightest hesitation. It is said that Cardinal Richelieu remarked that if he could obtain three lines in any man’s writing he could make it sufficient to ruin him. Whether that be true as regards that astute statesman or not, it is certain that it is only by approaching the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in the spirit of determined misunderstanding that any two meanings can be given to its pacts. ‘During the two years which succeeded the signature of the treaty of 1850 there seemed no difference whatever between the United States and Great Britain as to the intelligible nature of terms which have since been held to be obscure.’* ‘These discordant constructions,’ President Buchanan declared in his message to Congress on December 3, 1860, ‘have resulted in a final settlement entirely satisfactory to the Government.’

* Edinburgh Review, No. civ. p. 284. We wish particularly to call the attention of our readers to this article, which was written by Sir Henry Bulwer himself.

We have cited the first article of this treaty. The second, which is of signal importance, provides that in case of war arising between the two contracting parties, the ships of each shall be free from all blockade, arrest, or capture by the other, in the canal or within a certain distance, afterwards to be agreed on, of its extremities. The third article guarantees the protection of the contracting Powers to all persons engaged in the construction of the canal, if acting in pursuance of the authorisation of the local Governments, given on just and equitable terms. The fourth promises the good offices of Great Britain and the United States in order to obtain facilities for construction from the local Governments, and the establishment of a free port at either extremity of the canal, which is also the case with the Panama Railway.

The sixth article is one of such critical value, as regards the contention raised by Mr. Blaine, that it is difficult to believe that this gentleman can have taken the trouble to read it, or, at all events, to remember either its language or its purport, when he wrote, on June 24, 1881, that ‘an agreement between the European States to forcibly guarantee the neutrality [of the canal] would be viewed by this Government with the gravest concern.’ For by this clause the contracting parties mutually promise to invite every State with which either of them is on friendly terms to enter with them into similar stipulations to those which they have made with one another. And it is asserted, as the object of this general accord, that the canal should be considered as a maritime communication between the two oceans, and should, as such, be of service to the entire human race. Nothing could express in plainer words the accord of two great nations to further an object worthy of their frank and disinterested support.

The seventh article gives a right of priority to the first persons who shall organise a company commanding the necessary capital, and procure the assent of the local authorities; and was inserted, the treaty states, to prevent needless loss of time. To the eighth article, as we have seen, Earl Granville has referred. The ratification of the treaty by the United States dates on May 25, 1850.

Can it be possible for two great nations to agree on a treaty of greater breadth, force, and grandeur of character—a treaty by which one of them divested herself of valuable rights, of which she was in the unquestioned exercise, not for her own advantage, but for that of the whole world—a treaty which all other nations were formally invited to partake in and to guarantee? Public faith has no sanctity, diplomatic language

neither meaning nor validity, international law neither guarantee nor existence, if it be competent to either party to such a solemn pact to turn round and argue thus:—‘The conditions under which that transaction was made have long since ceased to exist. The remarkable development of the United States upon the Pacific coast has created new duties for the Government. The interests of Her Majesty’s Government are so inconsiderable in the matter in comparison with those of the United States that—we require modifications. The British Empire has a vast naval establishment, which we have not. In case of war that would give it an advantage. Therefore we must rescind our guarantee not to fortify the canal. We will not “perpetuate” [i.e. keep] any treaty that impeaches our rightful and long-established claim to “priority on the American Continent.”’

Arguments of this nature are not, indeed, without precedent. But we think it is not too much to say that it is the first time that the Secretary of State of a civilised power has ventured to sign his name to such pleadings. We know what, in private life, would be said of a man who did so. Is scrupulous honour no longer to be regarded as essential to the purity of a national flag? It deserves to be remarked that this objectionable despatch was framed under the administration of President Garfield, for it bears date a few days before he was assassinated, and it is signed by Mr. Blaine, who has now ceased to hold office. It does not appear to commend itself to the judgment of President Arthur or the American people. On the contrary, we believe that the noble temper of the American people will kindle warmly in sympathy with us when the plain facts of the case become known to them. We have no doubt of their ultimate, even if not their immediate, sympathy. Descendants of common ancestors, separated only by an education of a century apart, the same honest grit is at the bottom of our hearts on either side of the Atlantic, under whatever quaint forms we may each of us attempt to disguise it. The Anglo-Saxon race has a love of power, of strength, and of success. In a period of history in which it has been—until very lately—generally considered that crimes of fraud were more prevalent than crimes of force, there has always been amongst us all a kind of sneaking admiration for the success of a great scoundrel, apart from that sound moral verdict which would bring him to justice notwithstanding. We admire his cleverness, while we lament that the same amount of pains and of skill was not more worthily exerted in the path of honesty. We do not suppose that there is any material difference in

this respect between the English and the American public conscience. But in the younger, the larger, and the more sparsely peopled State, it is but natural that the admiration for what is 'clever' should be more outspoken, as it is more superficial, than the veneration for what is noble. This feeling may react very disadvantageously on public men. Success, they are but too apt to think, will not only excuse but glorify anything. Those who allow success to be won by cunning or by threats are accomplices in the growth of a feeling which is destructive of public virtue. The Americans—as we should do in their place—would be apt to say, 'That man had no case at the bottom; he must be a right clever fellow to have made his opponent believe that he had.' But the deeper and more abiding feeling would have been—'The old country was plainly in the right. We should have been glad of a change; but we should have despised her had she been in any way affected by such an attempt to outwit or to frighten her.' The first feeling would have led to further trials—to future, perhaps to serious, conflicts. The latter would only tend to a restored cordiality—to an *integratio amoris*.

If it were now possible to revert to the *status quo ante* the negotiations of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the arguments adduced by Mr. Blaine might have some relevance, not to the views of the English negotiator, but to the spirit in which the American plenipotentiary might feel that it was wished, by a certain party of his countrymen, that he should approach the subject. That would have been, no doubt, a reversal of the opinions held by 'one of the greatest juriconsults, as well as one of the greatest statesmen, that North America or any other country has produced.' (Such is the testimony borne in our own pages by Sir Henry Bulwer to Mr. Webster, who was, during those two years, at the head of the Foreign Affairs of the United States.) But if the American plenipotentiary had been able to foresee the results of a great movement which, eighteen months before the time of the negotiation, had sent 'a tide of emigration across the Isthmus of Panama,' and rendered possible the execution of the then languishing enterprise of the Panama Railroad, the English statesman would also have become aware that the canal which it was the main object of the treaty to further would not be carried out. Nor is it only the fact of the lapse of twenty-six years, at the end of which the Nicaragua route is no nearer completion than at the beginning, which has to be regarded. Had an English statesman of the perspicuity of Sir Henry Bulwer been in possession of that definite information as to the physical

condition of the barrier which it has been attempted—in eight places—to pierce; and had he taken counsel with three or four of those eminent English engineers who were then living, it is more than doubtful whether he would have considered that it was worth while to yield any right, claim, or interest of Great Britain, however small, in order to obtain the furtherance of so remote and uncertain an undertaking. We have heard a good deal of the ‘Monro doctrine.’ In the present case, however, the appeal to the ‘Monro doctrine’ is singularly inappropriate. That celebrated declaration was called forth by a totally different state of things. After the Congress of Laybach, the Great Continental Powers agreed on a military expedition against Spain, in order to restore the throne to Ferdinand VII., an event which took place in 1823. Subsequently, the British Government agreed with that of the United States, that the intervention should not be allowed to extend to those Spanish colonies which had declared their independence. The consequence of this agreement was the declaration of President Monro to the effect that any attempt on the part of the European Powers to extend their system of government to any part of the Western Hemisphere would be regarded as dangerous to the peace and security of the United States. ‘With existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power,’ said the President, ‘we have not interfered and will not interfere. But as to the Governments which have declared and maintain their independence, we cannot regard any attempt to oppress them or to control their destiny otherwise than as the manifestation of inimical dispositions towards the United States.’

With this view, in which some of the most distinguished English statesmen warmly sympathised, the policy of Great Britain has ever since harmonised. For it must be remembered that since Spain and Portugal lost their Transatlantic dominions, Great Britain remains the most ancient of the established American Powers. As such her Canadian colonies are under the safeguard of the express terms of the Monro declaration; as such did her plenipotentiary agree with Mr. Clayton in guaranteeing the neutrality of any maritime canal by which the American isthmus could be pierced; and as such did the treaty call on other States and people to join hands in so catholic an accord.

It cannot but be regarded as a proof of the eminent courtesy of Earl Granville, that a statesman of his experience should devote so many pages to the discussion of representations on the part of Mr. Blaine which are in fact wholly

extraneous to the present condition* of the subject. The American Secretary discusses interests and sentiments without reference to the fact that he is affecting to treat as open and even as novel questions, points long since settled by treaty. Treaties of course are not eternal. Reasons may, in the course of time, arise for their modification or for their annulling. But it is of the essence of a treaty that it binds both parties. The more reason one party may have for wishing a treaty to end—if in opposition to the desire of the other party—the more it is a part of public policy to maintain the integrity of contract. Treaties can be determined only in two ways, either by mutual assent or by the sword. In the former case, unless both parties are alike desirous to escape from the contract, the retrocession is only to be effected by purchase. By that of course we do not mean money payment, but the offer by the resilient party of some advantage to its co-contractor in virtue of which the latter may consent to abrogate the obnoxious bargain. No perception of this primary element of international law is to be traced in the despatches of Mr. Blaine. But his efforts do, on the other hand, call attention to a fact which has not hitherto received notice.

It is not the case that two parties to any solemn pact are always at full liberty to rescind the same by mutual assent. That can only be done where there is no third interest involved. Such, for instance, is the question of the *status* of children in the case of a mutual desire for divorce on the part of their parents. In the case of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty this objection occurs with peculiar force. For here is a child of the alliance, an independent association (to call which, or the like of which, into being was the primary object of the alliance), that has been so called into being, and has attested its vitality by raising from the public a sum which already amounts (when the call is paid) to some 6,000,000*l*. It may be true, indeed, that the strength of the child is hardly equal to the arduous future which is before it; but, if that be the case, so much the more reason that it should have fair play.

The other mode of determining a treaty is not one to be lightly referred to between brother nations. Of all pestilent follies that the rulers of States or the leaders of parties can commit, there is but one that is more contemptible than a vague vapouring about the sword. To talk of a 'demonstration' is to carry out the politics of the gutter. *The worst folly is to shrink from drawing the sword when right, justice, and the maintenance of national honour, or of public faith,

demand it. It is the men who are most ready to commit the first error from whom the second may most confidently be expected. In an empire like our own, public faith is the breath of our nostrils. It is not for us to enquire into the wisdom of what may be called a parochial policy—an abandonment of foreign possessions, a replacing of the Union Jack by the signals of a mercantile navy—and that for the very conclusive reason that when we cease to be a Great Power we shall very soon cease to be regarded as a Power at all. When we cease to grow, and cease to rule, we shall cease to exist, except by the kind permission of wiser States. No people are so certain to be involved in disastrous squabbles as those who neither know their own minds, nor dare, beyond all possibility of mistake, to speak the truth as to their determination.

ART. VII.—1. *Della Vita e delle Opere* di EDOARDO FUSCO, Professore ordinario di Antropologia e Pedagogia nella R. Università di Napoli. Notizie e Documenti raccolti dalla Vedova di lui. Vols. I. and II. Napoli: 1880-1881.

2. *La Turchia, ossia Usi, Costumi e Credenze degli Osmani*, del Comm. EDOARDO FUSCO. Messi insieme e compiuti dalla Vedova di lui.

3. *Italian Art and Literature before Giotto and Dante*. By EDOARDO FUSCO. With Preface by MATTHEW ARNOLD. Macmillan's Magazine: 1876-7.

4. *La Vita ed il Regno di Vittorio Emanuele II. di Savoia*. Per GIUSEPPE MASSARI. Terza Edizione. 1880.

THE life of Edoardo Fusco adds another page to the interesting history of the struggle for Italian independence, and the efforts made by individuals to promote that cause, when it seemed a hopeless dream, should not be forgotten, because 'Italia Una' has now firmly taken her place as a kingdom among the European States. But, meanwhile, the current of events sweeps on its way; the outlines of a past, scarcely twenty years old, are already fading from recollection; perhaps a few more years will suffice to efface them as completely as the grave of Alaric the Goth, over which the waters of the Bussento have now rolled for fourteen centuries their foaming torrent. To these fading memories belong the pathetic narrative of Sylvio Pellico's captivity, the sufferings of the Neapolitan prisoners on whose behalf Mr. Gladstone made his eloquent appeal; the passionate strains of Aleardi's lyre now hushed

in death; the noble efforts of such statesmen as Cesare Balbo, d'Azeglio, and Cavour;—even the King himself, the *Rè Galantuomo*, whom no temptation could turn from his plighted word.* Still, as one by one the champions of Italy are gathered to their rest, the interest in their gallant struggle for liberty is renewed, and the page of history is turned back to trace the steps by which the battle was fought and won.

Edoardo Fusco, the subject of this review, was a native of Southern Italy. He was born in 1824 at Trani in Apulia, of wealthy parents, and of how ancient a stock may be determined—the biographer says with pride—by the Ode of Horace to Aristæus Fuscus,† and his epistle to the same much-valued friend and companion.

‘These lines behind Vacuna’s fane I penned,
Sincerely blest, but that I want my friend.’ ‡

From early youth the restless fervour of genius showed itself in the descendant of this ancient lineage. Impatient of provincial education, he implored his parents to send him to study at Naples, and, finding his entreaties vain, he formed, for the special purpose of studying the language and history of his native country, a sort of literary society, to which none were to be admitted but those who endeavoured to speak the Italian language in all its purity. Fearful lest the suspicions of the police should be aroused, his parents put a stop to even this mild attempt at patriotism; and Fusco, vexed, disappointed, and hopeless as to the future, took the

* It is not perhaps generally known that the King owed his popular title of *Rè Galantuomo* to his firm adherence to the statute entitled ‘*Legge Siccardi*,’ which dealt with ecclesiastical reforms, and was, at the time, a most unpopular measure. But once convinced of its justice, and having given it the royal sanction, he remained proof against the threats of the Vatican and the open disapprobation of the Piedmontese Episcopate. When the turmoil was at its height d’Azeglio observed to the King, ‘There are so few instances of “*Rè Galantuomini*” in history, that it would be well to add to their number.’ ‘Then am I to play the part of *Rè Galantuomo*?’ asked the King with a smile. ‘Your Majesty has sworn to observe the statute; your Majesty in so doing has considered the whole of Italy and not Piedmont alone. Let us continue in the same course to prove that in this world a King no less than a private individual must keep his word when it has once been given.’ ‘There does not seem to me any difficulty in following that course,’ replied the King. ‘*E il Rè Galantuomo l’abbiamo*,’ observes d’Azeglio.—‘*La Vita ed il Regno di V. E. di Savoia*,’ Massari, p. 107.

† Lib. i. Od. xxii.; Epistle x. lib. i.

‡ Ib.

extreme step of quitting his Neapolitan home, in order that he might indulge, unrestrained by parental fears and cautions, his patriotic zeal. Already he thought he could discern the future of Italy dawning in the dark horizon, and before his father and mother could recover from the shock of his departure, they learned that he had enlisted as a volunteer in the Liberal cause. His letter to them, while it implored their forgiveness, and their blessing on his self-chosen career, left them no hope of ever recalling him. In the first heat of patriotism, chafing against any restraints which might be put upon it, sustained by all the boundless hopes which belong to the age of twenty-three, he may have thought that the end justified the means, and that he was making a noble sacrifice of private affection upon the altar of his country. But eleven years afterwards the natural feelings which he had tried to overcome, revived in all their strength, with the added poignancy of remorse, when the news reached him in his exile of the death of that father from whose roof he had fled, and whose face he never saw again.

Meanwhile the insurrection of 1848 broke out in Italy, and the young patriot embarked in it heart and soul. The hopes raised by the temporary success of the Sicilian insurrection, which caused the King of Naples to tremble on his throne, only made the subsequent failure a more cruel disappointment, and the cause appear more hopeless than ever, while the patriots were again compelled to seek refuge in exile from the vengeance of the irritated Bourbon dynasty. Fusco was far too deeply compromised for it to be possible for him to remain in Italy. His escape was contrived only just in time—for the police were actually on his track—by the lawyer Pisanello, and other friends who, through the British Ambassador, Sir R. Temple, obtained a temporary refuge for him on board the English frigate 'Prince Regent,' anchored in the Bay of Sta. Lucia. From thence he was transferred to a French steamer *en route* for Malta, and eventually landed at Corfu.

It was now evident to Fusco that for some years to come the pen, rather than the sword, would prove the most effectual weapon for the service of his country. The persuasive language of verse readily lent itself to a cause which had inspired the genius of Dante and Petrarch, and had ever since been the theme of the Italian poet. Fusco soon won for himself the sympathy of the lettered inhabitants of the Ionian Islands—a sympathy which ripened into enthusiasm when deeds of modern Grecian heroism became, in their turn, fitting topics for the

young and enthusiastic poet. The first of these poems, entitled 'Il Salmista Suliotta,' took for an argument the heroic defence of their country by the Suliots against the Pasha of Janina. After a resistance of fifteen years, the very women taking part in the strife, they retreated to the Ionian Islands (1803). It was not till the year 1820 that they were able to return to their country, when their old enemy Ali Pasha, finding himself closely pressed by the Turks, was glad to purchase the assistance of the gallant mountaineers. The English reader will be familiar with Byron's allusion to this incident, when, after describing*

' Stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak,'

he speaks of Albania's chief:

' Whose dread command
Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand
He sways a nation, turbulent and bold;
*Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.*'

The title of 'Salmista Suliotta,' chosen by Fusco, is explained by his having related the narrative in a style imitative of the Biblical Psalmody. The poem was translated into Greek, *con amore*, by Giorgio Zallocosta, the laureate; and, the Greek Parliament, looking upon it in the light of a work likely to encourage patriotic feeling, promoted its sale by the immediate purchase of 250 copies. A no less popular poem was 'Il Fillelleno di Sfacteria,' suggested by the tomb of Santa Rosa, a spot visited by Fusco with lively interest while travelling through the Peloponnesus. 'Sfacteria' was the name of the rock on which that accomplished gentleman died, and many incidents of the battle were supplied to the poet by Maurocordato, the friend of Santa Rosa, who was by his side when he fell. Finally there appeared 'I Canti Italo-Greci.' The title alone would suggest the subject of this last poem without the Preface, which describes 'two countries, but little removed from each other, stretching their sunny shores far into the blue waters of the Mediterranean, sharing a past of unrivalled greatness, drawn together by the common bond of present misfortune, and linked into a still closer union by the future

* Childe Harold, ii. 42-47.

‘hope of a common deliverance from bondage and oppression. ‘Italy and Greece,”’ concludes the writer, with an enthusiasm unquenched by recent disaster—‘Italy and Greece, already united by a threefold bond of intellect, valour, and patriotism, will one day find their place side by side at the great banquet of European nations.’ Such was the argument of the ‘Canti Italo-Greci,’ and it is a satisfactory reflection that Fusco lived to see the accomplishment of at least one-half of the sanguine prophecies of his youth. We will not enquire too closely whether the poetical reputation which Fusco acquired after the publication of these ‘Canti Italo-Greci’ was not more to be ascribed to the spirit which inspired them than to any intrinsic poetical merit, an opinion which is confirmed by their author’s own subsequent reference to them. But it will suffice to say, that during his stay in Greece, he was held in universal esteem by all the Liberal politicians and *letterati* of the time. Early in the year 1852 he visited Constantinople, and here another and wider field presented itself for literary labours, though of a very different kind. Setting aside politics, and forgetting for a while the elevating themes and heroic deeds of patriotism, he dismounted from his Pegasus and plodded over the comparatively prosaic grounds of philanthropy, with the same energy and zeal which had inspired his political efforts. This ready sympathy was soon enlisted on behalf not only of his own exiled countrymen, but of all the European colony in the cosmopolitan city; and he set himself eagerly to work to ameliorate their forlorn condition.

The result of his enquiries revealed to him the existence of a benevolent society, which went by the name of the Association Commerciale Artisanale de Piété à Constantinople; and, struck by the active, unostentatious labours of the society in all works of benevolence, he drew attention to it in a pamphlet, which was commented upon in terms of high praise by the ‘Echo de l’Orient.’ The pamphlet touched upon the past miserable condition of the Europeans at Constantinople, which had first suggested the necessity of the creation of this society to M. Jacques Anderlich, whose name will be always remembered as a benefactor amongst the poor of Constantinople; then narrated the first beginnings of the association, the obstacles which had to be surmounted, the opposition of the rich, its various phases of administration; the foundation and ordering of the hospital, the admission of the Sisters of Mercy, the foundation of schools for the children, the financial success of the association in freeing itself from all the debt incident

to its growth. It concludes by paying a high tribute to those who had first set on foot this pious design. The author, who had the art of enlisting the sympathy of his readers by a clear and perspicuous style, received the formal thanks of the association for the good service rendered by his pamphlet, and was at the same time urged to persevere in dedicating his faculties to the solution of those great problems of humanity—Poverty, Employment, and Education. When, at the end of 1853, he was compelled, by the breaking out of the Crimean War, to quit Constantinople for London, he left behind him no inconsiderable reputation as a writer, coupled with a grateful recollection of the manner in which his talents had been employed.

But Fusco himself was by no means satisfied with his literary labours, nor disposed to sit down content with the laurels which he had won in the East, ‘terra che dell’ intelli-
‘ genza è tomba.’ It is more in the capacity of ‘the youth to
‘ fortune and to fame unknown’ that, on reaching England, he appeals for help to Giuseppe Devincenzi, his countryman. Devincenzi was at Naples in 1848, and had used his influence to forward the escape of Fusco. Now friendless, and stranded in the great city, the exile once more solicits his aid. Will he—of whose generosity Fusco has already made proof, and whose talents place him beyond the reach of petty envy and jealousies—be his mentor and guide, and direct his efforts in the right path, that he may produce some work of real merit, and possible advantage to his country, either in her present critical position or at some future time? Fusco was not mistaken in his choice of a counsellor and guide; for, as soon as he had made himself thoroughly master of the English language, he was encouraged by Devincenzi to write and publish various articles upon Turkey. It was the time of the Crimean War, the subject was popular, and soon brought the writer into notice. The public gaze was fixed on the East; and the ‘immense’ (as Fusco rightly terms it) English Press, eager to give information on this topic to a people thirsting to receive it, was too glad to employ the pen of a writer just returned from the centre of interest. A sketch of Omar Pasha, published in the ‘Morning Chronicle’ of March 7, 1854, was so highly thought of as to be reprinted, the following month, in ‘Bentley’s Miscellany,’ with the title of ‘Omar Pasha, and
‘ the Regeneration of Turkey.’ Thus his position became recognised as a fluent writer, whose residence in Constantinople had made him perfectly acquainted with Eastern manners and customs, and he was constantly employed to write on the

subject for newspapers and magazines. The material for these essays was supplied from his Italian papers on '*La Turchia, 'ossia usi, costumi e credenze degli Osmani,*' arranged and published for the first time in 1877 by his widow.

'Constantinople,' perhaps the most charming of all the attractive works of Amicis, with its little pictures, each perfect in itself, of the entrancing beauty of the Golden Horn when seen through the cypress trees, and the stupendous grandeur of Santa Sofia, has spoilt the reader for the sober disquisitions of Fusco upon the possible reform of Turkish manners and customs. Our interest in these papers, carefully considered and well written though they are, is still further damped by the recollection that thirty years have elapsed since these reforms were contemplated, without one vestige of improvement being discernible in the country. Nevertheless, we must praise the courage of a writer who could open his pamphlet at the critical moment of the Crimean War with the following paragraph :—

'While a new conflict is preparing in the East, while the armies are marching and the fleets are sailing, while the diplomatists are contriving and the statesmen are discussing, while the friends of progress are hoping and the conspirators (either crowned or otherwise) are plotting, Turkey, that apple of discord, cast four centuries ago into the lap of Europe, exhausts her forces and her finance and her last remains of vitality in the effort to preserve an Empire which no human power can sustain, unless those great barriers are removed, which she still obstinately opposes to the march of civilisation in Europe.' *

The success of various articles on Turkey, of a less critical and more descriptive kind, contributed by Fusco to various English magazines, paved the way to other literary work. He was next employed to write on the more kindred subjects of the literature and politics of his own country. The first lecture which he wrote on '*Italian Art and Literature before Giotto and Dante,*' was printed in '*Macmillan's Magazine,*' with a preface by Matthew Arnold.† The Essay is in itself a little work of art, and deserves a permanent position in literature. Commenting on this obscure and difficult portion of the history of Italy, the learned writer observes that 'a period 'when literature is not the result of a public desire for books 'and novelties; a period when art is not a trade; a period 'when whatever emanates from the mind is but the spontaneous expression of the new civilisation rising among a

* *La Turchia, &c*, p. 1.

† *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1876-77, 228-60.

‘people who possessed the whole inheritance of ancient traditions, cannot fail to offer a wide field for speculation to a thinking and observing mind.’ ‘What is civilisation?’ he next asks, and borrows the answer from Dante: ‘Civilisation is the development of the human faculties.’

Thus guided, he divides the civilisation of Italy into four distinct periods, and these periods are to be determined by their art and literature—‘the two landmarks by which we can assign to nations their place in the history of the human intellect.’ Then passing rapidly over the Etruscan civilisation, lingering fondly over the Italo-Greek era of Magna Græcia—which perhaps recalled to him his own recent attempt to unite the destinies of the two classical nations in one common cause—glancing at the civilisation of Rome, which he stigmatises as the nightmare of oppression, he begins his theme with the Italian civilisation, the firstborn child of Christianity which arose out of the ashes of Rome, to keep up the sacred fire of learning and of the arts by associating them with Christianity, the new reviving power of modern life. It was in the Catacombs that this new life began, where figures instinct, despite their clumsiness of form, with faith and devotional feeling, bear witness to an inward inspiration till then unknown to the sculptor or the artist. ‘There is a whole cycle of art and poetry,’ writes Fusco, ‘in the Catacombs. It is not poetry as yet perfect in form, precise in language, elegant in style, but there is in everything an effort to convey a sentiment under an image, to show the ideal in the reality, to give a symbol to architecture, to painting, to sculpture, and to the inscriptions.’ In illustration of this, he chooses several instances from Christian sculpture, then in its infancy, which, when it could present nothing to the eye worthy of the name, could still suggest to the imagination the idea of life by such emblems as the leaf to express its fragility; a boat with a sail the swift passage over the waves of this troublesome world, and the well-known Christian symbol of the fish.

As with art, so with literature; the influence of Christianity is traced to its source:—

‘By the noble enthusiasm born of Christianity, everything is renewed and transformed. The science of Aristotle and Plato revives in the early fathers. The eloquence of Cicero and of the Gracchi adorn the homilies of St. Augustine and St. Jerome. The poetry of Virgil and Horace is renewed in the poems of Prudentius, the singer of the Catacombs in the hymns of St. Ambrose, and in numerous popular poets. The Pagan superstitions themselves give place to legends of miracles, tales of martyrdom, and histories of a supernatural kind.’

These were to be succeeded by the golden legend of the Middle Ages, and the vision of the young monk of Monte Cassino, the immediate forerunner of the great poem which was to create the Italian language. In this manner Fusco carries his readers along with him through the obscurity, or, as Dante might call it, the 'aer perso,' of the dark ages, till he brings them to the very threshold of the golden era of Italian literature and art. This essay was the most considerable of Fusco's English compositions, and it was remarkable not only for its deep research, but for a fluency of style illustrating the writer's perfect mastery over a foreign language. It is to be regretted that another essay on Italian literature in the nineteenth century should have remained unpublished.

Emboldened by the success of his lectures, he ventured to point out to the editor of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' several omissions as to Italian subjects, which might be remedied in the forthcoming edition of 1857. His letter received the immediate attention of the editor, Mr. James Carmichael, who was glad to employ an Italian thoroughly acquainted with the history and literature of his own country, who yet had no difficulty in expressing himself in fluent and scholarly English. He was requested to contribute articles upon the philosopher Vico, Volta, and Paolo Sarpi—names which had hitherto not found their way into the 'Encyclopædia.' Gioberti, Leopardi, Giordani, Giusti, and many others, were also entrusted to his pen. Besides this purely literary work, he was employed for two years to write political articles for the 'Morning Chronicle,' the 'Leader,' and the 'Athenæum,' on Italy, Italian institutions, and the misgovernment of the Bourbon dynasty at Naples. It will readily be imagined that Fusco eagerly availed himself of this opportunity to plead the cause of his oppressed countrymen with passionate eloquence. Often and often does he return to the charge, and at last he is challenged by a correspondent to declare what is the Liberal scheme for Italy, to lay, in fact, before England the scheme of the future they propose for their country.

Fusco retorts with vehement irony:—

'What would be the use of such a proceeding? Is it likely that the hopes and aspirations of the Italians will affect England at this moment? Would their feelings be consulted in the future re-organisation of the Peninsula?

'Supposing England were to co-operate with European diplomacy in suggesting what reforms were necessary in the government of Italy; would the wishes of the Italians be taken into consideration? No.

The promised "Italy for the Italians" would again be a byword, and the unhappy people held up to scornful derision, just as they were at Naples in 1799, in Sicily in 1812, at Genoa in 1814, in Lombardy and at Venice in 1815, in Piedmont and at Naples in 1820-21, and throughout Italy in 1848.

'The future of Italy can only be decided on the battle-field. A common hatred of Austria, of foreign domination, and of all the tyrants and petty tyrants of Italy, calls the people to arms; and it is no longer possible that their hopes and aspirations can find expression in any other manner or have any other solution; nor can the fusion of the various conflicting parties and opinions be effectual, but in the face of a common peril, in front of a common enemy.

'The columns of a newspaper, and of an English newspaper, are not the arena for such a combat.'

Thus he wrote in 1857. Three more years and Italy was once again embarked in the often-renewed struggle which was at last to be crowned with success. Fusco hastened to take part in the liberation of his country. This course involved no little personal sacrifice. His reputation in England was made: he was Professor of Italian and Modern Greek at Eton and Queen's College; another Professorship, that of the University of Dublin, was offered to him, but declined because his time was already too fully occupied—a wide literary career was open to him, but he cast it all aside, and did not let even the enforced separation from his wife* hold him back from his patriotic purpose. His letters to his wife from the scene of action have the special interest of being written by an eyewitness of the great conflict.

In August 1860 he writes:—

'Events follow one upon another with such frightful rapidity that the things of yesterday seem to have happened long ago. No one attempts to disguise from themselves that these are moments of solemn and awful import; few nations have had a similar experience, but then few nations have wept for centuries as we have the bitter tears of oppression; therefore few nations have as good a right as we have to a future unclouded by perils and endless disappointments, and free from that tyranny which has so often worn the mask of liberty.'

Later on we read of the frightful battle, the 'Solferino' of Southern Italy, in the environs of Naples, when the soldiers on both sides '*si batterono da leoni ed incontrarono leoni*;' and

* Fusco married March 19, 1854, La Contessa Grecca, Ida del Carretto, of an ancient noble Neapolitan family, who was widowed in early youth, and left friendless in London. It is to this lady that we are indebted for the arrangement of her husband's papers, and for the sketch of his life.

when the battle was finally won by 3,000 Calabrians, who arrived on the scene one half-hour before sunset.

The memorable sortie of the Bourbon troops from Capua, when they attacked the whole line of the Garibaldians spread along the Volturno, is described by Fusco as

‘a terrible and sanguinary drama in which the scenes of individual heroism were swallowed up in the great result of the victory. Young soldiers under arms for the first time fought with the steadiness of veteran troops; the serried ranks of the enemy, the shock of the cavalry, the thunder of the artillery, could strike no terror into the hearts of these volunteers. They had sworn to conquer or to die, and they maintained a front of immoveable firmness. The royal troops, divided into three squadrons, marched upon Maddaloni, S. Angelo, and S. Maria; their intention was to scatter our battalions, converge towards Caserta, and, thus re-united, to double back again upon Naples. The scheme was daring, but against them stood Garibaldi and the fortunes of Italy. The battle was long and fierce, and for a long time the victory remained undecided; but the Bourbon squadrons at S. Maria and Maddaloni being put to the rout, the remaining troops either retreated across the river or laid down their arms.’

Although it is well known that this battle practically decided the fate of Italy, it is equally well known how many shoals and quicksands awaited the ship of the new State before she was fairly launched on her course. A living picture of these has been preserved in the papers published by Fusco in the ‘*Nazionale*’ at this critical period in the history of the country. The first of these dealt with the appeal of the Southern Italians to Victor Emmanuel to come and be their king, and thus set the seal of his sanction upon their success. Every contribution to the contemporary history of Italy proves more and more conclusively that from first to last this was to be, in more senses perhaps than one, the crown of the Italian hopes. His name alone could bring the elements of order out of a chaos of falling kingdoms and principalities, just as all hope of stability and future prosperity for the State was equally centred in the ‘*Rè Galantuomo*,’ who had made the cause of Italy his own.

The Italians did well to place their confidence in the House of Savoy. No colours had a better right to wave over their united kingdom than those which, riddled with Austrian shot in the national cause on the plains of Novara, had ever since been the polestar of the exile in his hairbreadth escapes from prison and death. When the sinister arms of the Bourbon dynasty still hung their threat over Naples, and the foreign flags of Spain, France, and Austria fluttered from the ports of Gaeta, Civita Vecchia, and Leghorn, Genoa could still display

the white cross of Savoy, floating calmly on the breeze—a sight to gladden the fugitive's heart with the prospect of immediate security, and the hope of a better future yet in store.

Fusco never wavered from his opinion that here lay the only true solution of the Italian problem. He despised foreign intervention—it was useless in the day of adversity; why should it be called in in the day of prosperity, to complicate the question with all the additional petty jealousies and alliances of the various European States? No less decided were his utterances on the internal divisions and parties which threatened to tear in pieces the newly-made kingdom before it was a year old. He was no Democrat, he shudders when the extreme Republican party brought the country to the verge of anarchy. ‘One more step,’ he writes, ‘and we were over the precipice. A great blot would have stained this wonderful page in our history, and would have involved the destruction of the entire fabric erected at the cost of how many a gallant life, how many a noble intellect, how many repeated sacrifices on the part of the whole nation!’ And although Garibaldi receives his grateful homage as the liberator of his country, although no terms can be more enthusiastic than those in which he invites the Neapolitans to raise a monument to the great General, he is not blind to those indiscretions which placed for a time the whole cause in jeopardy, though he would rather ascribe them to the ‘cattivo genio del generoso generale,’ ‘che si chiamava una volta Bertani, ed ora lo chiamano Crispi.’

Aware that the demagogic politics prevalent all over Europe in 1848 had caused the various States to look with suspicion upon the efforts of Italian patriotism, Fusco avails himself of a paper on Mazzini to rescue Italy from the category of disorganised and revolutionised countries, and to place her in her true attitude before the Continent:—

‘No one,’ he says, ‘can deny how much has been done by Giuseppe Mazzini for the cause of liberty; but his mistake has been, to refuse to comprehend the real state of the situation; and worse than this, to insist upon the strict fulfilment of his ideas, and his ideas alone. Any one who has considered the present aspect of Italian affairs will perceive at a glance that it is no longer a question of liberty; the question is now one of nationality. The people of Italy, with far-seeing policy, have agreed to constitute a national independence, and the great power of the Turin Government results from a complete understanding of the will of the nation, and a determination to guide it to that issue.

‘Mazzini, on the other hand, wishes for a social revolution, and has thus raised against himself the people he desires to liberate. . . . Mazzini has a few adherents, but no following among the people; on the

other hand, the Government of Turin has won, by a judicious policy, the confidence of the whole nation.'

Thus it came to pass, that at last the memorable day dawned for Italy when twenty-two millions of Italians signified as one man their choice of Victor Emmanuel as their Sovereign. Fusco was a spectator of the scene, and he wished that all Europe could have witnessed with him the quiet and orderly conduct of the much-maligned Neapolitans on that occasion. Twice only the general joy and self-congratulation rose to anything like a tumult—when Garibaldi's carriage was recognised in the streets, and when Baron Pocrio, accompanied by other returned exiles, approached the Municipal Palace to record his vote. At the sight of the gallant old man who had suffered so much, the multitude broke into frenzied applause.

The King's entry into Naples, which followed immediately upon his election, was also witnessed by Fusco:—

'Literature, art, and history,' he writes, 'will one day vie with one another in describing this crisis in our political life. But no strain of poetry could be too high-flown, no colouring of romance too brilliant, to represent in an adequate manner the boundless enthusiasm, the wild joy of that moment throughout the city.'

It would certainly need the descriptive power of Ariosto or Tasso, the glowing pencil of Titian or Tintoret, to do justice to such a scene—the streets crowded with thousands of rejoicing people, eager to catch, if it were possible, a passing glimpse of the Sovereign, whose name had been their watchword for many a long year, and whose presence on that day was the pledge of the ratification of their hopes, the signal for acclamation and 'evvivas' which rent the skies. Italian colours fluttered from every roof, garlands of flowers were showered from every balcony, and birds, released in hundreds from captivity, at every stage of the royal progress, were a fitting symbol of the national deliverance from oppression and bondage; the never-ending, still-recurring, inexhaustible source of the rejoicings of that eventful day.

No sooner has the curtain fallen on this the culminating scene of the first act of the drama of Italian independence than Fusco turns to consider the future of his country. The diplomatic position is still critical; but, at all events, the new kingdom has already one ally. Europe, at first breathless with astonishment at the daring enterprise of Garibaldi, and the no less hardy policy of *Il Rè Galantuomo*, recovers herself to express her opinion by the mouthpiece of her various Powers. After the mild discouragement of Prussia, the bitter reproaches of Russia, the muttered vengeance of Austria, the

uncertain attitude of France, Italy is thankful to bask in the sunshine of English sympathy, declared in plain, unequivocal terms; and, thus encouraged, the 'Cæsare' of the people's choice begins already to feel himself more firm in the saddle. But the internal organisation of the kingdom was a question of even graver importance than her external relations with Europe, and one likely to afford ample scope for the energies of the Italian patriot for many years to come. Fusco describes the new machine of the State creaking and groaning, and working 'a balzi' amid the chaos of disorder left by the departed dynasty. His mission as editor of the 'Nazionale' being accomplished, he lays down his pen to accept an office in the department of 'L'Istruzione Pubblica' under the new Government. He chose that of Inspector-in-Chief of the Schools, primary and secondary, in all the provinces of the old kingdom of Naples; and he inaugurates his appointment by a striking appeal to the youth of Italy. They have a sacred mission to fulfil, for it rests with them to establish the country on so secure and orderly a basis as to render the return of despotism difficult, if not altogether impossible. The thread of the future destiny of the country, he proceeds, is in the hands of this generation.

'Theirs is the unconsumed fire of youthful energy, only waiting to be called forth, generous enthusiasm, noble aspirations uncontaminated by contact with the world. Turn then from the past, and look steadily towards the future! Others may dwell upon the glories of past times, we belong to an epoch of living reality, changing from hour to hour; and the memories of the past are only useful as an incentive to emulate them in our own time.'

He would have them consider that the most difficult part of the Revolution is yet to come—the moral and social revolution, which must declare itself in the daily habits of the citizen's life, in the general ideas of order, legality, justice, and national dignity among the populace—ideas which must be as the very heart's blood of the nation if they would complete the regeneration of these provinces, and render the Italian kingdom calm and powerful, respected by other nations, and worthy of such respect.

Agriculture, trade, industries, manufactures, commerce, science, art, literature—even the forms of government itself—he summons to the great work, and his energies do not spend themselves in words alone. He worked unceasingly in his new office, which he had accepted without salary, shocked at the clamorous demand for lucrative official appointments which beset the new Government on all sides: -

'It is perhaps natural,' he writes, 'that the citizens of Naples should believe everything to be possible to the new Government, but the distribution of Government offices has ever been one of the gravest difficulties of the party in power. There is the new element to be introduced, so necessary in the new aspect of affairs; then, there are the victims of despotism, who have—or think they have—a just claim to demand what they please. Of victims belonging to this class, the Bourbon dynasty may be accounted responsible for so vast a number, that it would take *four Italies* to give them what would be considered a sufficient indemnification for their sufferings. What then is the Ministry to do? We do not see that they can do better than be guided by the consideration of the general welfare of the State, without regard to any other consideration. To suppose that any individual can fill any post is folly. Still greater folly is the belief that the sole qualification of "*Il Martirio Politico*" gives a claim to the most responsible and most remunerative office. The good of the State should be the supreme consideration of the statesman, a maxim which cannot be set aside in a free country without weakening the Ministerial authority. (Vol. i. p. 178.)

The financial distress of the country was also a question of momentous gravity, the worst of all the bad legacies left by the Bourbon administration to be dealt with by the new State. The resources of the country had been brought to their lowest ebb by a system which sedulously closed all channels of communication, either industrial or commercial, between Italy and other nations; which reduced the people to the utmost misery, that they might be the more easily corrupted, the more entirely dependent upon the Government. Thus they had lost all power of helping themselves, and every spark of enterprise had long since died out from among them. Bread was dear, labour scarce, poverty and misery on all sides.

In the midst of this general confusion and distress, Fusco's thoughts revert to England, and to his wife, from whom he had been separated several months, and he longs to resume the broken thread of his quiet English life, with those literary occupations which had been the solace of his exile. But then he reflects that this would be a life of egotism which could not satisfy him, which would always leave behind it a pang of remorse in the thought that he had abandoned his country when he might still have been of service to her. He does not hesitate long. The claim of his country is again paramount, the home in London is broken up, his wife summoned to join him at Naples (May, 1861); and henceforth his visits to England are only of a flying character, for the purpose of gaining information—educational, industrial, agricultural, or otherwise—which may be of benefit to Italy. A very little experience in his

office convinces him of two things: (1stly) that the whole method of education in Naples would have to be rebuilt, from its very foundation; (2ndly) that it was useless to approach it from the philosophical side alone; that all future success must depend in a great measure upon a precise and clear understanding of the technical method and details of teaching. When the first result of his inspection reveals to him a fearful state of ignorance, he finds that he can bring no practical knowledge to grapple with it, and, conscious of this deficiency, he visits England. The contrast between the two countries strikes him with painful force:—

‘When I compare Italy with other countries,’ he writes, ‘I perceive that we are in a state of semi-barbarism. Science is unknown in our country, not only among the middle classes, but among men of education and intellect. And science, the exact sciences, with their innumerable various and wide applications to industry, agriculture, manufacture, and commerce, will command the future. Literature and literary culture must have a definite and positive aim, if it would preserve its narrow thread of life; but it must inevitably yield the ground to scientific culture, the only learning which will be both effectual and remunerative in the years to come.’

This may, or may not, be so in the future, but for the present we would rather leave the indefatigable patriot to his researches on behalf of his country, among the industries, manufactures, and scientific discoveries of England, as displayed in the Exhibition of 1862, till we join him at the Dante Festival at Florence in 1865. The universal jubilee in honour of the great father of the Italian language would, on the contrary, lead us to hope that the delights of literature and poetry may yet hold their ground a little longer against the cold, material laws of science. On this occasion, Fusco was the representative of his native city of Trani. Trani had reason to be proud of her citizen, and had welcomed him with open arms when he returned from exile in 1860; for, as soon as the tumult in Naples had subsided, Fusco bent his steps homewards, where his mother greeted with tender affection the son whom she had never hoped to see again, not to speak of his sisters, although they were no longer the *sorelline* he had left behind him when he fled from his home in 1848.

During his tour through the southern provinces of Bari and Lecce, in the discharge of his office, Fusco had occasion to visit Trani again in the year 1861, for the purpose of founding a provincial Patriotic Association. The main objects of this institution were the support of the Government, the maintenance of law and order, the instruction of the people, either by schools

for children, or by popular addresses explaining the laws and language to the adult population. It will be remembered that Fusco's earliest patriotic efforts took the form of inculcating the study of the pure Italian idiom upon his countrymen. Never was he roused to greater indignation than when the Austrians endeavoured to force their language upon the country. After the reconstruction of the kingdom he was more than ever convinced that it was of vital importance to substitute, by degrees, the pure idiom for the various provincial dialects. He held to his point, in spite of much ridicule of his 'Tos-
'caneggiare,' and his adherence to a language which might have been used by his great-grandfather. In the year 1865, on Fusco's return from another inspection of the southern provinces, the Government entrusted him with the difficult task of re-opening the clerical schools, which had been suppressed in the ex-kingdom of Naples, and of re-organising them on the system of the reigning Government. His appointment was signified to the Prefect of Naples in the following flattering terms: 'The Inspector (for this purpose) chosen by the Government is l'onorevole Cav. Edoardo Fusco, already known to you, whose noble qualities are in themselves a guarantee to the Government of the success of his mission.' This was not the only proof of Ministerial confidence in the talents and principles of Fusco. The faithful and successful discharge of several other offices, of more or less importance, connected with the Department of Public Instruction, won him at last the permanent distinction of the chair of Anthropology and Pedagogy in the University of Naples; or, as he describes it in less abstruse terms, 'the direction of the human faculties in the study of science, and the best method of imparting education and instruction to the people.' This Professorship had been in abeyance since 1860; Fusco was the first appointed to fill it under the new *régime*. The course of study in the University was intended for, and made obligatory in the case of, students aspiring to be inspectors, or schoolmasters, or professors in the universities. Fusco began his lectures in the November of 1866 with a powerful opening address, in which he quotes, with effect, Lord Brougham's remark,—that it was not cannon which changed the face of the world, but the village schoolmaster. He filled this office for seven years, during which time the students gleaned much from those stores of knowledge which—at first accumulated by years of study—were afterwards enlarged by visiting the cities and universities of other nations; by the study of the various technical contemporary works on education, and by the frequent

interchange of ideas with the learned professors of either hemisphere.

In this way he was able to approach with confidence the great problems of the nineteenth century—compulsory education, the employment of labour, the dwellings of the poor—to reason upon them in the abstract, and then to consider their special application to Italians and Italy. With such an end in view he edited for four years a paper called ‘*Il Progresso Educativo*,’ which was first published in March, 1869. The introduction is chiefly occupied with a retrospect of the eight years which have elapsed since the political reconstitution of Italy. The time appears an age, though it is within the memory of us all; only the brief space of eight years had intervened since the princes and rulers of Italy vied with one another in closing the schools, and in shutting out knowledge from the people, lest the light should penetrate the dense mass of ignorance, and make them desire a state other than that of the corruption and degradation in which they vegetated and ‘*in-tristissero*’—for the word cannot be translated—but now, in the ninth year of the *risorgimento*, it is time to look round and see what had been done.

There is no doubt that the number of teachers, pupils, and educational institutions has increased tenfold, that the State has spent thousands, nay, millions more than had ever yet been spent, but still there is much ignorance left to contend with, many prejudices to combat, no little presumption to check, no small number of errors to correct. Although the country was never more alive to the necessity of educating the people, it is well known how wide is the difference between the mere wish for the welfare of the people and the actual setting to work to promote that welfare, or, as the Italians would themselves express it—

‘*Del detto al fatto*
C’è un bel tratto.’

And, alas! for the Italian character, the eager wish for improvement disappears when put to the test of labour and study. With them more than with any other nation ‘*Le mieux est l’ennemi du bien*,’ and the time is spent in condemning what they have, and clamouring for what they have not, because it is so much easier to point out faults and omissions than to remedy the one or supply the other. There is no one thoroughly conversant with the Italian character who would not perceive how deteriorating must be the effect of these constant complaints and dissatisfaction, resulting from a wrong

conception of the meaning of liberty. Instead of these and similar useless lamentations, the object of the 'Progresso Educativo' was to grapple with the difficulties one by one, and to suggest some remedy for them, each in its turn. Although Fusco is the first to throw himself in the gap, he does not propose to undertake so arduous a task single-handed; his hopes of success rest in the co-operation of others, interested, like himself, in the moral and social welfare of his country. Their efforts ought to be concentrated upon the South of Italy: these provinces, with their special needs and characteristics, were well known to Fusco; also, when compared with Northern Italy, how deficient they were in technical instruction, how few and insufficient were the schools, how great was the ignorance of the women, not only of the lower, but also of the upper class! The papers deal one by one with these difficulties, and in spite of the writer's profound conviction of the necessity of 'scuole, sempra scuole, e dappertutto scuole,' he cannot bring himself to accept, as a whole, the *compulsory* system of education, which he had made the subject of careful examination during one of his visits to England.

When asked by the Department of Public Instruction to give his opinion upon the subject, he devotes two chapters of the 'Progresso Educativo' to the consideration of this question, and comes to these dispassionate conclusions:—(1) That the compulsory system is not a violation of the liberty of the subject; on the contrary, a social guarantee, and a useful safeguard against domestic despotism. (2) That compulsory education is not sufficient of itself to secure the welfare or prosperity of a nation; a proof of this fact is furnished by modern Greece, where the system has been in operation since 1830, and has produced no increase of industry, no progress in literature or science worthy of the name. (3) That the compulsory system cannot be asserted as a general principle to be applied without distinction of country, place, or social class.

With regard to Italy it would be impossible, on the ground of economy alone, to recommend a scheme to the Government; for the finance of the country is at present by no means equal to the enormous outlay which the project would involve. He deals in the same manner with another burning topic of the age: the education—or, to adopt the current phrase, though it is by no means always applicable, 'the *higher* education of 'women.'

'Certainly,' he writes, 'the problem of the education of women is

one of the most arduous to solve in the present altered condition of modern civilisation. Some change on this point is necessary. The altered condition of society has made this an evident necessity in an age of liberty. No longer the idols of an absurd chivalry' (alas! even from Italy must we hear the echo of the sad truth that the "age of chivalry is gone!"); no longer the slaves or the playthings of mankind, women would now prefer either to share in their labours, or indeed to work for themselves, and make their own way without the help of a companion. For either purpose a woman must be better educated, her acquirements must be of a less superficial kind, she must have passed through a more serious discipline of life. Let us then give her the opportunity of instructing, educating, and disciplining her noble faculties; but let us, at the same time, be careful to avoid the perils which the process may entail. Exaggeration on this point is most common, and the sentimentalists of civilisation are apt to overshoot the mark when they discuss this, one of the favourite topics of the time. Chivalry appears again in a totally new and different dress, and descants upon sundry doctrines of equality—with which we agree up to a certain point—but loses sight of certain special conditions, certain educational safeguards, which are important items in a woman's education, and upon which nine-tenths of the success of that education must depend. From the day in which Stuart Mill gave his opinion in favour of women's suffrage, a series of ideas upon emancipation ensued, and found its interpretation in thousands of authors and authoresses, especially among the Transatlantic Anglo-Saxons, where the manners and customs of democracy have predisposed the social mind to give its full countenance to this emancipation (so-called) of women. The rapid spread of these ideas in America, the nature and amount of studies successfully accomplished by American women, would scarcely be credited in Italy, but we cannot touch upon them here, nor can we hope, I might add nor do we desire, to imitate them.

'We may, however, find in the example of other nations a useful incentive to ameliorate the education of our own countrywomen, that they may assist the development of a civilization of which they are the climax and the crown.' (Vol. ii. pp. 228-9.)

The dwellings of the poor, the care of the blind, the method of clerical education, and the instruction to be given in prisons, are treated successively in the pages of '*Il Progresso Educativo*,' with the same thoughtful consideration, the same careful comparison with the institutions of other nations.

In one of the chapters dedicated to a review of the scholastic institutions of Naples, Fusco laments over the condition of the Royal School of Music, which had taken the place of the old Conservatorio. It would have been impossible for a Neapolitan by birth, proud of an inheritance rich with such musical memories as Scarlatti Paisiello, Verdi, and Merca-

dante, to view with equanimity the decay of one of the greatest glories of Naples in past times ; and he made many endeavours to rouse the Government to take some action on its behalf before it was too late. His position and character gave weight to any suggestion he might make upon this or any other point, and sometimes the changes he desired were brought to pass ; but the work of the Government was still slow and painful as that of a machine with blunted and rusty teeth, nor was it his lot to see any immediate, or very definite, results from his unwearied labours. In the very midst of them, in the prime of life and manhood, with the cheering reflection of a well-spent past, the zest of an active present, and the promise of a noble future, he was overtaken by the fatal illness of heart disease, hereditary in his family, and in forty-eight hours he was dead—December 28, 1873.

This brief sketch of his life will have failed in its object if it has not conveyed to the reader the impression of a noble and disinterested nature, of an enthusiastic disposition tempered by judgment, of a rare intellect, which, though mainly self-taught, was free from conceit, ever open to conviction, and ready to learn from all places and all men, so as to gather from the stores of all countries a rich harvest of learning. 'The fruits of this harvest he poured into the lap of the beloved *'patria terra,'* hoping thus to relieve her from the poverty and distress entailed by centuries of oppression, and to place her, in the first years of her new-born freedom, on an equality with her sister European States. To this end he thrice sacrificed a brilliant prospect in England to return to Italy, and, while placemongers were besetting the new Government, he gave his services gratuitously to his country, and performed the duties of a position of comparative drudgery with cheerful alacrity and unflagging zeal. Thus he laboured, and thus he died. So unpretending, so little self-seeking was his career that it might have remained in comparative shadow during that brilliant epoch of Italian history had it not been for the efforts of the faithful companion of his labours, his sorrows, and his joys. Hers was the loving and congenial task of collecting the scattered fragments of a life spent in the service of others, and of presenting them to the judgment of posterity in one perfect whole. Should any details be yet lacking to complete the picture, they may be supplied by those ornaments of character which make the charm of domestic life, a ready sympathy, a never-failing courtesy, and a tender affection which could, even from the tomb, command the following pathetic farewell :—

'Terra del pianto ove il mio amor riposa,
 Da te io prendo ormai l'estremo addio;
 L'ultima volta è questa che amorosa
 Lacrima spande su di te il cor mio,
 E colgo al suo sepolcro il mesto fiore
 Che inaridito porterò sul core.

Addio! terra diletta, che nascondi
 Quanto di grande, generoso e bello
 Un Dio per me creava nei due mondi;
 Addio, terra del pianto, amato avello,
 Or l'universo mio è questo fiore
 Che inaridito porterò sul core.'

ART. VIII.—1. *The Ornithological Works of ARTHUR, ninth Marquis of TWEEDDALE.* Reprinted from the originals by the desire of his Widow. Edited and revised by his Nephew, ROBERT G. WARDLAW RAMSAY, F.L.S., F.Z.S., M.B.O.U., Captain 74th Highlanders (late 67th Regiment), together with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D. For private circulation. 1 vol. 4to. London: 1881.

2. *Proceedings and Transactions of the Zoological Society of London.* London: 1866–1879.

3. *Report on the Scientific Results of the Voyage of H.M.S. 'Challenger.'* Zoology. Vol. II. London: 1881. *On the Birds collected in the Philippine Islands.* By ARTHUR, Marquis of TWEEDDALE, F.R.S.

OF the various forms of memorial of literary men which have of late years come into vogue, that of the republication of their works in a connected and uniform shape seems to be at once the most appropriate and the most likely to be enduring. At the same time it is agreeable to the utilitarian spirit of the age, in offering a great convenience to those who may have occasion to consult the labours of their predecessors, and who are thus saved the trouble of hunting up papers and references scattered about in perhaps a dozen different periodicals.

A literary monument of this kind has been compiled by pious hands in the case of two well-known members, whose recent loss the Zoological Society of London has occasion to deplore. Arthur, ninth Marquis of Tweeddale, President of that Society, and Alfred Henry Garrod, their Prosector, were

both removed in the fulness of their powers and in the midst of active work. In the former case the widow, in the latter the friends of the deceased naturalist have undertaken the task, alike in the hope of perpetuating the memory of the author of so much good work, and of rendering his labours more accessible to succeeding investigators in the same field of research. It is to the writings of the former of these two individuals, which present several features of much interest, that we propose to direct attention on the present occasion.

The late Lord Tweeddale was devoted to the pursuit of Nature from his earliest days, and wrote his first ornithological essay when hardly twenty years of age. An ensign and lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, he left England as Lord Arthur Hay, when little more than seventeen, to serve as aide-de-camp to his father, then Governor of Madras. Here he made the acquaintance of Dr. Jerdon, the celebrated Indian ornithologist, and of Mr. Edward Blyth, curator of the Asiatic Society's Mission at Calcutta, and in their company entered at once upon the study of the rich and varied avi-fauna of our Eastern dominions. That in a very short time he had made himself well acquainted with, and indeed almost master of, this branch of science, is fully evident from the memoir which he communicated in 1844 to the 'Madras Journal of Literature and Science.' His article on 'Supposed new or imperfectly described Species of Birds' shows that soon after his arrival in India, he had himself attained a thorough knowledge of the difficult subject to which he had turned his attention, and was likely to add materially to what was already known of it.

In the following year (1845) Lord Arthur Hay was too much engaged in military duty to pay much attention to ornithology. Appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Hardinge, he served through the Sutlej campaign, and was present at the famous battles of Ferozeshah and Sobraon. These decisive victories led, as is well known, to the treaties of March 1846, whereby the territory of Cashmere was transferred to Gholab Singh, and thus rendered accessible to British travellers.

No sooner was this result achieved than Lord Arthur Hay determined to take advantage of the opportunity which thus presented itself of exploring a new district. Accompanied by some brother officers—amongst whom were Lord Elphinstone, Lord James Browne, Captain H. Bates, and Lieutenant A. Hardinge—he proceeded to Jumnoo, and was received with marked courtesy by the Maharajah at his ancestral residence. Leaving Jumnoo, the party crossed by the Banihal pass into

the valley of Kashmir. After spending a month there, Lord Arthur Hay and Lord Hardinge started for Ballastan *via* the Kishengunga valley and Dessai plains, and after visiting Skardo, travelled on to Leh, in Ladakh, and thence, through Rupshu and traversing the high pass of Parang La (19,000 feet), returned to Simla. The party met with a good deal of trouble and vexatious delay in this latter part of the journey, which at that period was of a venturesome if not of a dangerous nature. On this journey, as Dr. Russell informs us, Lord Arthur took with him 'a complete set of barometers for heights, thermometers, a sextant, a quadrant, two compasses, a time-dial, two pedometers, and mapping instruments, so that he evidently intended to turn his travels to good account.' In the diary which he kept on this occasion 'the natural features of the country, the events of each day, the sporting adventures, the animals, and, above all, the birds are described in clear, good English.' Many specimens of rare and little-known birds were collected, some of which were subsequently used by Gould as types of his figures in his great work on the 'Birds of Asia.'*

After the expedition into Kashmir and Ladakh there is a gap of many years in the ornithological work of Lord Tweeddale. Having returned to England, Lord Arthur Hay, as he was then styled, became immersed in military duties and other occupations which held him for some time quite aloof from scientific pursuits. During this interval the Crimean war took place, in which he served with his regiment, joining it with reinforcements in December 1854, 'just as the worst period of the chaos which had long reigned at Balaclava had been tided over.' How keenly Lord Arthur entered into the details of that celebrated struggle, and how excellently he criticised the disgraceful conduct of our affairs on that occasion and the mismanagement which prevailed on all sides, is sufficiently manifest in the lengthened extracts from his private letters, given by Dr. Russell in his 'Biographical Sketch.'

With the termination of the Crimean war the active life of Lord Arthur Hay, as regards the army, came to a close, although his interest in all that concerns the profession of arms never ceased. In 1862, having become by the death of

* We believe that the singular three-toed Sandgrouse of Tibet (*Syrrhaptes tibetanus*), the Red-rumped Mountain-finch (*Montofringilla hæmatopygis*), and other new birds described and figured by Gould in the earlier numbers of the 'Birds of Asia,' were discovered during this expedition.

his elder brother, Lord Gifford, heir to the Marquisate of Tweeddale, Lord Walden, as he then styled himself, after two years' residence in London, bought some land at Chislehurst, and soon afterwards built the charming country residence, called Walden Cottage, which remained his principal home until his accession to the marquisate. Here, somewhat out of humour with politics and with the turn of affairs on the Continent, Lord Walden reverted to his former occupation of natural history, and devoted himself to the acquisition of books and specimens with characteristic energy. No expense was spared to render his series of ornithological works complete, and even to bring together collections of birds from every part of the Eastern tropics. Satisfied that in such an extensive subject good work could only be done by the selection of a particular branch of it for special study, Lord Walden resolved to devote his energies to the investigation of the birds of Eastern Asia and its islands, with a portion of which he had already made acquaintance in early life. With such opportunities backed by unremitting application, it need hardly be said that Lord Walden quickly became the leading authority on Indian ornithology. Collections flowed in from all countries of the East, while Quaritch in London, and Friedlander in Berlin, were active in filling up the *lacunæ* of the ornithological library at Chislehurst. In 1865 Lord Walden became a member of the 'British Ornithologists' Union'—an association of naturalists principally devoted to the publication of a journal of ornithology, called the 'Ibis,' to which thenceforward he became a constant contributor until the day of his death. In 1868, having been for some years a member of the Council of the Zoological Society of London, he was unanimously elected president, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Sir George Clerk, of Penicuik. In the affairs of this society Lord Walden took the keenest interest. Constantly in his place as chairman, and an admirable guide in all its business, both ordinary and scientific, there can be no question of the signal services which he rendered to the Zoological Society, of which he remained president at the time of his decease.

It was to the ornithological journal called the 'Ibis,' above mentioned, and to the 'Proceedings and Transactions' of the Zoological Society, that the greater part of the numerous notes and memoirs upon his favourite study that Lord Walden wrote during the second phase of his scientific work were contributed. The list given in the 'Contents' of his collected works shows that in the twelve years from 1866 to 1878 these amounted

altogether to seventy-six, many of which are of considerable length. A large portion of these essays are of a very technical character; they concern questions of nomenclature and the identity of species which are of little interest except to the professed ornithologist. But it will not be difficult, we think, to give a general outline of some of the leading features of Lord Tweeddale's ornithological work during these twelve years, which may be of interest to a larger class of readers.

The first memoir on the list, which was read before the Zoological Society on November 22, 1866, and subsequently printed in the 'Proceedings,' relates to a collection of birds made by Captain Beavan—a corresponding member of the Society—in British Burmah, near Moulmein, and in the lower valley of the Salween, which was placed in Lord Tweeddale's hands for identification by the secretary to the Society. The birds of British Burmah were not nearly so well known as they now are from the labours of Davison, Ramsay, and Oates. As the author of the memoir observes:—

'An exhaustive catalogue of the avi-fauna of the Tenasserim provinces has yet to be compiled. The identity of rarer species with the types from the neighbouring countries has in the majority of cases yet to be determined; and where differences occur, the degree and nature of the variation have in many instances still to be made known. In nearly all the species the exact limits of their areas of distribution remain a desideratum; and it is only by means of local collections, such as the one Captain Beavan is now engaged in making, that any progress in these branches of knowledge can become possible. Mr. Blyth, it is true, has amassed a large number of facts bearing on these subjects; but they are scattered through so many papers and different periodicals, that, until they are brought together and systematically arranged, much time will have to be spent by the student, before full benefit can be derived from their undoubted value. In Europe, little has been done, chiefly in consequence of the want of authentic specimens from different localities, and sufficiently large series of the specimens sent. As a result of this paucity of local specimens in our museums, or rather in one and the same collection, many species inhabiting the continent of India, for instance, remain still bearing titles originally bestowed on forms foreign to that country; and an absolute identity, as far as these species are concerned, is thus assumed to exist between birds, not migratory, inhabiting regions widely apart. And yet, on comparison being made between actual specimens from distant localities, certain differences are frequently, and in many genera invariably, discovered, which, whether of specific value in the opinion of some naturalists or not, still seem to go far in showing that absolute stability and immutability of specific forms in birds does not exist.'

To the birds of British Burmah, it will be observed, on reference to the list of memoirs, Lord Tweeddale continued to

give constant attention in succeeding years, describing new species in 1871, 1873, and 1875, from the collections of Major Lloyd and Captain Wardlaw Ramsay. In the last-named year also Lord Tweeddale executed an excellent piece of work in connexion with the same district by undertaking the revision of the bird portion of the 'Catalogue of the Mammals and Birds of Burmah,'* drawn up by the celebrated Indian naturalist, Blyth, and left unpublished at the time of his decease. This memoir is still the leading volume of reference on the birds of British Burmah, though it is likely to be superseded very shortly, we believe, by a new work on the subject by Mr. E. Oates.

Passing over various smaller essays, we must now call attention to some of Lord Tweeddale's apposite criticisms on the ornithological observations made by the late Dr. Stoliczka. These were published in the 'Ibis' for 1869, and show most clearly how sagacious he was in appreciating the merits of an explorer who subsequently did such excellent work in Central Asia, and unfortunately succumbed to the hardships of his return journey from Yarkand.

'In the "Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal,"' writes Lord Tweeddale, 'a paper has been published, entitled "Ornithological Observations in the Sulej Valley, N.W. Himalayas," which deserves the attention and the study of the philosophical ornithologist. The author, Dr. Stoliczka, is a gentleman whose name is well known as that of a distinguished palaeontologist and geologist. And this, I believe, his first ornithological contribution, possesses merits more than sufficient to entitle him to a high place among scientific ornithologists. The accession to our ranks of a recruit already so eminent in other branches of the natural sciences will be hailed with pleasure, and, by those who aim at higher objects than the mere priority of naming their species, with gratitude. The addition of another labourer in the but partially tilled field of Asiatic zoology will be welcome to the few, though happily increasing, workers in that much-neglected region of the earth's surface; while a perusal of Dr. Stoliczka's paper will show that it is possible for a naturalist primarily and chiefly occupied with a widely differing branch of research, to combine a record of practical zoological observations made in the field with an almost rigid accuracy of nomenclature.'

After pointing out that, according to Dr. Stoliczka's observations, the avi-fauna of the Sulej valley contains a strange mixture of forms belonging to the plains of continental India

* Published in an extra number of the 'Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal' for 1875.

with those of the elevated table-lands of the Himalayas, Lord Walden continues as follows :—

‘ In his instructive sketch (p. 53) of the physical construction of the Sutlej valley, Dr. Stoliczka supplies us with a ready explanation of this apparently anomalous commingling of the avi-faunas of such different zoological provinces. The Sutlej, without making a long eastern or western circuit, like the Bramapootra and the Indus, breaks, in an almost direct line towards the plains, through the intervening ranges of gigantic mountains, cutting its way, or bursting a passage, through the solid rock, and jumping, in a course of 180, or in a straight line of 110 miles, from an altitude of 13,000 to that of 1,000 feet. Its valley and those of its affluents thus provide an easy means of access from the plains to the elevated table-lands north of the Himalayas, and become a direct highway for birds migrating from the north or the south of those mountains: and although, in historical times at least, neither the nations north nor south of the Himalayan barrier have ever availed themselves of these natural advantages either for warlike or commercial purposes, Dr. Stoliczka almost implies that the most feasible route to or from Central Asia is to be met with by following the course of the Sutlej. The country of the plains extends to within the mouth of the valley; and there are still to be found the animals indigenous to the low country. Higher up, but yet in the lower portions of the valley, to an elevation of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, many low country species of birds find those conditions of food and climate which become suspended in the plains during the great heat and drought of summer, and the means of forming their nests and rearing their young. And there also a few Central Himalayan hill-forms occur, but diminished in variety and number of species, having almost reached their western geographical limit, through the action and effects of an increased latitude; while as the valley continues rising to its greatest elevation, the species and genera of the Central Asiatic fauna begin to appear, increasing in number, until, when the summit is gained, they almost exclusively predominate.

‘ In short this valley, which has its beginning in the Tibetan zoological province, and its termination in the Indian, is a highway for birds which pass the summer in Central or Northern Asia, and the winter in India, and is alternately a refuge for those Tibetan birds which cannot endure the rigour of a Tibetan winter, and for those Indian species which are unable to support the great heats of an Indian summer.’

To the ‘ Ibis ’ for 1871 Lord Walden again contributed a critical paper upon another ornithological essay of the same author. On this occasion, however, the scene is shifted to the province Wellesley in the Malay peninsula, and, whilst according an equal meed of praise to Dr. Stoliczka’s diligence and accuracy, Lord Walden gives some good reasons why he cannot in every case agree with the conclusions arrived at.

In the same year Lord Walden read before the Zoological

Society an elaborate memoir on the birds of the island of Celebes. This was subsequently published in the Society's 'Transactions,' and forms one of the best bits of work which he had yet accomplished. As shown by Mr. Wallace in his well-known volumes of travel in the Malay archipelago, the flora and fauna of Celebes are subjects of special interest. Celebes is just on the line where the Oriental Region terminates and the Australian Region begins, and it is a great question to which of these two primary zoological divisions the island is most naturally to be referred. In order to contribute towards the solution of this problem, Lord Walden set to work to collect all the available information yet published on the Celebesian avi-fauna, and to construct thereupon a complete account of the birds of the island and the adjacent island groups of Sanghir and Sula. Thus, aided by the unrivalled series of specimens from these localities in his own collection, he succeeded in producing a most valuable memoir. After a critical list of the Celebesian species of birds, as thus determined, the singular relations of this ornis are set forth in a series of six tables in which the various signs of connexion between India on the one hand, and Australia on the other, are given. These tables are elaborately discussed; and, although no positive result is stated in so many words, the balance of evidence is shown to be on the Indian side.

'The number of birds inhabiting Celebes amounts at least to 193. Of this number sixty-five are peculiar to the island. Twenty more are found also in the Sula islands, or the Sanghir group, making a total of eighty-five species peculiar to Celebes and the two groups just mentioned. Of the remaining 108 species, fifty-five have Indian affinities (that is, are elsewhere only found in the Indian region as opposed to the Australian), though many extend beyond the limits of the Indian region; fourteen are found in the Australian and not in the Indian region, and twenty-eight are common to both regions; eight more species seem to be confined to the Moluccan islands; and three, not included above, are doubtfully found beyond Celebes.'

The study of the birds of Celebes naturally led Lord Walden on into investigations of the feathered inhabitants of the adjoining lands. In 1872 and 1873 excellent memoirs were contributed to the 'Ibis' upon collections received at Chislehurst from Northern Borneo and from the Andaman islands. The former of these was made by a well-known traveller, Mr. A. H. Everett, who subsequently, as we shall see, undertook a special expedition in Lord Walden's service; the latter was the result of a visit paid to the Andamans by Lord Walden's own nephew, Captain R. Wardlaw Ramsay, who afterwards

became the legatee of his collection and the editor of his ornithological works. Captain Wardlaw Ramsay was sent on duty to Port Blair with a detachment of his regiment, and, 'being an excellent shot as well as a keen naturalist, collected 'in a couple of months 460 specimens of birds representing 62 'species.' These were worked out by Lord Walden with his usual zeal and ability, and the opportunity was taken of summing up all that was known of the Andamanese avi-fauna, which was shown to resemble 'that of the highlands of India 'south of the Himalayas and west of the Brahmapootra, 'rather than that of the Indo-Malayan or Indo-Chinese 'countries.'

Controversy was by no means congenial to Lord Tweeddale's disposition. As a rule, his critical remarks upon other writings are the reverse of harsh in their character, and only go so far as is necessary to correct error and to place facts on their true basis. But about this time Lord Tweeddale's sympathies were excited by an unprovoked attack made by Mr. Allan Hume, an Indian amateur ornithologist, upon Dr. Finsch, one of the most learned and accomplished naturalists of the Fatherland. In 1867 and 1868 Dr. Finsch had issued two well-known volumes on the Parrots, which still remain the principal authority on this extensive group of birds. In 1874, *i.e.* six years after the publication of the second volume of the 'Monograph,' Mr. Hume took occasion to write a review of it, and, profiting by the knowledge of the Indian species which he had in the meantime acquired, and by some alleged inaccuracies of Dr. Finsch regarding them, proceeded to condemn the whole work in unmeasured terms, accusing the author of 'wanton and perverse ignorance' and 'gratuitous' errors. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Hume, being unacquainted with German,* made some ridiculous blunders as to various expressions used by Dr. Finsch, and indulged himself in a vulgar style of facetiousness, which is hardly suitable to scientific writing. These points Lord Tweeddale, in his 'Reply to Mr. Allan Hume's Review,' published in the 'Ibis' for 1874, seized hold of with great adroitness, and administered to the Indian critic such a rebuke as must have made him long regret that he had not turned his pen in another direction.

In 1873 the acquisition of a fine series of birds collected in

* Amongst other amusing errors Mr. Hume supposes 'Finsch' to be the equivalent of 'Finch' in English, and addresses his author as 'Dr. Fringilla'!

various islands of the Philippine group, by Dr. A. B. Meyer (now director of the Zoological Museum of Dresden), turned Lord Tweeddale's special attention to this somewhat neglected part of the Indian archipelago. The interest attaching itself to the ornithology of this group was already well known to Lord Tweeddale, who, in 1872, had examined and determined a small collection made in one of the smaller islands (Negros) by Mr. E. L. Layard, and who had never since lost sight of the subject. But, excited by the extensive set of specimens received from Dr. Meyer, Lord Tweeddale resolved to prepare a complete and exhaustive memoir on the avi-fauna of the whole of the Philippine group, bringing together all that had been hitherto recorded upon the subject. This plan was carried out in the spring of 1873, and the memoir was read before the Zoological Society in June that year at one of the last meetings of the session, and subsequently published in the quarto 'Transactions.' Here it occupies about 120 pages, illustrated by eleven coloured plates of the rarer and less known birds, and an explanatory map of the Philippine archipelago, the whole forming a companion memoir to Lord Tweeddale's previous essay on the birds of Celebes. In the preface to the memoir, Lord Tweeddale gives a general outline of the authorities on this subject. The only previous attempt to construct a complete list of the Philippine birds had been made by Dr. von Martens, of Berlin, who had enumerated 194 species as pertaining to it. From these Lord Tweeddale's investigations had obliged him to deduct 24 as incorrectly entered; but, on the other hand, he had to add 49, mainly from Dr. Meyer's collections, thus making up the total number to 219. As regards the general character of the birds of the Philippines, he writes as follows:—

'Our knowledge of this avi-fauna is not sufficient to support any general conclusions; but enough is known to establish the fact that the Philippine archipelago, like Celebes, is a border land, linking, as it were, the Papuan and Indian regions. As we quit the mainland of the Indian region in the south-east, it is well known that the Indo-Ethiopian types diminish in number; and in the Philippines, as in Celebes, they may be said to be at their minimum. But along with them many Indo-Malayan types also disappear from both these insular areas; while, on the other hand, they are replaced by peculiarly Papuan generic forms, and by a few peculiar forms not in numbers sufficient to balance the absence of the Indo-Ethiopian and the Indo-Malayan. We consequently find an ornis more anomalous in its admixture of forms, but poorer as regards species. So far as we know, it may be asserted that, after Celebes, the Philippine archipelago is the least rich in Indian genera and species of all the sub-areas of the Indian region; while, like

Celebes, it is stamped with a marked Papuan character by the presence of *Cacatua* and *Megapodius*, and by its richness in members of the *Psittacida*, *Alcedinida*, and *Columbida*.'

After the publication of this excellent memoir it need hardly be said that Lord Tweeddale was universally regarded as the leading authority on the birds of every part of the Malay archipelago. Disputed questions on this subject were referred to him for solution, and doubtful specimens for determination. This is fully manifest as we look through his smaller papers about this period. In 1876 the 'Challenger' returned home with its multifarious specimens, and the Philippine specimens were immediately placed by Mr. Selater (who had undertaken the working out of the whole of the collection of birds) at Lord Tweeddale's disposition for determination. The 'Challenger' having visited several previously unexplored islands in the Indian archipelago, many new and interesting species were thus brought to light, which were forthwith described by Lord Tweeddale in the Zoological Society's 'Proceedings,' and subsequently figured in the second volume of the 'Reports of the "Challenger" Expedition.'

But Lord Tweeddale did not long remain content with such accessions to his collection of Philippine birds as might come to him by indirect means. Becoming greatly interested in the rich ornithology of the Philippine archipelago, he resolved to obtain the services of Mr. A. H. Everett, an energetic field-naturalist (of whom we have spoken above in connexion with one of Lord Tweeddale's former papers), for the thorough exploration of the Philippines. Instructed by Lord Tweeddale, Mr. Everett left Sarawak for Manilla at the end of 1876, and visited successively the islands of Luzon, Zebu, Mindanao, Dinagat, Bazol, Nipah, Negros, Leyte, Panaon, Palawan, Bohol, and Basilan, not to mention smaller islets. In each of these islands collections were obtained during the two years devoted by Mr. Everett to this expedition, and were worked out by Lord Tweeddale in a series of papers (twelve in all) published in the Zoological Society's 'Proceedings.' The last two of these were left in manuscript at the time of Lord Tweeddale's death, and were not published until 1879. Taken together, they form a most valuable supplement to the general memoir on the birds of the Philippines of which we have already spoken, not only containing descriptions of a large number of new species, but also giving authentic details as to the geographical distribution of the birds of this archipelago. Mr. Everett having concluded his explorations at the end of 1878, Lord Tweeddale had determined to prepare a new

and revised list of the birds of the Philippines. This plan, however, he did not live to carry out, leaving the manuscript in an unfinished state. To his nephew, Captain Wardlaw Ramsay, the legatee of his ornithological collection, we are indebted for having accomplished the task of bringing this valuable piece of work to a conclusion. It is now published in the appendix to the reprint of Lord Tweeddale's ornithological works, and does credit alike to the ornithologist who designed it and to him who carried it out.

It is thus evident that Lord Tweeddale died in the full tide of his work, leaving behind him a blank in the ranks of British ornithologists which it will be by no means easy to fill. Amongst his brethren of the British Ornithologists' Union, there are no doubt many of accurate knowledge and unflagging industry, and many, we believe, with sufficiently ample means to enable them to undertake new researches. But the combination of the latter accident with the former qualities is, to say the least of it, by no means usual, and the science of ornithology will, as we have good reason to believe, long have to deplore the untimely death of Arthur Hay, ninth Marquis of Tweeddale.

But it is not by men of science only that the loss of this accomplished nobleman will be lamented and his memory cherished. It would not be suitable in this place to enlarge on the sorrow of his family and his friends, but we may be permitted to pay this passing tribute to so blameless and useful a life. Lord Tweeddale's singularly modest and reserved disposition led him to avoid notoriety, and he had taken no part in what is called public life; but he fulfilled to perfection all the duties of the tranquil and retired path which it was his pleasure to pursue. As a traveller, gifted with singular powers of observation, he had not only visited most of the states of Europe, but he had explored the remote provinces of Asia. As an officer, he had not only mastered and applied the rules of regimental duty, but he had studied the science and the art of war. When he succeeded, somewhat late in life, to the hereditary honours and estates of his illustrious family, he immediately displayed all the qualities of an intelligent, liberal, and generous landlord; and although the period during which he filled that position was unhappily very short, he had done enough to show that he was both able and willing to assume a public position of great utility to the interests of Scotland. It is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the northern kingdom, that the heads of the great Scottish houses have for the most part shown as much energy in promoting

the progress of the country and the welfare of our people, as their ancestors had done in leading their retainers to battle. The Scotland of to-day is in great measure the result of their enterprise and enlightened guidance. Thus, for example, the bare heaths and morasses of the Lammermuir hills were changed by the father of the late Marquis into fertile farms, from which, as he used to boast, wheat was brought for the first time to Haddington market. The great rhymers of the North placed near Yester the scene of the phantom fight of Marmion in the days of chivalry; but modern chivalry consists in the victory over ignorance, illiberality, and the miseries of humble life, and he is the best knight and gentleman who labours most effectually to subdue them.

ART. IX.—1. *The British Navy: its Strength, Resources, and Administration.* By Sir THOMAS BRASSEY, K.C.B., M.P., M.A. Vols. I. and II.: Shipbuilding for the Purposes of War. 8vo. London: 1882.

2. *Forewarned, Forearmed.* By the Right Hon. Lord HENRY GORDON LENNOX, M.P. London: 1882.

3. *Address of Sir W. G. ARMSTRONG, C.B., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., President of the Institution of Civil Engineers:* January 10, 1882.

4. *England on the Defensive, or the Problem of Invasion critically examined under the Aspect of a Series of Military Operations.* By Captain J. T. BARRINGTON, late of the Royal Artillery. Crown 8vo. London: 1881.

A LITTLE more than a year ago* it was our duty to call attention to the remarkable fact that of all recent works on the condition and progress of our own and foreign navies, not one was of English authorship. Sir Thomas Brassey has at length wiped away this reproach, and, in his ‘Shipbuilding for the Purposes of War,’ has given us the first instalment of what promises to be almost an Encyclopædia of maritime knowledge. And when we say given, the word may be taken in its literal sense. The volumes, well printed, profusely illustrated, and handsomely got up, are offered for sale at a price that seems insufficient even to pay the cost of publication; the heavy expenses necessarily attending the production of such a work being defrayed by the liberality of the author. The book is

* Edinburgh Review, January, 1881.

thus essentially a gift to the British nation; and treating, as it does, of a subject of the utmost interest and national importance, it is most opportune at the present time, when, owing to a variety of causes, the comparative strength of the British navy has been much discussed.

It is still fresh in our memories how, during last autumn, something approaching to a scare was raised by a letter from one of the Admirals of the Fleet, in which he stated his belief that our fleet was much below par, and that, in all the fittings for naval war, we had allowed the French to come perilously near to an equality. Sir Thomas Symonds's opinion on professional matters necessarily carried great weight, more especially in the minds of those who, knowing his high reputation and distinguished service, were ignorant of the peculiar circumstances which had embittered his spirit and led him to look with jaundiced eyes on everything connected with Admiralty administration. When, however, more recently, Lord Henry Lennox treated the electors of Chatham or of Portsmouth to what would nautically be called a 'twice-laid' version of Sir Thomas Symonds's letter, and embodied this version in a pamphlet, under the title of 'Forewarned, Forearmed,' it was impossible for anyone not to feel a doubt whether his speeches or his pamphlet were quite so free from 'party attack or political bias,' as he himself declared them to be; and notwithstanding his claim to attention as a former Secretary of the Admiralty, there were many unable to remember how his official career was marked by that distinction which could stamp him as an authority on naval matters. He had, however, figures at his command; his tabular statements were published in the daily and weekly papers all over the country; there were few outside the official circle who could, offhand, point out their inaccuracies or exaggerations; and numbers of people, who knew little of a ship and nothing of the navy, beyond the broad facts that it is, in modern language, our first line of defence, and that some ten millions are annually spent on its maintenance, felt their spirits disquieted, and their blood turned to water. Is the old country, they asked, really played out? Are we to live henceforth on the sufferance of our powerful neighbours beyond the Channel? And, to swell this anxiety, out comes a very epic of invasion panic, in the shape of 'England on the Defensive;' a book which is, perhaps, not meant to be mischievous, and which is, in fact, too silly to be so. It is, of course, open to any would-be military reformer to discuss the present condition of our army, or to maintain that it is inadequate to the needs of the kingdom; but to

assume, as the basis of his arguments, that the British navy has ceased to exist, is to wander so far beyond the limits of probability and even of practical possibility, that any proposition deduced from such an hypothesis is undeserving of serious consideration.

The question as to the relative strength and efficiency of the navy is, however, a very different thing, and one not lightly to be put aside. We may doubt the authority of Lord Henry Lennox, or the temper of Sir Thomas Symonds, and yet still feel the necessity of assuring ourselves as to the exact measure of fact or fiction contained in their representations. It is thus, therefore, that we doubly welcome Sir Thomas Brassey's work. The author's official position is a guarantee of his accuracy; for, although it does not permit him to refer to reports not already before the public, it does undoubtedly enable him to check those that have been published, with a severity altogether beyond the reach of other writers. The book is avowedly a compilation; it is based largely on the labours of Mr. King, of the United States Navy; of Captain von Kronenfels or von Littrow of the Austrian Navy; and on the numerous disquisitions which have from time to time appeared in the papers and periodicals of England or the Continent; and in his desire to guard against any charge of stating facts as of his own immediate knowledge, the author has chosen rather to run the risk of repetition and occasional incoherence. So far it might perhaps appear that any earnest, competent, and industrious writer might have done what Sir Thomas Brassey has accomplished; but we are at liberty to suppose that in the choice of material and in gauging the merit of the several descriptions and reports, he has been guided by his special opportunities, and that the results of his selection may be therefore depended on with a feeling of comparative certainty. We thus receive the book as genuinely the author's, although it is, in great part, written by somebody else: the words may be the words of King, or Kronenfels, or Barnaby; the sense is the sense of Brassey.

For now nearly twenty years the idea has held its ground in Europe that the strength of a modern navy is to be measured exclusively by the number and size of its first-class ironclads. Nation has vied with nation in producing vessels of exaggerated dimensions; and each addition to the thickness of armour-plating or to the weight of armament has been trumpeted abroad as a prospective victory. In this respect the advantage clearly remains with Italy, which has concentrated its naval expenditure for years on the production of four ships, which,

when completed, will form a quartet unequalled up to the present time, and likely to remain so. The ships are, no doubt, exceedingly powerful, carrying the heaviest guns yet manufactured, behind armour ranging in the 'Italia' or 'Lepanto' up to 30 inches, or more, in thickness. When armour of this enormous weight has to be carried, it is obviously necessary to diminish the relative area over which it is spread. A ship of this class might be simply described as a comparatively small but exceedingly heavy iron chest built on to a raft. The principle is thus stated with especial reference to the 'Italia' or 'Lepanto':—

'Their floating powers are preserved by a cellular raft body, which is partly above the water line and partly below it, standing on an armoured deck below the water line, which will deflect a shot upwards, and prevent it from going through the bottom. They have double sides, also cellular, some ten or twelve feet apart, and each watertight division of the hold is made as small as possible. The cellular raft body is stowed with coal, so that water entering there will find the space into which it would flow occupied by material which already forms one of the weights carried by the ship. The main principles are to protect the battery and its communication with the magazine with armour; to keep all the other vital parts of the ship below the water line; to fill up the space, into which water could penetrate through a shot-hole, with coal; and to divide the hull into as many cells as possible, each of them keeping out the water when the others are flooded. Protection against torpedoes is gained by the space left between the inner and outer walls of the ship, and by her great speed.'

The partial application of the principle here enunciated to our own 'Inflexible' drew down on the Admiralty the severe criticism of Mr. (now Sir Edward) Reed. He maintained that when the unarmoured ends were destroyed by the enemy's fire, when the cork and stores with which they were filled were shot away, when they were, in technical language, 'riddled and gutted,' the ship would then have no stability and must inevitably capsize. Mr. Reed's reputation as a naval architect gave weight to his views, enforced by very vigorous language; and although the Constructive Department of the Admiralty did not share his apprehensions, the question was of such paramount importance that it was referred to a special committee of disinterested experts. This committee pronounced that undoubtedly the ship, if reduced to the riddled and gutted condition presupposed by Mr. Reed, in the presence of a still powerful enemy, would be in an extremely critical state.

'Her speed and power of turning,' they said, 'would be so limited as to prevent her being manœuvred with sufficient rapidity to insure her against being effectively rammed, or so as to avoid a well-directed

torpedo, while the small residuum of stability she would possess would not avail to render such an attack other than fatal. Her guns would also have to be worked with great caution, and under restrictions imposed by the high angle to which their combined movements would, in broadside firing, heel the ship.'

But they also pronounced—

'that the complete penetration and waterlogging of the unprotected ends of the ship, coupled with the blowing out of the whole of the stores and the cork by the action of shell-fire, is not likely to happen very early in an engagement; further, that it is in a very high degree improbable, even in an engagement protracted to any extent which can be reasonably anticipated. Nor do they think it possible, except in the event of her being attacked by enemies of such preponderating force as to render her entering into any engagement in the highest degree imprudent.'

In this view of the extreme improbability, they were quite in agreement with naval opinion; as the mouthpiece of which, Captain Price stated in the House of Commons, 'that he had heard of blowing the inside out of a rabbit; but to talk of blowing the inside out of a ship was simply absurd.' The committee, however, taking into consideration the bare possibility, suggested that, by increasing the beam of future ships, even this might be defied.

'We desire,' they said, 'to bring under the very serious consideration of their lordships the necessity, before proceeding with the construction of more vessels of the type of the "Inflexible," of thoroughly investigating whether by more beam their safety may not be largely increased without impairing their speed and efficiency. We note that the beam of the "Inflexible" was limited by the consideration of the width of the docks available for her repair, but we doubt if this consideration ought to outweigh the great advantages which a further increase of beam would give to vessels of the "Inflexible" type. We are the more inclined to doubt it, because, at present, docks capable of accommodating vessels of any breadth can be constructed of iron rapidly, and at no serious cost in comparison with that of such vessels as the "Inflexible."'

It was, however, not only the 'Inflexible' that Mr. Reed had rudely criticised. His judgment on the stability of the Italian ships was equally unfavourable, and drew from Mr. Barnaby the expression of a very different opinion. 'The Italians,' he said, 'for the "Duilio" and "Dandolo," trust, for both buoyancy and stability, to their unarmoured raft. In their later and far larger ships "Italia" and "Lepanto," they have gone further still, and surrendered the citadel itself, abandoning side armour entirely. I am not at all confident that the Italians are not in the right, and I have recom-

‘mended a large experiment to settle that question.’ ‘The “Duilio” and “Dandolo,”’ replied Mr. Reed, ‘are exposed, in my opinion, beyond all doubt or question, to speedy destruction.’ This Mr. Barnaby would by no means allow, and, in expressing his dissent, gave a general outline of the policy now favoured by the Constructor’s department.

‘As to the sea-going fleets, we have already proceeded far in stripping the armour from their sides, and coming back to the old condition, but with this important difference: the vital parts of the fighting machine are protected against the enemy’s guns to such an extent that no single shot or shell shall be capable of disabling it. This protection, however afforded, appears to be indispensable in ships designed under such conditions of warfare as now exist.’

The ‘Italia’ and ‘Lepanto,’ he went on to say, are thus protected ships, rather than ironclads, strictly so called; but their protection, in some places, takes the form of the thickest armour that has yet been made. ‘They have an underwater deck of 3-inch armour, weighing about 1,200 tons, and they have probably an equal weight of armour of 18 to 27 inches, protecting their internal vital parts.’ Even this very large maximum seems to have been exceeded; and in his appendix, Sir Thomas Brassey has assigned to these ships armour of the stupendous thickness of $33\frac{3}{4}$ inches.*

The naval world has gone on singularly careless of Sir Edward Reed’s opinions, which, on different occasions, have seemed to be dictated by partiality, prejudice, or caprice, rather than by cool judgment and professional skill. It is not forgotten that the object of his admiration was at one time the Russian ‘Peter the Great,’ a ship which nearly shook herself to pieces by the concussion of her own guns; or that the type on which he afterwards lavished his praise was that of the ‘Popoffkas’—saucers with pomatum pots in the middle, as one of his antagonists, in no unhappy vein, described them—circular ships, which the war with Turkey proved to be useless or unseaworthy; and that, more recently, he has filled columns of the ‘Times’ with most enthusiastic and almost extravagant laudation of the ‘Livadia,’ which, after making her voyage from Scotland to the Black Sea, has quietly remained in harbour, and is now, by the latest accounts, ordered to be broken up. It might, of course, be said that his condemnation of the ‘Inflexible’ or of the Italian ships has not been falsified by experience. In England, at any rate, we

* These figures are perhaps questionable. A description of these ships lately published in the ‘Revue Maritime et Coloniale’ gives the greatest thickness of armour as 750^{mm}, or a trifle less than 30 inches.

have made up our minds to wait until his hypothetical 'riding and gutting' becomes fact. In Italy the decision has been more prompt, to the effect that Sir Edward Reed really knew very little about the ships, and that, not having the particulars of their design, he was not competent to form an opinion as to their stability.

All the signs of the present year seem to show that, although the building of ships of such extreme size will not be repeated, the principle on which those ships have been constructed and armoured will receive a still further development. The 'Ajax' and 'Agamemnon,' now approaching completion, the 'Edinburgh' and 'Colossus,' launched within this last month, though nearly 3,000 tons smaller than the 'Inflexible,' are, in the main, of the same type. The 'Collingwood,' laid down in July, 1880, and which will have a displacement of 9,150 tons, as compared with the 11,400 tons of the 'Inflexible,' was described by Sir Thomas Brassey, in one of his recent speeches,* as typical of a class which the Admiralty propose to repeat; and which they are, in fact, repeating, not only in the 'Rodney' already laid down, but in the 'Howe' and the 'Benbow.'†

'In these ships,' he said, 'the most important change is the disposition of the armour. In the central citadel turret ships, it forms the wall of the citadel: in the "Collingwood," it is taken away from the central citadel and formed into separate fixed barbette towers. Between the barbettes, and above the upper deck, is a large battery, protected by one-inch steel plating from the fire of machine guns, and containing six six-inch breech-loading guns, fought at ports fourteen feet above water. The guns in the turrets are twenty-two feet above water. The battery is protected from a raking fire by wing bulkheads, plated with six-inch armour. The crew will be berthed in the upper battery, and will have accommodation infinitely superior to that of any turret ship. In addition to the points already mentioned, the "Collingwood" class will have the conspicuous merit of economy. . . . The present Board have had under their consideration plans for a more formidable vessel, but they cannot bring themselves to believe that it is prudent to expend a million sterling on a single hull.'

And he continued:—

'The constant development of the penetrating power of the gun must

* At St. Leonards, December 9, 1881.

† The Secretary of the Admiralty refers to these as the 'British Admiral class.' In naming a number of our powerful ships of war after distinguished British Admirals, we trust that the name of any greater than any of these four, the name of Lord Hawke, is not to be forgotten.

tend to lessen the value of armour. The separation of the part of the ship which is above water from the submerged portion of the hull, by a horizontal armoured watertight deck, and a minute cellular subdivision of both sections of the ship, especially of that which is below the water-line, would seem to be the best system of protection from heavy shot and the Whitehead torpedo. If we cannot prevent penetration we may localise the injuries received. If this be a sound view of the object to which naval architecture for fighting purposes should be directed, armour will be used not so much to protect buoyancy and stability, as to furnish a shield for the gunners, the guns, and the delicate machinery employed to work them. It will be retained to prevent that happening which happened at Sinope; to keep out shell and the still more destructive bullets from machine guns, and thus to lessen the fearful carnage which would take place on decks crowded with men at quarters.'

To a still greater extent than even in the 'Collingwood' and the other ships of this class, has the principle of protecting rather than of armouring, and of seeking safety in subdivision, been carried in what have been officially called the armed cruisers, lately laid down: the 'Impérieuse' and 'Warspite,' designed, as stated by Mr. Trevelyan, in introducing the Navy Estimates on March 18, 1881, 'to keep the sea, and to sweep 'the sea.' These ships, the latest outcome of the policy of our Admiralty and the ingenuity of our constructors, are described as 315 feet long, and 61 feet in extreme breadth, of about 7,300 tons displacement, and calculated for a speed of sixteen knots. They will have amidships a belt of steel-faced armour, eight feet broad and 140 feet long, ten inches thick, with ten inches of backing, protecting their engine-room and boilers, three feet above water and five feet below: and five feet under water, covering the unarmoured ends, will be a deck of inclined steel, three inches thick. The cost of the hull and engines of these ships is estimated at 400,000*l.* as against 550,000*l.* for ships of the 'Collingwood' class.

The mention of these ships of the newest type is sufficient to show the line on which the Admiralty are proceeding with regard to our ironclad navy. The building of such ships is, however, a work of time, and several years must elapse before these are afloat and ready for service. The present strength of our fleet can only be counted in those ships that are now actually, or very nearly, ready for sea. But of these, many may almost be considered obsolete; and indeed very few are of a type which there is any probability of seeing repeated. Many have armour which, twenty years ago, was of proof, but which the smallest naval guns of the present day would pierce without difficulty. The want of subdivision in these older ships is a

worse fault: they have indeed water-tight compartments, but these compartments are too large effectually to localise any serious injury. It is customary to put out of count all ships that have not armour of six inches, or more, in thickness; but as six inches of armour would be pierced by modern guns almost as easily as four and a half or five and a half inches, there is no conclusive reason for drawing a line at this limit. It might seem more logical to draw it between cellular and non-cellular ships; but as each new ship is more subdivided than her predecessor, there exists no such broad line of demarcation; and if any imaginary line was assumed, the number of ships included as effective men-of-war would, in our lists, be extremely small, and, in the lists of other countries, would almost vanish.

It is thus quite impossible to state in exact figures the comparison between our own ironclad fleet and that of any other country, as, for instance, of France. All England has been sufficiently well admonished by Lord Henry Lennox's lists, that the fleets of England and France are 'within a measurable distance of equality;' that, in fact, they are 'thirty-eight all.' The statement is little less absurd than the language in which it is conveyed. Any two things comparable by their nature, such as a mountain and a molehill, are within a measurable distance of equality; and by no admissible method of reckoning do the effective fleets of either England or France amount to thirty-eight. On the part of the French, the number was obtained by including all ships building or projected, such as the very powerful 'Amiral Baudin,' 'Caïman,' and others; by including also vessels such as the 'Tempête' and 'Vengeur,' which, though heavily armoured and armed, 'belong to the second class of non-rigged coast-defence vessels, 'and are intended exclusively for the defence of the coasts and 'harbours of France;' by over-estimating the armour of three—the 'La Galissonnière,' 'Victorieuse,' and 'Triomphante;' and by forgetting that the 'Richelieu,' a wooden ship, was partially destroyed by fire about a year before, was scuttled and sunk at Toulon, and, though since weighed, is certainly not yet fit for service, even if she may be at some future time.* Writing with more scrupulous care, and with the certainty of immediate Parliamentary criticism, Lord Henry Lennox has, in 'Forewarned, Forearmed,' avoided some of his former mistakes. In his revised lists, the 'Richelieu' no longer

* Sir Thomas Brassey has altogether omitted her from his list, rightly counting her as a thing of the past.

appears; the 'Tempête' and 'Vengeur' are relegated to their proper class; and ships still in embryo are not now reckoned as effective. The list is, in fact, reduced from thirty-eight to fifteen, in which, however, the 'Bayard' and 'Turenne,' not yet complete, are included, although, in his English list, no notice is taken of the much more powerful ships 'Ajax' or 'Agamemnon;' and, as before, the armour of the 'Triomphante,' 'Victorieuse,' and 'La Galissonnière,' is again overstated—by only a fraction of an inch, it is true; but he has considered a fraction of an inch sufficient to exclude several efficient English men-of-war of the largest size. We apply the limit strictly to one fleet as to the other; and, correcting Lord Henry Lennox's list in accordance with this principle, we find the numbers of the effective French fleet to be, not thirty-eight, not even fifteen, but ten; and of these, six, though powerful ships, are built of wood, and cannot have that structural strength which the weight of their armour and armament demands.

Lord Henry Lennox has applied to the English list a rigid process of elimination similar to that which we have here applied to the French, and, after so doing, finds it present twenty-three as the corresponding number of effective ships of the same minimum strength. The reduction is on the strict principle which we have laid down; and so far as it is possible to establish a numerical comparison between the two fleets as they now exist, we believe that these numbers, twenty-three and ten, do not err in favour of the English. Undoubtedly it appears, both from the lists and from the detailed accounts of shipbuilding in France, that our neighbours are making very great exertions to increase this branch of their navy, and that in a few years' time they may be equal or even superior to us, provided that we meanwhile do nothing more than has already been decided on. But this is a proviso which we do not feel called on to grant. Our Admiralty are quite well aware of what is going on around us, and may be supposed, in the absence of proof, or even reasonable suspicion to the contrary, to be keenly alive to the necessities of their position.

We shall not attempt to discuss in detail Lord Henry Lennox's curious argument that if we had even double the number of ships that the French could equip, we should still be only on a bare equality, because it would be necessary for us to put on one side six-tenths of our force for the protection of our colonies—a duty which the French, on their part, would perform with one-tenth. Does Lord Henry really believe that in time of war—we will suppose, as he has supposed, with the

French—any Board of Admiralty sitting not at Earslwood, but in Whitehall, would, irrespective of intelligence or special information, arrange for the protection of our colonies by sending out a powerful squadron of ironclads to the neighbourhood of each? Long before they had provided such a squadron to keep watch over India, Canada, the West Indies, the Cape of Good Hope, Vancouver's Island, Australia and New Zealand, not to speak of St. Helena, Hongkong, and the Fiji Islands, or any other of our scattered dependencies, the resources of a fleet much larger than even Lord Henry Lennox thinks requisite would have been exhausted. But the fact is that in any such war our colonies would be mainly protected in European seas, in the Bay of Biscay or in the Mediterranean; it is there that any hostile expedition ought to be crushed; it is there that our ironclad fleet would be massed, detaching only individual members of it for special service, or to arrange for those already detached by the enemy. In their own waters, against mere predatory attacks, the colonies must largely trust to local armaments, to floating batteries or torpedoes, to the light cruisers, and above all to a well-devised system of intelligence. Such items of naval strength Lord Henry Lennox ignores. He refuses to consider the English fleet as consisting of anything but ironclads of the newest type and of the thickest armour. The 'Monarch' is, according to him, 'lightly armoured' with plates ranging up to ten inches; the 'Audacious' and her class, with 8 inches, are mere 'eggshell' ships, comparing most unfavourably with the as yet unfinished 'Bayard' or 'Turenne,' which have a maximum thickness of $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches, with the wooden ships 'Océan,' 'Suffren,' and others, armoured up to $7\frac{7}{8}$ inches, or even with the over-estimated 'Triomphante' and her sisters. The 'Inflexible' he has no opinion of, by reason of her unarmoured ends; and only under protest will he admit such ships as the 'Northampton,' 'Nelson,' and 'Shannon' to take rank as armoured ships at all. The exact value of the compromise which has been made in these and other ships must at present remain, to a certain extent, matter of opinion; but Lord Henry Lennox, with that easy confidence which is generally believed to be the daughter of ignorance, gives judgment against the Admiralty and the Admiralty's professional advisers.

But putting Lord Henry Lennox and his easy confidence on one side, it is perhaps the most important question of the day whether, after all, the real strength of a navy is to be estimated solely, or even chiefly, by its armoured ships, ironclad

or protected. Within these last few weeks, a French admiral * has published his opinion that the active duties of ironclad fleets, in any future war, will be extremely limited; that the effective strength of a navy is in its torpedoes and its cruisers: and this opinion is based, not on any fantastic theory, but, as he maintains, on the facts of recent history. The action of the Russian Government, in view of the possibilities which threatened a few years ago, showed the direction in which they, at least, would wish to wage a naval war, and that thus we might find ourselves engaged in a contest in which our fleet, unopposed, might cruise in unavailing majesty, whilst our commerce was spoiled, our supplies of provisions stopped, and our very existence imperilled by famine. That, by these means, enemies far our inferior in strength might still inflict on us most serious injury is not to be doubted, and that possible enemies would try is absolutely certain. We have seen the preparations of Russia, whose armoured fleet is scarcely worthy of serious consideration. The United States have also based the reconstruction of their navy on the same lines. According to the proposed scheme, in which armoured ships find no place, their sea-going navy is to be composed solely of cruisers, twenty-one steel-built ships, of thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen knots, of from 3,500 to 5,300 tons displacement, full-rigged, and carrying six days' coal at full speed. Once already, during their short national life, the United States have given us a severe lesson in the equipment of ocean cruisers; and, though at the present time their navy is weak, though even its projected reconstruction does not tend to render it numerically formidable, we have at least learned the necessity of keeping a watchful eye on their naval policy. The French, too, though laying great stress on the possession of an armoured fleet, and heavily weighting their finances in order to obtain it, have been far from neglecting the comparatively light cruisers which, in any future war, may develop a peculiar importance. According to Sir Thomas Brassey's list, they have now, built or building, seven such ships of from 3,000 to 5,500 tons displacement, or averaging 3,930 tons; sixteen of about 2,000 tons; and seven of from 1,200 to 1,500; thirty in all: but with three exceptions—'Tourville,' 'Duquesne,' and 'Duguay-Trouin'—they are all built of wood, and, according to our experience, are likely to be but shortlived. In this category the absolute

* 'La Guerre Maritime et les Ports Militaires de la France,' par M. le Contre-Amiral Aube ('Revue des deux Mondes,' 15 mars 1882.)

superiority of the English navy is even greater than in that of the armoured ships. It has fourteen ships of an average displacement of 4,140 tons, or ranging from 3,000 to 6,280; thirty-four of about 2,000, or between 1,760 and 2,380; and twenty-eight sloops of from 900 to 1,400 tons. As considered merely in reference to the numbers of the French, the comparison would seem most satisfactory; but it must be borne in mind that in time of war the first duty of these ships would be to protect or to prey on commerce, rather than to fight with equal and willing foes; and that, as the English commerce is vastly more valuable and more extended than that of any nation in the world, and as the number of English merchant ships is vastly greater, so is the task of covering and guarding these the more onerous. To prey on commerce is easier than to protect it, and in such matters it is no mere absolute superiority that will serve our turn.

The wind and current charts explain what is now sufficiently well known, that merchant ships follow very definite routes across the ocean, and that these routes converge on certain limited areas, which have been called 'crossings.'* Thus, for instance, every sailing ship from Europe to the West Indies or to the United States, every ship from the United States or Canada bound to the eastward round the Cape of Good Hope, or to the westward round Cape Horn, and every ship homeward bound from these distant stations either to Europe or to the States, necessarily passes through a position in the North Atlantic, approximately fixed by latitude 23° N., longitude 40° W. Or again, every European or American ship, whether outward or homeward bound, that crosses the Equator, does so in about longitude 26° W. There are many other such centres of commerce, but the mention of these is sufficient; and, though they are mainly determined, by the necessities of wind and current, for sailing ships, the greater number of merchant steamers do not widely diverge from what may be called the natural routes. These crossings will, in a future war, be most important strategic points. A fast cruiser in one of these localities may be sure of finding there the enemy's merchant ships, if the enemy has any. If we are the enemy, we have the ships, and it is not to be doubted that it is on these crossings that the hostile cruisers will wait. These, then, we shall have to guard.

* We may here refer to the singularly able paper of 'Naval Intelligence and Protection of Commerce in War,' by Captain J. C. R. Colomb, R.M.A., in the 'Journal of the Royal United Service Institution,' vol. xxv.

One of our most distinguished living hydrographers, Captain Hull, has said—‘The future battles at sea will not bear names like Trafalgar, or the Nile, or Copenhagen, but will be known by certain latitudes and longitudes of strategic centres—may be of 23° N., 40° W.; they may be called the battle of the Equator, or the battle of Cancer, or the battle of Capricorn.’ Whether this is overstated or not, it is impossible to say; it seems not improbable that the strategic centres may be attacked and defended in force; but it is, at any rate, very evident that effectively to guard an area of from 200 to 500 miles across, from the presence of even one enemy’s cruiser, will require several ships, each faster and not weaker than any single antagonist; ten ships of twelve or thirteen knots’ speed would avail little against one with a speed of fifteen or sixteen knots. But the ground may be held against us by cruisers of such speed, and it is against such possibilities that we have to prepare. It is, therefore, necessary for us to have a sufficiency of ships fast enough to overtake, and powerful enough to overcome, any enemy’s ship which they may sight near these points of convergency.

But the question of relative speed is one that it is impossible to settle without relative trial; time-trials, held under totally different circumstances, the conditions of which are imperfectly known, do not form any exact base for comparison. The existing observations, as tabled by Sir Thomas Brassey, can only give a rough general idea; but, as far as they go, the comparison obtained from them is not an unfavourable one. Of the French unarmoured cruisers, two only, the ‘*Tourville*’ and ‘*Duquesne*,’ of more than 5,500 tons, are said to have a speed really great. They are tabled as having made respectively 16·89 and 16·87 knots. The ‘*Duguay-Trouin*,’ of 3,189 tons, is estimated to have a speed of sixteen knots, but the result of her trials is not given. These three are, it will be noticed, the ships already named as built of iron. Of the others, some of the smaller—ships of about 2,000 tons—are estimated to have a speed of from 15 to 15·5 knots; but, as we pointed out on a former occasion,* Mr. King, with almost unequalled opportunities for arriving at an independent opinion, believes ‘that the speeds of French ships must be overrated, when compared with the English ships of equal displacement and engine-power.’ Even so, however, we do not appear to a disadvantage. The ‘*Iris*’ and ‘*Mercury*,’ each of 3,700 tons, are tabled as having a speed of eighteen knots, and have actu-

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cliii. p. 39.

ally made upwards of 18·5; the 'Inconstant' and 'Shah,' of 5,780 and 6,250 tons respectively, have a speed of 16·5 knots; the new cruisers now building—the 'Leander,' 'Phaeton,' 'Arethusa,' and 'Amphion'—of about the same size as, but with only two-thirds of the engine-power of, the 'Iris' and 'Mercury,' are estimated as of sixteen knots.

'The weight saved in their engines is to be utilised in fitting a steel protective deck $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, extending over the engines, boilers, and magazine, and in increasing the space for coal. The armoured deck is to be slightly below the water at the middle line, and curved down so as to be considerably below it at the sides.'

Speed has thus been purposely given up in order to gain a certain small amount of armour protection, and to increase the coal-carrying capacity. It is, however, thought possible 'that hereafter, arrangements may be made for working with a closed stokehole and forced blast, in which case a speed equal to that of the "Iris" and "Mercury" may be obtained.' This is the more encouraging when we remember that these two ships, calculated beforehand to have a possible speed of 17·5, have been found on trial to realise more than a knot in excess of the constructor's estimate.

It is not, of course, forgotten that any enemy might add largely to the number of his cruising ships of war by merchant ships, whether originally of his own nationality, or hastily purchased from other countries. This has, indeed, been held out to us almost in the sense of an international threat, certainly in the sense of an international warning. The very special publicity which, contrary to her custom, Russia gave to her armament in 1878-9, could be considered in no other light; and that ships so equipped might, on the first outbreak of war, do a great deal of mischief, is beyond dispute. But the power of similarly increasing the numerical strength of our cruising fleet would belong also to us; and we think that we are very much understating the case when we say that for every merchant steamer fitted out for purposes of war by any possible enemy, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, or even America, we could fit out a dozen, and that the number might be increased to an almost indefinite extent. Of late years the Admiralty has avowedly adopted this as a contingent policy, and has offered certain advantages to ship owners building their steamers subject to definite conditions, in respect of strength and subdivision, which will render them better adapted for war. Many of these steamers are of great size and great speed. The largest of them all, the 'Servia,'

lately added to the Cunard fleet, has a speed of rather more than 17·5 knots. This is probably the greatest; but it was stated on the occasion of her trial, that 'the Admiralty has at present a list of upwards of 200 ships, all of which have complied with the conditions of the department, so far as construction is concerned.' Many of these are of comparatively inferior speed; but after every reduction there still remain enough to form, in case of need, an important auxiliary force.

It would thus appear that the danger to our commerce would be from the prompt and immediate action of the enemy on or previous to the declaration of war; but that, according to all calculations of odds, the danger would be swept away as soon as its existence was known; and that to a very great extent it might be forestalled by sending, on the first threatenings of the storm, a number of efficient squadrons to cruise on the principal crossings already spoken of, and more especially on those which belong to the provision trade, as, for instance, in 23° N., 40° W., in the Gut of Gibraltar, on the Equator, or in the neighbourhood of the Falkland Islands. This, however, would be a question of policy and of strategy, rather than of strength; the ships exist in sufficient numbers, whenever the Admiralty, as representing the Government, think fit to send them out.

We have here been considering our unarmoured ships of war and belligerent merchantmen with reference to their duty of covering and guarding our commerce, or destroying that of the enemy. It has not been supposed that any of these, except in extreme emergencies, are to be called on to engage with armour-clad vessels, any more than, in bygone ages, were frigates called on to engage ships of the line. Still, frigates did, occasionally, bring ships of the line to action; and cases may well occur in which safety, honour, or 'derring-do' will compel unarmoured ships to engage with armoured. And the opinion does not want support that, under certain conditions, they might do so with advantage. Sir Thomas Brassey, at St. Leonards, referred to this; and Sir William Armstrong has, since then, given it a more definite expression. What he says is this:—

'As to the comparative liability of an ironclad and an unarmoured ship to be sunk by projectiles, there is much less difference between them than is generally supposed; because the unarmoured ship, though freely penetrable, may be so constructed that the entrance of water by perforation would not extensively flood the ship, unless it took place at a great number of critical places. Indeed, by introducing an under-water deck, with divisional spaces, and by the partial application of

cork, as in the "Inflexible," for displacing influent water, and thereby preserving stability, and also by a proper distribution of coal for the same purpose, an unarmoured ship may be rendered almost incapable of being sunk; and it is rather surprising that so little attention has been directed to the attainment of that object. It is not too much to say that for the cost of one ironclad we could have three unarmoured ships of far higher speed, and carrying collectively three armaments each equal to that of the armoured vessel. We may ask, which would be the better investment? If we imagine the three to be matched in combat against the one, we perceive that, in addition to their numerical superiority, they would possess many advantages. Being smaller, they would be more difficult to hit. Being swifter, they could choose their positions, and be free to attack or retreat at pleasure.*

It is difficult to follow Sir Thomas Symonds's comment on this:—'If Sir William Armstrong,' he wrote to the 'Times,'* 'had seen ships at sea pitching and rolling their vitals out of water, however lowly placed under its surface, even in moderate weather, I do not think he would pit unarmoured against armoured ships, even if three to one could be produced.' In so writing, he surely overlooked the very evident fact that this 'pitching and rolling their vitals out of water' would tend enormously to equalise the armoured ships to the unarmoured. 'There can be no doubt,' he continued, 'that shell and shot, from even moderately-sized guns, can destroy an unarmoured ship, that would be harmless to an armoured ship.' But this is the very thing that Sir William Armstrong does doubt. When the armoured ship rolls her vitals out of water, she is fair game for the unarmoured ship's shot and shell; and Sir W. Armstrong by no means anticipates leaving the vitals of the unarmoured ship, even when out of water, quite to the mercy of the enemy's shell. He says:—

'Methods of avoiding or lessening these dangers, otherwise than by the use of armour, have been little considered; yet the alarming aspect of the case is greatly altered when we reflect that, by the application of mechanical power to do what has hitherto been done by a multitude of hands, the exposure of a crowded crew can be avoided; and also, that the guns may all be mounted on an open deck, where the smoke from shells would speedily clear away. It is a recognised fact that the function of armour may in a very considerable degree be fulfilled by the coal, if judiciously applied for that purpose. The resistance of coal to the penetration of shot is very remarkable. By experiments made last year at Shoeburyness it was found that with a 6-inch new type gun, capable of piercing an iron plate of 10½ inches thick, a resistance equal to that of the armour was offered by 18 feet of coal; and that

* 'Times,' January 20, 1882.

with an 8-inch gun of the same type, capable of piercing $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches of similar armour, an equivalent resistance was obtained with $26\frac{1}{2}$ feet of coal. The deadening effect of coal upon the explosion of shells is still more remarkable. The committee, under whose direction the experiments were made, reported that the bursting of common shells had no igniting effect upon the coal, and little or no disruptive effect upon the structure containing it.'

All this is not mere vague theorising on the part of Sir William Armstrong. His firm have for some time back been working steadily to give effect to these views, and their labours have at present taken the very practical form of a number of light unarmoured ships, built for China, and also, we believe, for Chili. We have already* had occasion to express our dissent from the very extravagant estimate which had been formed of the China gunboats built by the same firm, basing our opinion, amongst other reasons, on the facts that they have not the speed to escape from an armoured ship, and that one fair blow from a shot of even moderate size would silence them for the time, if not for ever. But these new gun-vessels, as they have been modestly called, are extremely fast, carry an extremely powerful armament, and, according to the report which Sir Thomas Brassey has accepted, 'the engines, boilers, 'magazines, and machinery are entirely below the water-line, 'and are further protected by a steel-plate under-water deck, 'the space between which and the main deck is divided into 'numerous watertight compartments in which coal is stored, 'thus adding to the protection afforded by the deck.' Professional opinion has already pronounced them most formidable, not only by reason of their armament, but by reason of their great speed, and, at the same time, of their comparatively small size. And independent testimony fully corroborates the words of Sir William Armstrong, which might otherwise be thought partial:—

'With a displacement of only 1,300 tons (he says) they have attained a speed of sixteen knots an hour. They carry coal for steaming 4,000 miles, and have already actually steamed 3,500 miles without replenishing. They are each armed with two 10-inch new type guns which have nearly an all-round fire, and are capable of piercing 18 inches of iron armour, and with four 40-pounders on the broad-sides. It is a very serious question what we are prepared to do in the event of a number of such vessels as these being let loose upon our commerce. At present, there is not a single ship in the British Navy, carrying an armament competent to engage them, that could overtake

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cliii. p. 50.

them in pursuit, or evade their attack when prudence dictated a retreat.'

The idea is, in fact, daily gaining ground amongst naval architects and sailors, that, as guns in the long run are certain to develop greater power of attack than armour can of resistance, and that, as no armour except the very thickest is even now proof against very moderate-sized guns of the new type, there is little use in weighting a ship with it, except to such very limited and comparatively slight extent as may serve to restrain the deadly fire from machine guns. Captain Arthur, lately our naval *attaché* at Washington, a man much junior, indeed, to Sir William Symonds, but with certainly a wider experience of modern ships and of modern arms, whether gun or torpedo, is described by the American papers as having said, on the eve of his departure from the States:—

'In my opinion the side armour of ironclads will shortly give way to the submerged turtle-back system; and torpedoes will necessitate a cellular system of construction far in advance of the present mode of subdivision by means of watertight bulkheads. In fact, the next three years will see as great a revolution in ironclad vessels as any similar period preceding it.'

Public opinion is certainly not yet ripe for a change so radical as that suggested by Sir William Armstrong or by Captain Arthur. It might indeed have seemed that the recent appointment of Mr. George Rendel to the Admiralty was equivalent to an acceptance, by the Board, of these novel views. There were many who thought that it was so; for Mr. Rendel, though distinguished by numerous inventions and improvements in ship-building, in gun-making, and, more especially, in hydraulic machinery, is perhaps more generally known as the designer of the Chinese gunboats and gun-vessels, of which we have spoken. It is not however to be supposed that an engineer of such skill and business aptitude as Mr. Rendel is anxious to experiment wildly on the ships of the British navy; or that he is to run a-muck against the use of armour plating, until its disadvantages or inutility are more clearly established than they yet are: and if any doubt still remained, the assurance which the Secretary of the Admiralty gave Sir Edward Reed, in reply to a question in respect of this, may be taken as conclusive. 'On no point,' Mr. Trevelyan said, 'is the present Board of Admiralty more thoroughly convinced than that the safety of this country depends on 'our having plenty of armoured vessels of the proper size.' Convinced or not, no Admiralty could now venture to act

otherwise. The superiority of armoured over unarmoured ships, as established in the American Civil War, has sunk too deep into the popular and even the professional mind, to permit of its being quick to distinguish between an unarmoured ship of war of twenty years ago and an unarmoured ship of war such as is now described, a ship which is in principle not a floating chest, but a raft as of honeycomb. Nevertheless, we may believe that the change will come; and that possibly even within twenty years' time the last of the ironclads will exist only as a relic of antiquity.

Meantime, and pending such changes as the next few years may witness, the state of our navy as regards the number, size, strength, and speed of its ships, is fairly superior to that of any probable combination which may be brought against it. Notwithstanding all that has been said during these last few months, the French navy is not only not equal to our own, but is very far indeed from being so; our ships, armoured or unarmoured, arc, class for class, more than double in number, and in other respects are at least not inferior. It is only by giving the most liberal construction to the intentions of the French Government, and by assuming that our own Admiralty is to do nothing, that the approach to equality at the end of four or five years can be made out. In the present state of transition, it is utterly impossible to say what either navy may be at the end of five years; whether the ideal ship of that date will most resemble the 'Ajax,' the 'Rodney,' the 'Im-périeuse,' the 'Leander,' the 'Polyphemus,' the new Chinese gun-vessels, or something else very different from any type now existing. But whatever it may be, so far as ship-building is concerned, we are equally well prepared, ready to take the lead even as now, and to keep it.

There is, however, one very important element of strength in which, at the present time, our navy is certainly not pre-eminent. This, as Sir William Armstrong most truly said, is a subject of grave national importance. In his words—

'Our navy is at present armed with guns which could not be expected to contend successfully with the best modern guns that could be used against them. Happily, most of the older ships of foreign powers are in the same predicament; but all their new vessels and some of their older ones are being armed with artillery which, weight for weight, is far superior in power to that of our navy.'

This is not the opinion of Sir William Armstrong only: it is equally the opinion advanced by Sir Thomas Brassey: it is the opinion of every naval gunnery officer, and of those artillery officers who have been able to consider the subject

from a naval point of view. This state of things is the more extraordinary, as the construction of heavy guns is nothing more than the exercise of that engineering talent on which, as a nation, we are accustomed to pride ourselves, and as the Elswick factory has for several years back been making guns for foreign navies, which compare not unfavourably with the best. The Woolwich guns, as supplied to our own navy, are markedly inferior; they have not, in fact, kept pace with the time.

Twenty-two years ago, when Sir William Armstrong first brought out his new system of forging guns as breech-loaders, they were adopted, as it might almost be said, by acclamation. They made wonderful practice at ranges then unheard of. But after a little experience it was found that the breech-closing arrangement was not to be depended on; and that the heavy guns, more especially, had an awkward trick of occasionally firing out of the wrong end. On board ship and between decks, this was both dangerous and suffocating; and the naval men who were thus fired at protested strongly against the new and admired guns. Their protest was heard, and the heavy Armstrong breech-loaders abolished. No other breech-loading, or even rifled gun, was immediately forthcoming; and after a short delay the officers of the gun factory invented, or rather adapted from the French, a muzzle-loading gun, on the system of an increasing twist, and studded shot: that is, shot with brass studs let into their surface to fit the grooves of the rifling. There was no doubt whatever in the minds of the men whose special business it was to fire these guns with the studded shot, that the system was bad: at its best, merely a stop-gap till something better was invented; at its worst, a clumsy device for straining the gun and pulverising the shot. The gun-makers judged differently; the process of construction, though nothing more than a slight modification of Sir William Armstrong's, was ingenious; the guns were pretty to look at, were turned out of hand in a beautifully finished manner, and were pronounced to be all that was wanted; if the naval men didn't like them, it only showed their ignorance; so far as system was concerned, they had attained finality. And so they went on, adding tons to tons in the weight, but altering nothing in the proportions, in the rifling, or in the nature of the shot. Muzzle-loading the guns were, and muzzle-loading they must be; that was decided by the naval officers themselves, who had positively refused to have anything to do with breech-loaders. This was altogether a misconception, and a most unfortunate one. The naval

officers had objected, not to breech-loaders in the abstract, but to a breech-loader in the concrete form. As early as 1868, the Director of Naval Ordnance had written that the navy would be very glad to get a good breech-loader. They did not want a gun that would fire off at both ends; but if they could get a decent breech-loader, simple in its parts, not liable to get out of order, and that could be trusted, such a gun they would prefer. Such a gun, at that time, however, they were not able to get.

Things remained very much as they were till about six years ago, when it was found that, to some extent, the twist might be given to the shot by means of what is known as a gas-check—a copper disc screwed on to the rear of the shot, in order, by lessening or doing away with the windage, to protect the bore of the gun from the scoring produced by the rush of gas at a very high temperature. This gas-check, flattened out by the explosion and driven into the grooves of the gun, served to twist the shot in a manner similar to the twisting of the bullet of an Enfield rifle. After this, the studs were less relied on, and for the 80-ton gun were abolished altogether. But the breakdown of the Woolwich conservatism must date from the summer of 1879, when, at the invitation of Herr Krupp, the celebrated German manufacturer, a party of English experts visited Meppen, to witness a very remarkable series of experiments. It was thus brought home to our skilled artillerymen, many of whom were independent of the factory, some of whom were officers of the navy, that not only were guns of vastly superior power to the large English guns possible, but that, as an accomplished fact, the German guns of Krupp's make were thus superior. It was a conclusion disagreeable to our national vanity, but there was absolutely no room for any doubt about it. More especially did it appear that the Woolwich 80-ton gun, on which the factory had especially prided itself, was of considerably less power than the Krupp gun of 71 tons. The results, in fact, may be thus compactly stated:—

Nature of gun	Weight of shot in lbs	Velocity in feet per second	Striking force in foot-tons	Penetration in inches of wrought-iron armour
80-ton	1,728	1,657	32,938	32·34
71-ton	1,715	1,703	34,489	33·50

On this comparison, Captain Orde Brown has remarked:—

‘It is quite clear from the above, that the 71-ton gun is a much better weapon than the 80-ton gun, inasmuch as it beats it in every respect. It fires a projectile of the same weight, with a higher velocity,

which has therefore more energy or stored-up work, and an inch and a half more penetration; and all this is done with less pressure on the bore of the gun. The reason is that it is a better proportioned gun, its main advantage being its greater length. . . . The main difference in the guns depends on the difference in the length; and the question naturally arises, how is it that our Government should be now completing and issuing 80-ton guns so inferior in power to Krupp's 71-ton gun, which achieved the results we speak of half a year ago? The answer is that the guns are designed for the 'Inflexible,' and that, being muzzle-loaders, the vessel had to be made with portions of the deck corresponding to the length of the gun, to make provision for its loading. All this was determined five or six years ago. . . . Circumstances have in this instance, then, combined so as to bring out the disadvantage of a muzzle-loader in a peculiar way; for we find ourselves, in the case of the 'Inflexible,' issuing new guns of obsolete proportions for a new ship, with an impatient public wanting to know why our new guns do not beat Krupp's.*

This was written in January, 1880, but is equally true at the present time, when 38-ton muzzle-loading guns of the old type are prepared to be issued to our newest ships, the 'Ajax' and 'Agamemnon.'

The guns supplied by the Elswick firm to some foreign nations had no such strongly marked inferiority. Weight for weight, indeed, the Italian 100-ton gun has not the power of the Krupp 71-ton gun; but the muzzle-loading 38-ton guns put on board the Chinese gunboats, guns of the great length of 27 feet, might, it is believed, compare most favourably with anything that Krupp ever made; and the 8-inch breech-loader, of 11½ tons, 18 ft. 4 in. long, supplied to the Chilian Government, proved, on board the 'Angamos,' a very important factor in the war with Peru, until, owing to some imperfection, it recoiled out of its trunnion ring and went overboard.

But the Krupp and Elswick successes were sufficiently startling to waken up even the placid and self-satisfied officials at Woolwich, and provoked them to undertake the construction of the new 43-ton gun, which, during the last year, has given the most remarkable results. Though only eight tons heavier than the 35-ton gun of the same calibre, its effective value has proved to be, in some respects, more than double. The two may be best compared thus:—

* Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, vol. xxiv. p. 66.

Nature of gun	Weight of shot in lbs.	Velocity in feet per second	Striking force in foot-tons	Penetration in inches of wrought-iron armour
35-ton	700	1,300	8,203	16
43-ton	703	1,930	18,170	23

The difference being due mainly to the very great difference of length: the bore of the 35-ton gun having a length of 13·5 calibres, that of the 43-ton gun of 26 calibres, whilst its total length is 29 feet. Guns of this enormous length are obviously unsuited for broadside batteries; in turrets or barbettes, they may be used without difficulty, and will, it is announced, be supplied, in the first instance, to the 'Conqueror,' 'Colossus,' and 'Majestic,' or rather, as she has been renamed, the 'Edinburgh: '* but smaller guns, of somewhat similar pattern, are being now constructed, with all reasonable speed, for the armament of our cruisers as they fit out. Of course, the rearming of the whole of our navy is a very serious business, taking both time and money: but it has to be done; and now that the Government is at last awake to the necessity, we see no reason to doubt that it will be done well, and done quickly. On this point we may quote from Mr. Trevelyan's speech, when introducing the naval estimates for the current year, on March 16.

'I do not think,' he said, 'that I am exceeding the limits of a statement when I claim for the present Government that, from the first moment they entered office, they have been pressing on the substitution of the new gun for the old with all the celerity which the caution necessary in such a critical undertaking demands. . . . The 43-ton gun will pierce anything that floats except a narrow belt on the water-line of a few ships: at a thousand yards the projectile goes through 22 inches of iron, or 19 inches of compound steel; and looking to the material impossibility of armour beyond a certain thickness being carried in any quantity on a ship that can float at all, it is doubtful whether a much more powerful gun is required, and whether increased power in our weapons would not be dearly bought by the loss in number. The belief of the Admiralty is that, under the rapidly improving conditions of gunnery construction, a 60-ton gun of the new type will probably give as high a power as it is necessary to obtain. There are five ships in the list of English vessels on the estimates which will carry this gun. Of lighter armour-piercing guns—if an 18-ton gun piercing 17 inches of iron, such as that of which this year the

* Her name was changed on the occasion of her launch, when she was christened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh.

"Hercules" will carry a broadside, can be included among light guns—we shall have 174 of all sizes of the new type, by the end of the next financial year.'

Mr. Trevelyan's statement was, throughout, eminently satisfactory; but on no point was it more so than on this, on which, not unreasonably, there had been a certain amount of discontent and discouragement. But even when all that is now promised has been accomplished, we are not to suppose that finality will be attained. Sir William Armstrong, indeed, thinks that 'there is no substantial room for improvement in the accuracy of guns, and as to power, we are nearly approaching the limit at which severity of recoil and extravagant length of gun will prohibit further advance.' Nevertheless, and whilst the rearmament of the navy with guns of what is called the new type is barely decided on, we have warning of a novelty which seems to promise extraordinary results. This is the construction of guns of steel wire or ribbon coiled round a steel tube.

It is interesting to notice how the progress of this science seems to move in circles. Breech-loaders, which were amongst the earliest attempts at gunmaking, and were discarded on account of the imperfection of the fittings, have again come to the front; built-up guns of wrought iron have experienced similar changes of favour; and these new guns of steel wire have a curious resemblance to those primitive field-pieces which were made by serving rope-yarn, to a considerable thickness, round a copper tube. The principle is the same, though the application is very different. In France, experiments have been made and are still making with ordinary fine wire, similar to the strings of a pianoforte, but of the results obtained we have no information. To round wire, Sir William Armstrong prefers what may be called ribbon, of about three-twentieths of an inch thick and three-tenths of an inch broad. Of a 6-inch gun so constructed on this principle in 1880, he says: 'It has undergone many severe trials. The charges used with it were large beyond precedent, and the energies developed proportionately high.' He has since made a larger gun on the same system, of $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 29 calibres in length, and weighing 21 tons. The details of its trial have not been made public, but we are told that it has given results which, 'in relation to its weight, are unexampled except by its 6-inch predecessor.' This we can readily believe, although, without exact knowledge, it is impossible to speak with any certainty; but the mere facts that such experiments are going on both in France and at Elswick, and that such statements

are made by a man of Sir William Armstrong's great experience, show that in guns, as in ships, nothing is definitely settled, and that our new armament may itself become obsolete almost before it has become a reality.

Ships, armour, engines, and guns, form the material strength of a navy; but it has become the custom to represent these as forming the gross total of its strength. In none of the works lately published in other countries do we find any consideration of the men, who are the very soul of the machine. It is assumed that each navy possesses the number of men proper for the ships described; but that is all: of their quality, discipline, organisation—not a word. In England, however, we are accustomed to believe that one man is not necessarily as good as another, that the quality of the men has a good deal to do with the efficiency of the fleet, and that no estimate of a navy's strength is correct which leaves this very important element out of the reckoning. Sir Thomas Brassey has not fallen into this mistake; and though, in the present volume, little is said on this branch of his subject, it is intimated that it will be fully discussed later on. Meantime it is not ignored.

'Our position as a maritime power (he says) cannot be called in question by dispassionate minds. It rests on a broader foundation than the number of our armoured vessels. We are perfectly able to protect ourselves at sea, if we choose to do so. To the doleful imaginations of the author of "The Battle of Dorking," and the writers who have more recently addressed the British public in the same strain, we may oppose the more deliberate and more favourable estimate of our strength formed by foreigners *en connaissance de cause*.'

And he quotes M. Xavier Raymond's observation:—

'Naval power depends upon three things, each of which is indispensable to the vitality of the navy. These three things are material wealth, an active and progressive industry, and a hardy and enterprising seafaring population. The third element of strength can only exist where the merchant navy is flourishing and vigorous.*

The view which M. Raymond takes of the English strength in respect of this third element is interesting, as being that of a foreign expert. He says:—

'Setting aside the 80,000 men actually serving in the fleet, the merchant navy of England gives employment to at least 230,000 men in the foreign trade; and if the seafaring population were subjected to the regulations enforced under the French maritime inscription—the coasting trade, the fisheries, the boatmen and the men employed in the

* Les Marines de la France et de l'Angleterre, 1815–1863. Par M. Xavier Raymond. Paris, 1863.

shipyards would supply a combined force of 700,000 to 800,000 men. This large seafaring population is not less remarkable for its physical qualities and its nautical skill than the formidable numbers which can be brought into array.'

These numbers, as given by M. Raymond, cannot now, twenty years after date, be taken as strictly correct. The number of seamen and marines voted for the service of the fleet during the current year is, for instance, 56,500, instead of 80,000; and though it is not easy to arrive at any exact statistics of the present number of our merchant seamen, it is quite certain that it is not so large as it was in 1862. It is commonly alleged that the decrease is due to the employment of foreigners on lower wages; and to some extent this is, no doubt, true. But the principal cause of the diminution is the increased and ever-increasing proportion of steamers to sailing ships, and to the greater size of the steamers; one steamer, for instance, of 5,000 tons burden, does not require nearly so many hands as ten steamers, each of 500 tons; and thus, notwithstanding the very great increase in the gross mercantile tonnage of the country, the number of seamen and seafaring men employed in the foreign trade has positively decreased. As compared, however, with the absolute total, the decrease is small; and so, we may suppose, Sir Thomas Brassey has considered it, for he has made no attempt to check M. Raymond's estimate, or to reduce it to the present time.

It may, of course, be asked if the principle, as enunciated by M. Raymond, is correct, and if these numbers do really add to our naval strength; for when the fleet is fully manned, what employment is there for more? We have already expressed a doubt as to the accuracy of the popular opinion that the strength of the navy lies solely in its ironclad fleet and its lighter cruisers. Outside of these, there appear to us many possibilities. For defence, at least, if not for attack, gunboats and torpedo boats will have important functions. Of such boats, regularly built and equipped, the Admiralty has a large number; but for strictly home service, and in case of urgent necessity, they can be improvised by the hundred or the thousand. With a seafaring population such as M. Raymond speaks of, with the innumerable small vessels of all sorts that crowd our rivers and swarm round our coasts, backed up by the resources of the countless shipbuilding yards, large and small, we may well hold that behind our navy—that navy which writers like Lord Dunsany fancy is useless, like Lord Henry Lennox pronounce to be contemptible, or, like Captain Barrington, assume to be annihilated, but which we have shown, by accurate and carefully examined statements of fact,

to be unequivocally the most powerful navy in the world—behind our navy we have, as a second line of defence, a maritime force whose strength is not the less real because it has none of the pomp or circumstance of war, and is hidden from public consideration in the pursuit of its daily industry.

In illustration of the view which is taken in France of this unison and identity of the national feeling and the national life with the naval strength of our country, M. Raymond tells an appropriate anecdote. He describes a French admiral, on a visit to England, as saying to a friend who—as is not very unusual with English naval officers—was roundly abusing the Admiralty, ‘Now, just let the Admiralty alone; it’s a good ‘old gossip; only two hundred years behind any of your private ‘shipbuilders. It is not to the Admiralty that we look for the ‘explanation of the maritime power of England. In France ‘the navy is the Government’s business; in England it’s the ‘nation’s. The difference is enormous, and one of which we ‘might well be envious.’ And the same writer, laying his finger on the plague-spot which even now, twenty years later, is disturbing the country, says:—

‘If any newspaper or any member of the Opposition in the House of Commons, by way of attacking the Government, raises a cry that the English navy has sunk to an inferiority as compared with the French, do not let us—Frenchmen—be the dupes of these declamations, or fancy ourselves thunderbolts of war, the terror of mankind. For the fact is that the English navy is, as it always has been, the most powerful in the world; that the English nation is not, in reality, afraid of anybody; and that the position of Bogey, offered to us, is not particularly flattering.’

Those who remember the succession of naval panics which swept over the country some twenty or twenty-two years ago—panics similar to that which, even now, some members of the Opposition have been trying to excite—will be the better able to judge of the accuracy of M. Raymond’s observations. And as then, so now, the question has been raised, if not ignorantly or foolishly, then on mere party grounds: and the attack and defence have been equally insincere; for the naval policy of the country, though it may differ in some details, is, in the main, essentially the same now as it has been for the last ten years, under five different First Lords of the Admiralty. But with party squabbles the navy has nothing to do; as a service, it belongs to no party; it belongs to the nation; it belongs to England; and it adheres to the grand maxim, handed down to it from the time of the honoured Blake, ‘It is not for us to ‘mind affairs of state, but to keep foreigners from fooling us.’

ART. X.—*The Haigs of Bemersyde: a Family History.*
By JOHN RUSSELL. 8vo. Edinburgh and London:
1881.

IN the autumn of 1831 the painter Turner, who had come to Scotland to make a set of drawings in illustration of the scenery of Scott's poems, spent some days with Sir Walter himself at Abbotsford. Though Scott was then a broken-down invalid, preparing for that last continental journey from which he returned only to die, he paid every attention to the celebrated artist, and arranged several excursions for him in the neighbourhood. Lockhart, who was then at Abbotsford, tells of one expedition in particular, in which he and a friend of his accompanied Scott and Turner. They drove from Abbotsford some miles down the Tweed to Smailholm, that Turner might sketch Smailholm Crags and Tower; thence they went to Dryburgh Abbey, of which also Turner made a sketch; and after these two spots had been visited Scott insisted that, on their drive home, they should stop at yet a third place, which he thought worthy of Turner's pencil. This was Bemersyde House, an old family mansion on the high Berwickshire bank of the Tweed, about a mile north from Dryburgh and three miles east from Melrose. The then Laird of Bemersyde, a certain elderly Mr. James Zerubabel Haig, who had been an army officer in his youth, was one of Scott's most esteemed neighbours; there were some far-back links of connexion between Scott's own ancestry and that of the Haigs; and Scott could assure Turner that the Haigs were the most ancient family still subsisting on Tweedside with their original name and on their original property. On these grounds alone Bemersyde House, the oldest part of which was believed to be as old as the family itself, would have been worth a visit from the artist; but there was more. Mingled with the records which proved the antiquity of the Haig family and their mansion, there had come down a legend investing their antiquity with a supernatural charm. Not a child in the Tweedside district but carried in his memory that mysterious scrap of verse by which, as it was believed, Thomas the Rhymer, the famous bard and seer of the thirteenth century, whose dwelling had been at Ercildoune or Earlstoun, a few miles north from Bemersyde, had guaranteed the eternity of the Haigs in their local possession—

'Tyde what may betyde,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.'

This scrap of rhyme, familiar in Tweedside for generations, Scott had been in the habit of repeating to himself, or quoting to his companions, every time he passed Bemersyde House. He had quoted it to Washington Irving in 1817; and there can be little doubt that he quoted it now to Turner, and that it inspired the sketch of Bemersyde House which Turner made while they stopped there, and which was shown while they lunched with the good laird and lady, and others of the family, before driving back to Abbotsford. For of all Turner's drawings illustrative of Scott's poems none is more fascinating than this. It represents a tall, gabled, extremely antique-looking square building, with turrets at the four corners and small windows in the massive walls, flanked on each side by a modern addition of much less height. A carriage is waiting at the main door; on the lawn, close to the house, is a very old, gnarled, and umbrageous Spanish chestnut; and in the nearer foreground, close to the spectator, is a kind of sunk and balustraded level space, like a disused bowling-green, on which a lady and two gentlemen, in modern costume, are sauntering in the vicinity of a row of flower-pots and an old stone sundial. On the flat pedestal of this sundial are one or two such articles of modern accomplishment as a guitar and a music-book; and resting against it is a family portrait, attached by a thong to a parchment volume labelled 'Thomas the Rhymer.' Turner's idea in the sketch was evidently that of the connexion of the present with a very remote past in the duration of a single family. The castellated old house itself, and the great old tree, suggest the remote past; the sundial and other circumstantials are antique, but less antique; the portrait is that of the Laird of Bemersyde then receiving his distinguished visitors; the three sauntering figures are Miss Haig, Scott, and Lockhart—Scott's limp distinctly discernible by his gait, his walking-stick, and the fact that he is leaning on Lockhart; and the carriage is Scott's, waiting to take the party back to Abbotsford. All these details are conveyed most exactly, and yet with a singular dreaminess and glamour in the general effect. In looking at the sketch you feel as if you were in some enchanted scene; and, if you know the legend, you start on observing the thong attaching the portrait to the mystic volume, and mutter to yourself—

'Tyde what may betyde,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.'

What Turner did, so successfully, by half an hour's use of his magical pencil, Mr. Russell has accomplished, in a much

more laborious fashion, in the handsome volume now before us. It is a history of the Haigs of Bemersyde from their hazy beginnings on through the twenty-eight generations or descents of known succession which connect the reigns of the Scottish kings David I., Malcolm IV., and William the Lion, with the present reign of Queen Victoria. Mr. Russell has taken all pains, and has produced an excellent book. He has written in a genuine spirit of historical research, basing all his statements on the evidence of charters and other records; and yet his narrative is hardly anywhere of the Dryasdust sort, but in the main interesting, full-bodied, and racy. For this he is indebted partly to his materials. Among these have been the family papers preserved at Bemersyde, the entire mass of which, he informs us, was placed at his discretion 'without reserve or restriction.' Much of the credit, however, belongs to Mr. Russell himself. He is very clear and orderly in his arrangement; his acquaintance with the Border counties is evidently direct and intimate; his knowledge of Scottish history, if at fault here and there on a special point, is such that he can effectively attach the incidents of family life to the chain of national events; and, while he is properly faithful to record and document, he has a due feeling for the romantic and picturesque, and is not too hard-hearted in dealing with a legend. It may be a question whether once or twice his tenderness in this respect does not betray him into credulity; but he never intends that it should, and is careful, when he does indulge in a fancy, not to mix it with his facts.

After a few pages of groping in the old Scottish mists for those imaginary Haigs of Pictish origin, Danish origin, or what not, that figure in the now discarded genealogies, we come upon the first veritable man who can be recognised as a Haig of Bemersyde. He was a Petrus de Haga, whose name, in that form, or varied into *del Hage*, *de la Hage*, *de la Hayhe*, *de la Haga*, is found inserted, as that of a witness, in eleven extant charters of different dates between 1162 and 1200. Who Peter was, or whence he came, no living creature knows for certain, unless it be the great Spanish chestnut tree still standing in front of Bemersyde House, and which, as it can hardly be less than a thousand years old, must have seen the building of the first block of the house, and Peter going in and out during the process. Mr. Russell's conclusion is that he was one of those Norman immigrants who came into Scotland in such considerable numbers, whether through England or direct from Normandy, in the reign of David I. Etymologically, the Teutonic *haga*, in French *hague* or *haie*, and in

old English *hay*, means a fence or fortified enclosure; and why may not the first Haig in Scotland have come from that extreme northern jut of Normandy into the English Channel, just above Cherbourg, which is still called Cape de la Hague, and is said to have derived its name from an earthwork or *hague-dike* formed by Rollo and his Scandinavians there when they were seizing that part of France? Why not? is all that can be conceded; for no one knows. It is in favour, at least, of Mr. Russell's theory of *some* immediate Norman origin for the Haigs, that the eleven charters which the first De Haga is found witnessing all connect him with contemporary Scottish families who were indisputably Norman. The oldest is a charter by which Richard de Moreville, Constable of Scotland, sells to Henry St. Clair two serfs—one with a Saxon name and the other with a Celtic, though they are described as 'brothers;' the rest relate to gifts by the same family, or by others, to various religious houses in the south of Scotland. To have been one of the witnesses to such charters implies that Petrus de Haga, wherever he came from, was in settled residence on his Scottish property in the southernmost nook of Berwickshire, and a man of some consideration there, between 1150 and 1200. Though he seems to have held his lands directly from the king, he was not one of the great barons, but only one of those 'lesser barons,' as they were styled, whom the Scotch now call 'lairds,' and whom the English would call 'squires.' What he did during his fifty years of Tweedside life, besides marrying a wife called Goda and witnessing charters for his neighbours, one asks in vain. We can but imagine him walking to and fro on the Tweed, between the recently founded Abbey of New Melrose and the still more recently founded Abbey of Dryburgh, and chiefly among his tenants and cottars in the vicinity of the latter, probably swearing at them a good deal in broken French.

To Petrus de Haga the first succeeded Petrus de Haga the second. He was laird for twenty-eight years, or from 1200 to 1228, and in that time witnessed three charters, and was principal in a fourth. In this last, for the benefit of his soul, and the soul of his late wife Ada, and the souls of all his ancestors and kin, he grants two oxgates of land, equal to twenty-six acres, in his lordship of Bemersyde, to the Abbey of Dryburgh, to be held of him and his heirs in perpetuity, and also to the same abbey the messuage in Bemersyde village which had been occupied by his mother Goda in her widowhood, with pasture for three cows and twenty sheep for the family that the monks may place in that messuage. The tradition

is that it was by way of *quid pro quo* for this gift and others that the monks of Dryburgh granted to this second Petrus de Haga the privilege of burial for all the Haigs of Bemersyde within the precincts of the abbey. Of this burial-place of the Haigs in Dryburgh Abbey there is an interesting description in Mr. Russell's volume, with an engraving showing its close contiguity to that other burying-place, once the property of the Haliburtons of Newmains, which is now illustrious as the tomb of their descendant, Sir Walter Scott. There Peter the second was buried, if not Peter the first before him. We make haste to bury there also the third of the dynasty, Henry de la Hage, who was laird from 1228 to 1240, when Alexander II. was King of Scotland. Save that he witnessed a charter and continued the race, he is a blank in the record.

A more important man was Petrus de Haga, the fourth of the line, and the third with the name of Peter. His lairdship extended from 1240 to 1280, or through the last nine years of the reign of Alexander II., and nearly the whole of that of Alexander III. He is memorable for two charters. One is a conveyance of a certain piece of forest-land on his estate to the Abbot and Convent of Dryburgh; the other describes a transaction of his with the Abbot and Convent of Melrose. This second charter is the most famous document by far in the history of the Haigs; and Mr. Russell has, very properly, given not only the Latin original and a translation, but also a photographic facsimile of the fine old parchment itself, now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch. The charter, in translation, runs thus:—

‘To all who this writing shall see or hear, Petrus de Haga, lord of Bemersyde, sends greeting in the Lord. Know all men that, forasmuch as I had agreed with the religious men, the Abbot and Convent of Melros, that, for certain transgressions committed against them by me and mine, I and my heirs would pay to the same every year ten salmon, to wit, five fresh and five old, for ever, [and] at length the said religious men, moved by piety, considered this to tend to the disinheritation of me and my heirs, [therefore] on the mediation of good men, my son and heir John consenting and conceding thereunto, I have agreed with the said Abbot and Convent on this wise:—To wit, that I and my heirs are held, and by the present writing for ever bound to the said Abbot and Convent, to pay every year half a stone of wax, good and saleable, to the chapel of St. Cuthbert of Old Melros, on the day of blessed St. Cuthbert, in Lent, or thirty pennies, under pain of paying to the lamp of the said chapel thirty pennies for every month during which any cessation shall have occurred in the payment of the said wax or of the thirty pennies aforesaid, after the day and term

mentioned: subjecting myself and my heirs to the jurisdiction and authority of the Lord Bishop of St. Andrews for the time being, that he may be able to compel me and my heirs, by any ecclesiastical censure whatever, to the payment of the said wax, or of the thirty pennies aforesaid, together with the penalty if it be incurred: renouncing for me and my heirs, in this cause, all action, defence, and exception, and all help of canon and of civil law, benefit of restitution *ad integrum*, and all other things which may or shall benefit me and my heirs in this cause, and prejudice the said Abbot and Convent, by invalidating the payment of the said wax or of the thirty pennies aforesaid, along with the penalty if it be incurred. In witness whereof to the present writing my seal, together with the seal of Lord Oliver, the Abbot of Driburg, has been appended. Witnesses: Lord Oliver, Abbot of Driburg; Sir William de Burudun, knight; Hugo de Perisbi, then Sheriff of Rokisburg; William de Hattleye; *Thomas Rinor of Ercildun*; and others.'

On the puzzling question, suggested by the matter of this document, why the trumpery payment of five fresh and five preserved salmon every year should have been so ruinous to the Lairds of Bemersyde as the document purports it would have been, Mr. Russell's conclusion is perhaps the most feasible. It cannot, he thinks, have been, as previous commentators have supposed, that the Tweed about Bemersyde was then so very deficient in salmon; but it may have been that there were disputed rights of fishing between the Haigs and some of the great overlords of the district, rendering the commutation of the ten salmon into a half-stone of wax convenient. If any other hypothesis than this of Mr. Russell should seem necessary, may it not be found in the fact that the wax, though due to the Abbot and Convent of Melrose, was to go specifically to the shrine of St. Cuthbert at Old Melrose—i.e. to the small remaining relic of that very old Abbey of Melrose, quite close to Bemersyde, and separated from it only by the Tweed, which had been founded by St. Aidan in the seventh century, but had been superseded and eclipsed by King David's new and grander Melrose Abbey, founded in 1136, two miles further up the river? May there not have been something in the relations of the new foundation to the moribund remains of the old making it legally safer for the Haigs to retain a registered connexion with the old? This whole question of the purport and reason of the charter, however, sinks into insignificance in comparison with the interest attaching to the last sentence, where the witnesses to the charter are enumerated. For the witness whose name we have put in italics was no other than that extraordinary Thomas the Rhymer who figures so mysteriously in Scottish history, and this Haig charter is, with

one exception, the only unquestionable contemporary document in which we have a glimpse of him as a real man, living in the Tweedside district, and performing an ordinary human action. Hence a great deal of study of the charter by antiquaries and scholars before Mr. Russell, especially by Sir Walter Scott, for publications of his in 1803 and 1804, relating to the Rhymer, and by Dr. J. A. H. Murray in his learned edition of 'The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Ercildoune,' published for the Early English Text Society in 1875. Mr. Russell has done good service by clearing away a difficulty by which these previous writers were perplexed in their construction of the document. Knowing but of one Petrus de Haga, the first of the Haig lineage, they had been obliged to stretch out his life enormously in order to make it overlap that of the Rhymer. Mr. Russell has shown that the difficulty is wholly imaginary, the Petrus de Haga of the charter being the fourth laird of Bemersyde, the third Peter of the genealogy, and the great-grandson of the first Peter. It was some time between 1260 and 1270, he shows, when the Rhymer may have been between forty and fifty years of age, that he walked or rode from his place of Ercildoune, either to Bemersyde House or to the Abbey of Melrose, to oblige this Petrus de Haga by witnessing the charter which changed the annual ten salmon into the annual half-stone of wax. His recognised cognomen, it appears, was Rimor or Rymour, whether by personal compliment to his already acquired poetical celebrity, or by mere happy coincidence of his craft with his inherited surname; and the surname Learmont or Learmonth, subsequently applied to him for some reason or another, is not yet heard of. His position and character in the district may be best defined by saying that he was the poet-laird of Ercildoune, on the banks of the Leader.

The fourth laird of Bemersyde had been succeeded by his son, John de Haga, and this fifth laird had confirmed, by a new charter, his father's gift of so much woodland to Dryburgh Abbey, when the poet-laird of Ercildoune distinguished himself, as legend will have it, by the most memorable of all his prophetic feats. It was a clear, calm day in 1286, and the Rhymer was on a visit to the Earl of March in Dunbar Castle, and the earl was jesting with him on the non-fulfilment of his confident weather prediction of the previous day, to the effect that 'on the morrow, before noon, there should blow over Scotland the greatest blast of tempest that had ever been known.' Noon was at hand, and there was still no sign of blast or tempest, when there arrived post-haste at the castle a

messenger with the news of the death of King Alexander III. on the preceding night, by his fatal fall, with his horse, over a precipice between Burntisland and Kinghorn. 'That is the tempest I told you of,' said the seer; and so it proved. For was not the good Alexander III. the last remaining representative of the native Gaelic dynasty of Scotland, save his infant maiden granddaughter away in Norway? What was to happen at such a juncture, with a king of such brain and energy close at hand as Edward I. of England, whose fixed idea was that of the subversion of Scottish independence, with a view to the incorporation of the whole of the British islands under one political rule? What did happen is a long story in the annals both of Scotland and of England. There began those wars of independence, the first and greatest figures of which on the Scottish side were Wallace and Bruce, but which protracted themselves in settled international animosity, with occasional battles and mutual invasions, till the union of the crowns in 1603. Little wonder that, through the first and most agonising stage of this long struggle, when Scotland was in the possession of English garrisons and overrun by ravaging English armies, the Scots should have reverted with a sad and passionate fondness to the peaceful and prosperous days of their good King Alexander. This, indeed, is the wailing burden of what has come down to us as perhaps the very earliest specimen of the Scottish muse now recoverable:—

'Quhen Alysandyr oure Kyng wes dede,
That Scotland led in luv and le,
Away wes sons off ale and brede,
Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and gle:
Oure gold wes changyd into lede.
Cryst, borne into Vyrghnyte,
Succoure Scotland and remede,
That stad [is in] perplexyte.'*

* The Scottish metrical chronicler, Wyntoun, who wrote about 1420, quotes the verse as one immemorially old in his time, and believed to be nearly contemporary with the event it celebrates. It is quoted above in the form in which it appears in the last and best edition of Wyntoun (Edinburgh, 1872). *Sons*, in the third line, means *plenty*; the rest is quite intelligible. Mr. Russell, in quoting the stanza, takes an extraordinary liberty with the last two lines, and especially with the last line of all, which is imperfect in the old texts. He reads: 'Succour Scotland, and remede that stad in its perplexite,' understanding *stad* as an old form of the noun *state*, whereas it is obviously the past participle *sted*, *stayed*, *situated*. This, however, is as nothing compared with the introduction of the pronominal possessive form *its*

It is one of the weak points in Mr. Russell's book that, not content with this simple and trustworthy tradition of great distress and confusion in Scotland consequent on the death of Alexander III., he adopts, and diffuses through a portion of his text, the larger hypothesis of a permanent paralysis of the prosperity of Scotland by that event. Following previous writers, he commits himself to the astounding statement that the death of Alexander and the subsequent war of independence 'put back the dial-hand of civilisation in Scotland at least 300 years.' This is the sheerest recklessness in the use of historical verbiage. The 'dial-hand of civilisation' is not so easily 'put back' in any country; and it certainly was not thus put back in Scotland. Are the three centuries of Scottish history between the death of Alexander III. and the accession of James VI. to the throne of England to be voted worthless or worse? Was it not precisely in those centuries that there was transacted all that is now remembered as peculiarly and emphatically the history of Scotland, all that created and moulded the Scottish nationality and the Scottish national character? Were these not worth having; or can we be sure that it would have been so well for the world at this day, so well even for Great Britain and the British Empire, if these results had been baulked by a process of events greatly different from that into which Scotland was compelled by the death of the last of her native Gaelic sovereigns? In respect even of material prosperity the speculation may be challenged. Granted that the reign of Alexander III. was, as the records represent it, a time of remarkable prosperity for Scotland, had that state of things been normal through the period of Scottish history which his reign closed? Had there been no distraction in Scotland, no strife with England, under his predecessors, and would not these have continued or recurred though he and his dynasty had lived for ever? Even were Mr. Russell right in his estimate of the population of Scotland in those days at not less than a million—a calculation hardly reconcilable with the fact that it was not till 1801 that the population exceeded a million and a half—would the mere stationariness of the population at about the same figure, which would then seem to be established for the three centuries of his dismal retrospect, be the same thing as that arrest of prosperity, that reversal of the dial-hand of civilisation, which he assumes?

into a piece of verse of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. That word is found in no English writer before 1598, and was an objectionable mongrel till Dryden's time.

Not to mention that the same phenomenon of a stationary population, for a part of the time at least, might be predicated equally of England, the arrest of whose civilisation is not asserted, is not that political philosophy at fault which identifies civilisation or even prosperity with growth of population? On this subject it might be well if our historical writers would digest the doctrine propounded by Mr. John Stuart Mill, after Dr. Chalmers, in the paragraph of his 'Political Economy' entitled 'Why countries recover rapidly from a state of devastation.' No great blame to Mr. Russell at present. He has but followed some previous writers; and, if he has been too hasty in his conception of the effects of the war of independence upon Scotland in general, he is probably not so far wrong in his account of the effects on the Border district, and the Bemersyde lairdship, in particular. He seems to make out that there was a serious disturbance, by the English ravagings, of the conditions of rude comfort and plenty which had previously distinguished the wild village-communities of that district, and especially those of them that were protected by the great Abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, and Kelso, when those establishments were morally and spiritually at their best. From certain data he calculates that the Bemersyde estate in its golden days, under the first Haigs, must have been inhabited by fifty families of husbandmen and ninety of cottagers, or about 700 souls in the aggregate; and he finds the Bemersyde of later times more and more a shrunken affair in comparison. Without accepting his precise figures, we may suppose him to be correct in the main.

It was John de Haga, the fifth of the Bemersyde lairds, as we have seen, that was in possession at the date of that tumble of the royal horse and his rider which brought such woe upon Scotland. He and his prophetic neighbour, Thomas of Ercildoune, had to face the crisis together; and the legend accordingly is that it was in those years of increasing gloom, between 1292 and 1296, when the English Edward I. was advancing his claims to the sovereignty of Scotland, that there was formed that wizardly link between the Rhymer and the fortunes of the Bemersyde family which the genius of Turner represented so well by the thong attaching the portrait of the head of the family to the volume of the Rhymer's parchments. Going about in a moody frenzy over the miseries that had befallen Scotland, and foreseeing the worse miseries that were coming, the Rhymer, now an old man, would flash out his feelings and anticipations more vividly than ever, tradition and Mr. Russell would have us fancy, in those pithy snatches of prophetic verse

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in which he had always been an adept. Now, if ever, more particularly, it was that he might be supposed to have uttered those two of his prophecies which have lingered most remarkably, in connexion with each other, in the memory of Tweed-side. One predicted the speedy extinction of his own name and lairdship in Ercildoune—

‘The hare sall kittle [litter] on my hearth-stane,
And there will never be a laird Learmont again.’

Per contra, the Haigs should endure for ever :—

‘Betyde what may betyde,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.’

As to the fulfilment of the first there can be no doubt. Not long after it had been uttered, we are told, True Thomas disappeared from his accustomed haunts. Whether he had been carried away, as the ballads bear, by the Queen of Elfland into her subterranean world somewhere about the Eildon Hills, or whether, as more prosaic authorities suggest, he had retired, as a voluntary recluse, to the Priory of Faile in Ayrshire, there to end his days, certain it is that from the year 1296, when he is last heard of, blessing and consecrating the rising star of the patriot Wallace, there was no proprietor of Ercildoune called either Rymour or Learmont.* Meanwhile, thanks to his spell, John de Haga fared well enough. He outlived the Rhymer thirty years. Though mixed up with the troubles of his time, first swearing fealty to Edward at Berwick with so many other Scots, and then manfully breaking his oath and joining Wallace, he emerged unscathed in the glorious reign of the Bruce after Bannockburn, and is found witnessing a charter for a neighbour in 1316, and executing a charter for himself in 1326. By this last he gave the Abbot and Convent of Melrose two oxgates of his Bemersyde estate for the benefit of his soul. One is glad to find that, after forty years of the ‘putting back of the dial-hand of civilisation in Scotland,’ the

* In Dr. J. A. H. Murray’s introduction to his edition of ‘The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Ercildoune’ there is a communication from his friend, Mr. Andrew Currie, of Darnick, telling what Mr. Currie saw with his own eyes one day in the year 1839, when he ran, with all the rest of the town of Earlston, to the ruined fragment of the Rhymer’s Tower still standing at one end of the town, attracted thither by the rumour that the prophecy of the Rhymer about his own hearthstone had been literally fulfilled. ‘Sure enough,’ says Mr. Currie, ‘there it was—two young hares in a nettle-bush in the fireplace.’

Bemersyde estate could afford such a gift. He was then a very old man, and he died that same year.

The next eleven Haigs, bringing us from 1326 to 1602, or through the reigns of David II., Robert II., Robert III., the first five Jameses, Queen Mary, and James VI. till he became James I. of England, may be despatched collectively. There was Petrus de Haga, the sixth laird and fourth Peter, who is said to have fought at Bannockburn, and to have been killed at Halidon Hill in 1333. There was Henry de Haga, the seventh laird, who was thirty-five years in possession, never married, but witnessed one charter. His brother, John de Haga, the eighth laird, performed the same easy feat, and is thought to have been killed with the Douglas at the battle of Otterbourne in 1388. Then came Sir Andrew Haig, the ninth laird, the only one of the race that rose to knighthood, and the first that dropped the old 'De Haga' for the plain 'Haig.' His son, John Haig, the tenth laird, must have been a man of some energy, for he had a long feud with the abbot and monks of Melrose as to the possession of a piece of ground, was excommunicated by them, but defied them and was none the worse. His son, Gilbert Haig, the eleventh laird, was laird for twenty-two years, and was present at the battle of Sark. The twelfth laird, James Haig, was an active partisan of James III. in that king's war with his nobles, and was present at the battle of Sauchieburn in 1488, when that king fell. His son, William Haig, the thirteenth laird, lived through the reign of James IV., and fell with him at Flodden in 1513. Robert Haig, the fourteenth laird, experienced in full measure the troubles of the reign of James V. and those of Arran's Regency for the infant Queen Mary, including Hertford's three dreadful English invasions of the Borders. Then came Andrew Haig, the fifteenth laird, who restored the Tower of Bemersyde after Hertford's army had left it in ruins, and in whose lairdship, extending from 1554 to 1583, Scotland passed from the Papacy into the Reformation, and from the unfortunate reign of Mary into that of James VI. in his minority. He was succeeded by his son, Robert Haig, the sixteenth laird, whose lairdship all but coincides with the rest of the reign of James VI. before his removal to England.

Respecting the eleven Haigs whose ashes we have here collected into a single paragraph, Mr. Russell's details extend over thirty-two pages. He tells of their marriages, their genealogical offshoots, their appearances in documents, &c., and with such diligence that there can be but few scraps of information about any of them that have escaped his research.

One such scrap, however, he will permit us to supply. It concerns Andrew Haig, the fifteenth laird, and the contemporary of Knox and the Reformation. There are two mentions of this laird in the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, which Mr. Russell seems to have missed. On January 18, 1573-4, when the Council chanced to be sitting at Haddington, 'Andrew Hege of Bemersyde' (miswritten 'Adam' in the beginning of the entry, but corrected into 'Andrew' in the sequel) appeared before the Council as surety for the good behaviour of 'Alexander Haitlie of Lambden,' the said Haitlie appearing at the same time and giving his own obligation to the same effect. Again, two years and a half later, or on July 11, 1576, the same 'Andrew Hege of Bemersyde' appeared before the Council at Holyrood House, and became co-surety with two of his neighbours, Ramsay of Wyliecleuch and Hoppringle of Smailholmraig, for the good behaviour of the same Haitlie of Lambden and five other Haitlies, all of whom were also present as principals. This would be hardly worth mentioning but for a circumstance proved by the entries as they stand in the register. The Laird of Bemersyde, important man though he was, could not write. In the first entry, while the principal, Haitlie of Lambden, appears as signing for himself, the Laird of Bemersyde appears as signing in this form: 'With my hand at the pen led be Johne Andro becaus 'I can not write;' and in the second entry, while four of the nine persons concerned as principals or sureties manage to sign for themselves, the Laird of Bemersyde is one of the five who sign 'with our handis at the pen led be Johne Andro at our 'command becaus we can not wryte.' The John Andro here mentioned was the Clerk of the Council, and the custom was that, when an illiterate laird or other person was before the Council and had to give his signature, he put his hand over the knuckles of John Andro while that deft scribe did the necessary duty. We are the more sorry to find a Haig of Bemersyde in this undignified predicament because we are afraid the inference must be retrospective. If this fifteenth laird of Bemersyde, the contemporary of Knox, could not write his name, it will need positive evidence to prove that any one of his fourteen predecessors was more capable in that particular. Their witnessing of charters at such a rate must have been generally by mere presence; and Mr. Russell, we are afraid, has not sufficiently brought out that fact for his readers, if he has been aware of it himself—which certain words of his about Sir Andrew Haig, the ninth laird, lead us to doubt. But who knows all that Mr. Russell may suppose to have been involved

in his awful conception of the putting back of the dial-hand of civilisation in Scotland three hundred years by the wars of independence? May it not have involved a recess all that time of Scottish pedagogy? May not the Haigs of the golden age have been educated and scholarly men, and may not the arts of reading and writing have gone out among their successors with the Alexandrian 'wyne and wax' and 'gamyn and glee'? This is a little question which may be recommended to Mr. Russell for investigation at his leisure. The scarcity of reading and writing among the laity of Scotland in the pre-Reformation ages has, we believe, been considerably exaggerated; but the Register of the Privy Council does prove that, even for thirty years after the Reformation, the art of writing had not descended, except in towns, very far below the upper stratum of Scottish society, and that a considerable proportion of the country lairds, otherwise men of some pith and substance, had to avail themselves of the services of John Andro. That the fifteenth laird of Bemersyde was one of those backward gentlemen is hardly to his credit, and may have been a matter of some shame to him in his old age. At all events, he was the last of the lairds of Bemersyde that could not write. The movement for popular education, set agoing by John Knox, was in rapid progress; and Robert Haig, the sixteenth laird, could write well enough. This appears from an entry relating to him in the Privy Council Register under date February 11, 1584-5. Mr. Russell cites this entry, though he has missed the two relating to the preceding laird.

Henceforth reading and writing were to be only too abundant in the Bemersyde family. They were too abundant, at all events, in the history of James Haig and William Haig, the eldest sons of the last-mentioned Robert. The lives of these two brothers occupy nearly a fourth part of Mr. Russell's volume, and are rich in interest.

James Haig, who succeeded his father, as the seventeenth laird, in 1602, when he was about thirty-five years of age, and the husband of an Elizabeth McDougall, figures in Mr. Russell's pages as the black sheep of the Haig lineage. By mismanagement, turbulence, and quarrels, he had, before the year 1610, when most of his ten children were born, so involved himself and his estate that, but for advances from his brother William and arrangements practically transferring his lands to this brother's control, there would have been total bankruptcy. Fortunately, Mr. William Haig, educated as a lawyer in Edinburgh and abroad, and already for twelve years

in practice at the Edinburgh bar,* was in all respects the very opposite of James—shrewd, diligent, and eminently respectable. He was also of a literary turn, with a passion for active politics, and was favourably known for two pamphlets or discourses which had been circulated in manuscript, one of them on the advantages of following up the union of the crowns in King James by a consolidation of the two nations. Whether his ‘intrusions’ with the affairs of his turbulent brother had been altogether disinterested does not distinctly appear; but the fact that he was a bachelor and subsequent parts of his conduct give probability to the notion that he had acted for the good of the whole family, his brother’s wife and children included. The humiliated laird, however, did not take that view. He had conceived the most deadly hatred of his lawyer-brother, and it became a Cain and Abel business between them. First, in 1611, James Haig is found the subject of a criminal prosecution, a ‘defamed’ man by Scottish law, and a temporary prisoner in the Tolbooth of the Canon-gate in Edinburgh, for counterfeiting his Majesty’s signet and forging his brother’s signature to some documents. Not till 1616, however, does the feud attain its murderous enormity. Early in that year, William Haig having been in the meanwhile abroad for some time as secretary to Lord Hay of Yester, but having returned and received further legal hold of the Bemersyde property, the two brothers are found together in London—William going about among the political Scots there, and interesting himself much in behalf of the Scottish favourite, Carre, Earl of Somerset, then displaced by the new favourite Villiers, and about to be tried, with his notorious countess, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; while James had come up on an errand of his own, for which he had prepared the way by a private communication to the King sent from Scotland. Suddenly William Haig was arrested. A mine of cleverly concocted accusations had been sprung underneath him by his revengeful brother. He had been col-leagu-ing four years ago, it was said, with astrologers abroad about the chances of Prince Henry’s life, the probable duration of the King’s life, and the like; he had in his possession a horoscope of Prince Henry, in which the premature death in

* He took his degree in Arts, Mr. Russell may like to know, in the University of Edinburgh in 1596, his name, ‘Guilielmus Haig,’ standing in the preserved graduation lists as that of one of four-and-twenty students who graduated that year from the class of Mr. George Robertson, Regent.

1612 of that young hope of the two nations had been pre-calculated; he had other treasonable papers in his possession; nay, he had confided to the present informer, his own brother, that he was at that moment deep in the secrets of some of the 'best spirits in England,' who were meditating the grievances of both kingdoms and had designs for 'punishing his Majesty 'a little' in the interests of political reform! The charges had impressed his Majesty the more because Mr. William Haig, with his propensity to scribble, had circulated a discourse on the subject of Somerset's disgrace; and hence the order for his arrest. Influential Scots in London, however, who knew something of the accuser's disreputable antecedents, had interfered; and the result was that James Haig was also arrested, and the two brothers were sent down to Edinburgh in custody, that the affair might be thoroughly investigated by the Scottish Privy Council. For an account of their several months of imprisonment in different wards in the Edinburgh Tolbooth, and their examinations and re-examinations before the Council, and for specimens of their paper pleadings there, including a manly letter of Mr. William Haig to the King, scouting with ironical contempt the accusations of this 'ill 'brother of mine,' as he calls him, we must refer to Mr. Russell's volume. Enough to say that, the charges having broken down, and the ferocious James having subsided from fury into sulks, and having horrified or amused the Council by appealing the decision of the case to mortal combat between him and his brother, the two were released, late in 1616, to go their several ways. James, after lingering a year or more in Scotland, is said, in the family tradition, to have 'discontentedly travelled 'into Germany and there died.' William remained in Edinburgh, a respected lawyer.

Though William was now the real head of the family, the arrangement was that his nephew, Andrew Haig, the eldest son of his fugitive 'ill brother,' but apparently a mild and inoffensive man, should step into the vacant lairdship. It is this Andrew, therefore, who ranks as the eighteenth laird of Bemersyde. With backing from his uncle, he held the lairdship from 1620 to 1627. As he died unmarried, and none of his brothers then of age seemed a satisfactory successor, Mr. William Haig, the lawyer and politician, did then, by what legal formality it might be difficult to explain, assume the lairdship in his own person. This lairdship extended from 1627 to 1636.

A most memorable lairdship it was. King James was dead when it began, and Charles I. had been on the throne for two

years. Haig, though actual laird of Bemersyde, and residing there in vacation time, was at the height of his eminence as an Edinburgh citizen and lawyer. He had been appointed, even in James's lifetime, to the post of King's solicitor for Scotland; and he still held this post, in conjunction with another of some public emolument, when Charles, in 1633, came on his famous coronation visit to Scotland, with Bishop Laud in his train. Though the nominal purpose was the coronation in Holyrood Abbey, the real business was the extension to Scotland of the system of *Thorough* already in force in England, and especially an ecclesiastical renovation of Scotland by the substitution of Laud's ideal Beauty of Holiness, in the form of a high Episcopacy and a florid ritual, for the very limited and superficial Episcopacy and the slight improvement on the plain Genevan worship which were all that James, by thirty years of effort, had been able to impose on the stubborn Presbyterian people. The great moment was on June 28, when King Charles, seated in the Scottish Parliament in the High Street of Edinburgh, dared the popular and Presbyterian oppositionists in that House, led by the Earl of Rothes, to resist the two chief Acts in which he and Laud had caused their anti-Presbyterian policy to be embodied. He had a list of all their names in his pocket, he told them, and he would remember how they voted. Rothes and a number more did vote manfully against the Acts, and maintained that they had the majority of votes; but, as they could not venture on the risk, then capital in Scottish law, of impeaching the official declaration of the poll by the Lord Clerk Register, the Acts passed, and Charles was triumphant. After the Parliament was over, however, the defeated oppositionists drew up a remonstrance to Charles, to be presented to him with their signatures, under the title of 'The humble Supplication of a great number of the Nobility and other Commissioners in the late Parliament.' It was an extremely able and well-penned document, perfectly respectful and temperate in expression, and yet bold in substance. The draftsman was William Haig. Though not in the Parliament himself, he had been in the counsels of the opposition chiefs in the Parliament all along—the Scottish Whigs or Liberals of those days, as we should now call them, though the name Whigs had not yet been invented—and it was to his practised pen that they had committed the preparation of their Remonstrance. But, though Rothes waited on his Majesty at Dalkeith, with a copy of the Remonstrance in his pocket, it was found impossible or unadvisable to do more than intimate to the King that such a docu-

ment was in existence. It was therefore suppressed; and the copy which Rothés had carried in his pocket went into the keeping of Lord Balmerino, a mere dead letter, as it seemed, which his lordship might either put in the fire or keep as a curiosity among his private papers. But it was to be heard of tremendously before long. Charles and Laud had been back in England ten months, and were enforcing the decreed ecclesiastical renovation of Scotland by orders thence, when in June 1634, by the imprudence of one busybody, who had access to Lord Balmerino's library, and the knavery of another busybody, who transcribed what was shown him in confidence, a copy of the suppressed paper was in the hands of the authorities, and Lord Balmerino, by instructions from London, was a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, to await his trial for the kind of treason which the Scottish law called 'leasing-making.' It is with amazement now that a reader of the paper finds that it could ever have been described as an 'infamous libel,' or that a young nobleman could have been in danger of the scaffold for merely possessing it and letting it be accidentally seen. So it was, however; and every reader of Scottish history knows how all Scotland was convulsed from June 1634 to July 1635 by the Balmerino business, how prayers for young Balmerino went up through that whole year from Scottish households, and what a relief it was when, after he had been found guilty by a casting vote in his jury, and so left at the King's mercy, common sense prevailed at head-quarters and he was released on his good behaviour. Meanwhile, what of Mr. William Haig, the chief culprit? About *his* doom, had he been caught, there would have been little hesitation; but fortunately, on the eve of Balmerino's arrest, and after an interview with Balmerino, he had escaped to Holland. One observes with pleasure that he did everything possible for Balmerino's exculpation and benefit, both before his flight and by letters from his place of refuge, taking on himself the entire responsibility of the authorship of the so-called libel, and behaving altogether in the most manly and high-minded fashion. He never saw Scotland again. Had he lived a few years longer, he might have returned in safety and honour. For to the Balmerino business in Scotland there succeeded the Jenny Geddes insurrection of 1637 on account of the new Service Book, and to that the National Scottish Covenant of 1638, and to that the Glasgow General Assembly of the same year, sweeping Episcopacy out of Scotland root and branch; and then came those wars between Charles and the Scots which were to lead to the calling of the Long Parliament in

1640, and so to the great Revolution. Walking by the sides of the Dutch canals in Groningen, Amsterdam, and Leyden, the man who had done so much to fire this train of political changes did not live to see the consummation. He died in Holland some time in 1639. He is to be remembered as the ablest and most interesting of all the Haigs, and the only one of them that has left an authentic mark of any importance in Scottish political history. Although his name had always been mentioned by Scottish historians in connexion with the Balmerino business, it has been reserved for Mr. Russell to resuscitate him distinctly as an historical personage, and give a clear and full account of him. For no part of his book does Mr. Russell deserve more hearty thanks. We only regret that, while printing so many specimens of Mr. William Haig's letters, he has not reprinted the once famous Balmerino document.

When William Haig sought refuge in Holland, several of his relatives were already settled there, in commercial employment or in the Dutch service. Among these was his nephew David Haig, one of the younger sons of the disreputable Laird James. By the exertion of great lawyerly skill, made necessary by the outlawry of the refugee and the escheat of his estates, the Bemersyde lairdship, or rather the right to redeem it, was transferred by the good bachelor uncle, three years before his death, to this nephew David. This David Haig, therefore, becomes the twentieth laird of the series. His lairdship extends from 1636 to 1654, or through the time of the Scottish Covenant, the Civil Wars, the annexation of Scotland to the English Commonwealth, and the first year of Cromwell's Protectorate. Having married a Dutch widow, however, and so formed connexions of property with Holland, David Haig was in no hurry to leave Groningen for his native Berwickshire. When he did return in 1646, with his Dutch wife and three children that had been born to them in Groningen, he took up his abode in a subordinate house on the Bemersyde estate called 'The Thrid,' the manor-house having been leased out or alienated. Mr. Russell makes a great deal of a certain contract he made with the Bemersyde blacksmith immediately after his settlement at the Thrid, and cannot understand why a trifling agreement of the blacksmith to shoe two of the laird's horses free every year should have been embodied in a document of such elaborate legal phraseology. We are afraid Mr. Russell has read it in the light of nature, and can assure him that the form of contract was the commonest thing in the world in the Scotland of those days, and indeed

that much of the language that puzzles him may be found in any Scottish letter of caption or arrest for debt issued since the accession of Queen Victoria. After this blacksmith contract, there is little to tell of Laird David, save that two more children were born to him and his stately Dutch lady, and that he had some experience of the English Commonwealth rule in Scotland, in the shape of the billeting upon him of some of Cromwell's Ironsides and other little troubles of taxation. He was still a comparatively young man at his death in 1654, when he was succeeded by his eldest son, Anthony Haig.

This Anthony Haig, the twenty-first laird, only fifteen years of age at his accession, was laird for the long period of fifty-eight years, or from 1654 to 1712. In other words, after having been one of the Scottish subjects of Oliver's Protectorate, and having indeed received his title to the Bemersyde estate by writ in Oliver's name, he saw the Restoration and the re-severance of Scotland from England, lived through the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary, saw the Union in Queen Anne's reign, and lived nearly through that reign too. Though a Dutchman born, and half Dutch by blood, he is one of the most intensely and characteristically Scotch of all the lairds of Bemersyde, the most 'kenspeckle' man in the family history after his grand-uncle William, and well worth the pains Mr. Russell has bestowed on his biography. His life divides itself most remarkably into two parts. In the first part we see him in the extraordinary character of a young, resolute, ecstatic, bull-necked Scottish Quaker. Since 1654, when George Fox himself had preached Quakerism in Scotland, there had been a leaven of Quakerism in the southern Scottish counties, more particularly in the East Border; the leaven had somehow reached the Haig family; and from 1657, when the young laird Anthony was only eighteen years of age, but already by precocious marriage the husband of a Jean Home, a young heiress in his neighbourhood, not only was he a Quaker himself, but others of the family, including his boy-brother William, were zealous for the Quaker tenets. An adequate account of the early Scottish Quakers, or indeed generally of the origin and beginnings of all the various non-Presbyterian or Independent sects that were imported into Scotland in the time of the Commonwealth and Cromwell, is one of the desiderata of Scottish history; and anyone who may take up that subject will find some good material to his hand in Mr. Russell's information about Anthony Haig in his Quaker days. Till the Restoration, indeed, we hear but vaguely of some small trouble, about tithes and the like, into which his Quakerism

brought him with the Presbyterian parish ministers of his vicinity; but after the Restoration he was one of that remarkable band of early Scottish Quakers, most of them *ci-devant* Cromwellians, of whom Swinton of Swinton, recently Cromwell's right-hand man in Scotland, was the national chief, while Sir Gideon Scott of Highchester and Walter Scott of Raeburn were of most note in the Borders, and the Aberdeenshire Barclays and Jaffrays in the north. The great novelist Sir Walter, a direct descendant by paternal pedigree from one of those early Scottish Quakers, Scott of Raeburn, had Quaker blood in him also on the maternal side by honourable descent from Swinton of Swinton. Obnoxious to their orthodox Presbyterian countrymen as dangerous fanatics, the Scottish Quakers were objects of persecution also to the prelatie Scottish government of Charles II., and among the records of those rough days some of the most abominable are those which tell of the persecutions and imprisonments of the chief Quakers. Anthony Haig was one of those so singled out. For more than four years, or from the autumn of 1663 to December 1667, he is found, in Mr. Russell's pages, a prisoner for his Quakerism in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, writing letters thence, in the strain of opaque and mystical piety used by all the early Quakers, to his young wife, who was meanwhile managing affairs for him outside, but had not seen fit to join him in his religious aberration. 'Arise, 'arise!' he writes in one of these letters, 'come forth out of 'Babylon, dwell no longer in her territories, for a consumption 'by the God of Heaven is determined against her and her inhabitants. Oh, my dear, come forth—do not tarry; delay no 'longer in Babylon, beauty!' Though she could not oblige him in this, she contrived to be a good deal with him in his captivity, and to keep matters from going to wreck at Bemersyde. There was a correspondence also with his brother William, who had migrated to London to push his fortunes in business there, and, being still as resolute a Quaker as himself, sent him Quaker books and information about the sufferings of the London Quakers. This William Haig, who seems to have been a most upright man, and who ultimately emigrated to America, carrying his family with him, remained faithful in his Quakerism to the last, and had a son Obadiah who was as faithful; but the same hardly appears of Anthony. Released at last from the Edinburgh Tolbooth in December 1667, when he was only twenty-eight years of age, he appears from that date forward no longer as the religious eccentric and enthusiast, but as a typical Scottish laird of the shrewdest and 'grippiest'

order, conforming sufficiently to established Kirk usage, and, though evidently with a remnant of Quaker liberalism at his heart, devoting himself absolutely and exclusively to the management of his family and his property. Veneration for the ancestral traditions of his name and lineage, anxiety to remove all the burdens accumulated on the estate by the misfortunes of the preceding lairdships, and to leave the Haigs of Bemersyde as flourishing as ever they had been—no longer confined to their subordinate dower-house of the Thrid, as they had been for a generation or two, but reinstated in their old manor-house, with added accommodations to suit them, and with the old Spanish chestnut waving in front of them in all its glory—this was his absorbing passion. For this, for forty years, he pinched, he scraped, he toiled, he snarled, he had lawsuits; so that, though we hear of one visit of his during that time to London and Holland, and also of continued correspondence with his Quaker brother, the monuments of his lairdship consist now chiefly in what he built and planted about Bemersyde, and in the masses of account books, business papers, inventories of household goods, and the like, which he has left for the curious. No man ever painted himself more to the life than did Anthony Haig when he penned, in his advanced years, the following memorandum for his posterity:—

‘I, Anthonie Haig of Bemersyd, borne on the 9 of February in 1639, in the city of Groningue, besyd Wast Frizland, one of the United Provinces in Holland, procreat betwixt David Haig of Bemersyd and Hibernia Schols, whom he married in the forsaid city, and was a most virtuous lady. Be it known unto my successors, That it is I, the said Anthonie, that repared the Thrid, builded the barme at the thorn-tree, made the garden and fish-ponds, planted the planting about the Thrid, except the row at the upper east syd of the garden. These things I write that you may imitate my vertiues, hating my vices, and with me you may endeavour to perpetuate our ancient familie; which is, according to traditione left in our familie, either a familie left of the Pikes [Picts], or upon the subjectione of that kingdom planted by a familie of the Scots, and ever since continued in our familie from father to sone,—which, I pray unto God ffor, may continue as long as son and mone endueres, that Thomas Rymores prophecie may hold treuc of our familie, which was, *Com what will com, tyde what may tyde, a Haig shall be Laird of Bemersyde*. Or it was in these words, *Whatever happen or betide, a Haig shall be Laird of Bemersyde*. Moreover, I bought back the Place of Bemersyde, our head house, which for many years had been out of the hands of our famaly, which I advise you never to part with, as long as God will blesse you with the injoyment of a furre [furrow] of land: it is your mother-house, and head of your estat and famaly. It was I that reformed the walks of the garden at Bemersyd Place, and made the perks [parks], and planted

all the young planting you see about the place and parks. I also made the green [bowling-green] before the toure door, and removed the stables and barys [byres] that stode betwixt the toure and the garden, and built them new where they now stand at the head or north syde of the old barneyeard, which I made a backe close [court], and made this barneyeard which stands within the parke. I planted all the fruit trees in the garden, except the apple trees which is within the uppermost waster [western] quarter. All those things aforesaid I did betwixt the year 1680 and 1695 by peace-maill at Bemersyd Place; but what's done at the Thrid I did before the said time, as ye will find in some of my minit-bookes. As also I made the volt [vault] a dyning roomo, and the sellers below bedchambers; putting up in the waster gavills [western gables], to the heads, 3 chimlies [chimneys] for that end, two of them to serve two chambers above that wanted chimlies.'

One consequence of Anthony Haig's temporary lapse into Quakerism was that his eldest surviving son, the successor to his estate, bore the incommodious name of Zerubabel. This Zerubabel Haig, the twenty-second laird of the series, was in his fiftieth year at the time of his accession, and, having travelled a little in his youth and read and thought a good deal, had given evidences of a will of his own in his father's lifetime. He had rebelled against his father's tight rule, penuriousness, and eternal harping on the one theme of the greatness of the Haigs; and once, when his father had lectured him in a letter on this 'adverse spirit' of his, and reminded him 'All the earthly honour ye or I can pretend to is 'that we are comed of the house of Bemersyde,' he had replied, 'As for the honour of being comed of the family, I acknowledge it; but, if I had not been born of it, perhaps God and 'Nature would have bestowed me upon one as good.' Evidently his notion was that everybody pre-existed in his own personal essence before being bestowed on any particular family, and that, for himself, if he had not been born a Haig, he might have been born in a family where they would not have called him Zerubabel. From this piece of his philosophy in his youth we should have expected more originality in his lairdship of Bemersyde than the records exhibit. Though it extended from 1712 to 1732, or from the end of the reign of Queen Anne, through that of George I., and into a portion of that of George II., the substance of what is known of it lies in two facts. One is that he showed decided Jacobite sympathies. The other is that, the eight children born to him before his accession to the lairdship having been all daughters, his lady persisted in giving him still daughter after daughter, till he had twelve altogether. All Tweedside was in consternation over the apparent frustration of the Rhymer's prophecy; for, though there had been

instances before in the family genealogy of breaks in the direct descent from father to son, and though there can have been no lack of collateral Haigs in Scotland, shed off from the main stem in previous generations, the country-people had made up their minds that, if Zerubabel Haig had no son, the Rhymer's credit would be gone. At last, in 1718, by a thirteenth and final chance, the Lady of Bemersyde did have a son, and the Rhymer's credit was saved.

We sail now into more modern and commonplace waters. The miraculous thirteenth child of Zerubabel Haig was James Anthony Haig, the twenty-third laird. He was laird from 1732 to 1790, or through the reign of George II. and half-way into that of George III. He was a Jacobite, like his father, and was in some trouble on that account after the '45, but settled, as Mr. Russell tells us, into 'an exact reproduction of his grandfather Anthony,' showing 'the same carefulness in money matters and an equal punctiliousness in the entry of all his transactions in his note-books.' One of his business correspondents was Walter Scott, W.S., of Edinburgh, the father of Sir Walter; and Mr. Russell prints a letter to him, of date 1763, from this interesting man. It relates to a lawsuit in which the Bemersyde laird was interested, and presents Scott's father very much in the character in which Scott described him in the Alan Fairford senior of his 'Redgauntlet.' Scott himself, the Alan Fairford junior of that novel, may afterwards have seen and known this twenty-third laird of Bemersyde, his father's client. At all events, he knew well this laird's son and successor, Mr. James Zerubabel Haig, who came to the property in 1790, in his thirty-third year, after having been captain in the 93rd Foot and having travelled abroad and visited the Court of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette just before the French Revolution. He was the twenty-fourth laird of Bemersyde; and extracts from his notes of his travels, printed by Mr. Russell, prove him to have been an intelligent and amiable gentleman, of cultivated tastes and habits. It was during his lairdship that Scott settled in Tweedside, first at Ashestiel and then at Abbotsford; and he was in the forty-second year of his lairdship and the seventy-third of his age when Scott and Lockhart took Turner to call on him and make his sketch of Bemersyde House. He outlived Scott eight years, dying in 1840 at the age of eighty-two, and was succeeded by his son, James Haig, an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet. This James Haig, the twenty-fifth laird, continued to practise his profession in Edinburgh, and died in 1854, unmarried. Then, O then! was the

real peril to the Rhymer's prophecy. For, the only adult brother of this laird having predeceased him, the property was left to his eldest sister, Barbara Haig, then fifty-six years of age and unmarried (the same Miss Haig who appears in Turner's sketch as walking on Bemersyde lawn with Scott and Lockhart three-and-twenty years before), with descent to her sisters, Mary and Sophia, also elderly maiden ladies. What was to become of Bemersyde after their deaths was a serious matter for local gossip, and the subject now and then of paragraphs in Scottish newspapers. For, to add to the gloom of the outlook, the three ladies, as if sharing in the general regret that there was no male Haig to be laird of Bemersyde after them, had deserted the family mansion, and gone to spend their declining years in Rome, where they lived together in an ancient house known as the Villa Poniatowski, but which they rechristened the Villa Haig. They knew what they were about, however; and in 1878, when the last of them died in Rome, it was found that they had outwitted the popular expectation. Twelve years before that date, while all three were alive, they had executed a joint disposition in legal form by which the last survivor of them was to be succeeded by Arthur Balfour Haig, then a gallant young officer of the Royal Engineers, and equerry to his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. Since 1878, accordingly, this collateral Haig, now Lieutenant-Colonel Haig, C.M.G., has been proprietor of Bemersyde, ranking as the twenty-eighth laird, in consequence of the intervention of Miss Barbara Haig and Miss Sophia Haig between him and the twenty-fifth. By those ladies, and by their sister Mary, who predeceased both, he had been recognised as their 'cousin;' and Mr. Russell, in an appendix on what he calls the Clackmannanshire branch of the Haigs, which started from the main stem in 1627, traces his descent most elaborately from Robert Haig, the second son of the turbulent and disreputable seventeenth laird, and the brother of the Andrew Haig and the David Haig who were set up by their good lawyer uncle as respectively the eighteenth laird and the twentieth. The pedigree, we hear, is not satisfactory to high genealogical authorities; but this does not affect the fact that, by most valid title, an indubitable Haig, of military rank and independent social distinction, is now Laird of Bemersyde, or the likelihood that in the person of this distinguished laird, now only in the forty-second year of his age, and with a son and heir already born to him, the Rhymer's prophecy has taken a new lease of life—

'Tyde what may betyde,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.'

It would be ungracious to leave this little metrical heirloom of the Haig family without a word or two as to its probable origin. That it was familiar in the family as long ago as 1695, and then cherished as Thomas the Rhymer's gift to them, is proved by the proud quotation of it in the autobiographic memorandum of Laird Anthony. The manner of the quotation there implies, indeed, that it was then old, and may refer it to the early part of the seventeenth century, or even to the latter part of the sixteenth. The question is whether it can be referred three centuries farther back still, so as to be heard coming originally from the lips of that Thomas Rymour of Ercildoune who was certainly the friend of Petrus de Haga, the fourth laird, and of John de Haga, the fifth. Mr. Russell, as we have seen, is not inclined to disturb the legend which would accept that extreme antiquity for the couplet. One of the prettiest passages in his book is that where he imagines the circumstances in which the aged Rhymer, standing on a hillside over the Tweed, with John de Haga in his company, some time about 1296, when Scotland was in its thralldom to the English after King Alexander's death, may have been moved to utter the prophecy. Hardly has Mr. Russell penned this fancy, however, when, as if half ashamed of it, he cancels it by adding that it does not matter in the least whether it is true or not. With Mr. Russell's good leave, we cannot so rapidly dismiss the legend. The Haigs of Bemersyde are a very interesting family, but we care a thousand times more about Thomas the Rhymer.

Besides the real existence of such a man in the south of Scotland between 1220 and 1296, and the incidental fact of his acquaintance with the De Hagas, it seems certain that he had the reputation of a poet in his lifetime, and was known as the poet-laird of Ercildoune. If we venture on a still more modern form of speech, and call him the first Scottish man of letters and the father of Scottish literature, we shall probably not be far wrong. He is mentioned in this character of a Scottish minstrel or *trouvère* by the North English writer, Robert De Brunne, who was his junior contemporary; and, though it is uncertain whether De Brunne means to ascribe to him the metrical romance of 'Sir Tristrem,' which is mentioned in the same passage as incomparably the best of the romances of that generation, and still more uncertain whether the romance of 'Sir Tristrem' there referred to is the same which Scott published in 1804 from a manuscript of the fourteenth century, ascribing it positively to the Rhymer, there can be no doubt that specimens of the Rhymer's poetical handiwork

were once extant. All the same, the evidence purports that Thomas of Ercildoune was not regarded in his own lifetime as only a poet or *trouvère*, but combined with this character, as was natural in his age and country, something of the character of a seer or prophet, learned in all previous prophetic lore, and especially Cymric and Arthurian lore, and practising the oracular form in his own utterances. At all events, this is the character in which he was chiefly remembered, not in Scotland only, but also throughout England, from the time of his death to the union of the crowns. Through those three centuries, his mere poetical reputation gradually waning, he was in all men's minds and in all men's mouths in both kingdoms as the prophet of the international wars, and of the relations between Scotland and England. Nowhere is the chain of mentions of him and the continuity of the massive tradition about him in this character more clearly or impressively made out than in Dr. Murray's introduction to his edition, from four English manuscripts of the early part of the fifteenth century, of 'The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Erceldoune.' He shows that in that extraordinary book, which consists first of the fine story of the abduction of the Rhymer by the Queen of Elfland, and then of a rougher medley of those prophecies of Scottish events, from the Battle of Falkirk in 1298 to the Battle of Otterbourne in 1388, which the Queen of Elfland gave to the Rhymer as her parting gift on his restoration to the upper world, there is a compilation and reduction into form of all the floating legends about Thomas, and all the prophecies that had been fathered upon him, as far as to about the year 1400. Thence onward, Dr. Murray shows, as new international events happened, and new battles were fought, such as Flodden and Pinkie, they were still fitted to supposed prophecies by the Rhymer, until, in 1603, when there was put forth at Edinburgh the popular printed chap-book of 'The whole Prophecie of Scotland, England, and some part of France and Denmark,' by all the famous seers of the British Islands, the compendium there given of Thomas Rymour's prophecies in particular brought down events to that very year, by including one that could be construed as predicting the union of the crowns in James VI. In that splendid hit, immensely talked of at the time both in England and in Scotland, the fame of the Rhymer in his character of the Scottish Merlin, or prophet of the international struggle, may be said to have expired in a final flash. From 1603, if not from some time before, his occupation in this character was gone. The international struggle was then over at last, and

either the ghost of the Rhymer must be laid to rest, or some other occupation must be found for it. Accordingly, though there is just a trace of its attempted reappearance in connexion with the Jacobite insurrections, and although, of course, the beautiful legend of Thomas of Ercildoune and the Queen of Elfland still survived for repetition in metrical ballads, the occupation found for the venerable ghost, so far as it was really operative at all after the beginning of the seventeenth century, was no longer that of the great international Merlin, but that of the putative father of all stray popular proverbs and petty prophet of local occurrences. As scattered steel filings leap to a magnet, so, through the seventeenth century and even into the eighteenth, all wise sayings of unknown parentage, and all unclaimed scraps of verse about Scottish places or Scottish families, were apt to fasten themselves upon the Rhymer. Perhaps the very best of all the waifs that thus became his is this anticipation of the essence of the Malthusian philosophy :—

‘The waters shall wax, the woods shall wane,
Hill and moss shall be torn in,
But the bannock will never be braider.’ *

It needs no very acute taste in antiquity to detect the flavour of the eighteenth century, or at earliest the seventeenth, in this aphorism. Hardly older can this be :—

‘York was ; London is ; but Edinburgh shall be
The biggest o’ the three ;’

or even this :—

‘At Eildon tree if you shall be,
A brig ower Tweed you there may see.’

The conclusion, therefore, may be that the two prophecies of the Rhymer with which we have had most to do here—that about the desertion of his own hearthstone at Ercildoune and that about the eternity of the Haigs of Bemersyde—were among the waifs fathered upon him early in the seventeenth century or late in the sixteenth. The motto of the Haig family, one observes, in use in the seventeenth century, was *Come what will* or *Tyde what may*. Was the motto taken from the prophecy, or did some clever fellow invent the prophecy out of the motto ?

* ‘Irrigation shall increase ; woods shall become fewer ; hill and bog shall be brought under the plough ; there will be enormous general improvement ; but the cake (i.e. the individual share of each person) will never be a bit larger than it was.’

ART. XI.—1. *Selected Speeches of the late Right Honourable the Earl of Beaconsfield.* Arranged and edited, with Introduction and Explanatory Notes, by T. E. KEBBEL, M.A. 2 vols. London: 1882.

2. *Novels and Tales.* By the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. Hughenden Edition. 11 vols. London: 1881.

3. *Wit and Wisdom of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield,* collected from his *Writings and Speeches.* London: 1881.

HAS the time come when it may be possible to pronounce an impartial opinion on the character and career of the remarkable man whose speeches and whose works are now before us? We are not ignorant of the difficulty of doing so. Lord Beaconsfield was so fond of wrapping himself in a cloak of almost impenetrable mystery that it is no easy matter to trace the progress of his opinions. The passions which raged around him during his last administration were so boisterous that the critic who reviews his policy is disturbed by the echoes of the storm. But, on the other hand, unusually ample materials are at the disposal of anyone who undertakes the task. While Lord Beaconsfield was still alive a political opponent attacked his policy by writing his life; a political adherent published a rival biography, which perhaps Lord Beaconsfield may have thought as damaging as the attack; and a foreign critic gave us a 'study' of the statesman. Soon after Lord Beaconsfield's death his publishers issued a Hughenden edition of his novels and his tales. An anonymous editor, extracting some hundreds of passages or sentences from the statesman's writings and speeches, published them under the title of the Earl of Beaconsfield's 'Wit and Wisdom;' while, finally, Mr. Kebbel, selecting some of the best or most characteristic speeches which Lord Beaconsfield made, has given us two volumes of his 'Selected Speeches.' If a man's thoughts and opinions be reflected in his speeches and writings, the complete material for a portrait is before us. Some future biographer may give it shape and distinctness, but he will hardly be able to make any essential addition to the matter.

The numerous speeches, indeed, which Mr. Kebbel has selected represent only a few of those which Lord Beaconsfield actually delivered. But the principle on which Mr. Kebbel has obviously made his choice renders this circumstance of little moment. He has wisely chosen speeches from every portion of Lord Beaconsfield's career, and representing every phase of his opinions. His two volumes, therefore, enable us

to a great extent to trace the progress of Lord Beaconsfield's views for the half-century which they almost exactly cover.

One word of caution, however, is necessary. The reader who addresses himself to the study of Lord Beaconsfield's speeches must not expect a statesmanlike exposition of either domestic or foreign policy. All men have their characteristics. Lord Beaconsfield was always happier in criticising an opponent's policy than in explaining his own; his best and most successful speeches are critical, his happiest passages are usually criticisms, not of measures, but of men. Perhaps no great orator ever lived whose sarcasms and whose epigrams carried a sharper sting. Occasionally his sneers read as if they were inspired by virtuous indignation. Thus he speaks of Lord Brougham 'spouting in pot-houses,' of Sir Robert Peel as the 'burglar of others' intellect,' of Mr. Gladstone as 'a penurious prodigal.' Thus, again, he told Lord Halifax that 'petulance is not sarcasm, and that insolence is not invective;' and thus he declared at Manchester that Mr. Gladstone had 'avowedly formed' his first administration 'on a principle of violence.' But we think that he was still happier when the sneer did not carry with it the slightest trace of ill-humour. What can be better than his description of Mr. Horsman as 'a superior person;' or of Mr. Beresford Hope's rich and grotesque rhetoric; or his quiet sneer at Lord Salisbury: 'There is great vigour in his invective, and no want of vindictiveness; I admit that now speaking as a critic, and perhaps not an impartial one, I must say it wants finish'? Who does not recollect his description of his political opponents?—'As I sat opposite the Treasury bench, the Ministers reminded me of one of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coasts of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous; there are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumbling of the sea.'

Mr. Keibel's pages sparkle with such passages as these. But Lord Beaconsfield occasionally soared to higher flights of oratory, and proved his capacity to be not merely bitter and sarcastic, but eloquent and impressive. It would be possible to quote several passages to illustrate our meaning; we will content ourselves with citing three. The first is a short reference to the death of Lord George Bentinck:—

'At a time when everything that is occurring vindicates his prescience and demands his energy, we have no longer his sagacity to guide or his courage to sustain us. In the midst of the parliamentary strife, that

plume can soar no more round which we loved to rally. But *he has left us the legacy of heroes, the memory of his great name and the inspiration of his great example.* *

The second refers to the conduct of the Ministry in the financial crisis of 1847-8 :—

‘I scarcely know to what to compare their conduct, except to something that occurs in a delightful city of the South, with which honourable gentlemen are familiar—and which is now, I believe, blockaded or bullied by the English fleet. There an annual ceremony takes place when the whole population are found in a state of the greatest alarm and sorrow. A procession moves through the streets, in which the blood of a saint is carried in a consecrated vase. The people throng around the vase, and there is a great pressure—as there was in London at the time to which I was alluding. This pressure in time becomes a panic—just as it did in London. It is curious that in both cases the cause is the same: it is a cause of congealed circulation. Just at the moment when unutterable gloom overspreads the population, when nothing but despair and consternation prevail, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—I beg pardon—the Archbishop of Tarento announces the liquefaction of St. Januarius’s blood—as the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced the issue of a Government letter: in both instances a wholesome state of currency returns, the people resume their gaiety and cheerfulness, the panic and the pressure disappear, everybody returns to music and macaroni—as in London everybody returned to business; and in both cases the remedy is equally efficient and equally a hoax.’

The third passage is from a speech at the Manchester Athenæum :—

‘Knowledge is like the mystic ladder in the patriarch’s dream. Its base rests on the primæval earth, its crest is lost in the shadowy splendour of the empyrean; while the great authors who for traditionary ages have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the communication between man and heaven.’

We could easily multiply such passages as these if our space enabled us to do so. We have probably written enough to show that the reader who cares either for wit and sarcasm, or for ‘graceful rhetoric’ and pure English, may find an ample banquet in Mr. Keibel’s pages; but it may be doubted whether the feast which Mr. Keibel has prepared will attract as many guests as it deserves. Just as Lord Beaconsfield lived in mystery, so there was something mysterious in his influence. If he affected to be serious, the public frequently paid no attention to him; if he wrote a romance, the

* The words which we have placed in italics are inserted as a motto on the title-page of ‘Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography.’

public analysed the meaning of every word in it. It has never been thought worth while to republish his only political treatise, the 'Vindication of the English Constitution.' His excellent biography of Lord George Bentinck sells by tens, while his more popular novels are bought by thousands. Is it possible that Mr. Kebbel's volumes may meet the fate of Lord Beaconsfield's other serious works, and that the public, which weighs the words of other statesmen, may neglect the speeches of the Tory leader, or continue to regard them as political romances, and go on searching his romances for his opinions? We think otherwise: this selection from the parliamentary arguments and declarations of so remarkable a man has far more than an ephemeral or biographical interest; it is an important contribution to the political history of the last half-century, in which Lord Beaconsfield undoubtedly played a conspicuous part. However much we may differ from his policy, it is impossible to deny him a degree of insight and foresight in public affairs which was possessed by few of his contemporaries. And we know of no publication which throws a clearer light on the political history of our times, both past and present, than that which attracts us to these volumes.

The popularity which Lord Beaconsfield's novels have obtained is of course partly due to the reputation of their author. If he had never done anything but write romances, he would long ago have encountered the fate which awaits most authors of fiction. His romances, indeed, have the same charm as his speeches. They sparkle with epigram; but epigram alone cannot redeem their extravagancies. His characters are too often caricatures; there is usually no mean between the depth of vice and the height of virtue; and the hero, when he escapes from profligacy and the gaming-table, immediately achieves distinction in the Senate. In real life, of course, such cases do not occur. The majority of people are eminent neither as sinners nor senators, and the really successful artist sketches examples, and not monsters of society. The really successful artist, moreover, shrinks from the vulgarity—we use the word with regret—which distinguishes Lord Beaconsfield's novels. An admiration of wealth and rank offends us in his pages; whilst it is hardly an exaggeration to say that in some of his romances the chief agents of civilisation are jewellers, tailors and cooks; the chief objects of existence ortolans and pearls.

Extravagancies of this character would have doomed most romances to the butter-shop. Lord Beaconsfield's novels have survived this fate because their extravagancies have been

redeemed by more interesting matter. They found readers in the first instance because of the ill-natured or witty things which their author had to say of the persons who were best known in society. Baroness Engel, in 'Contarini Fleming,' only said of 'Manstein' what everyone had said of 'Vivian Grey': 'Oh! you must get it directly. The oddest book that ever was written. We are all in it!' But this reason, which made the novels popular in the first instance, has long ceased to exercise much influence. The majority of Lord Beaconsfield's readers do not care to know that Monmouth is Lord Hertford, that Rigby is Mr. Croker, or that Foaming Fudge is Lord Brougham; but they have found a new reason for reading the books, because they all recognise Lord Beaconsfield himself in his principal characters. Whether he speak as Vivian Grey, as Egremont, as Coningsby, as Fakredeen, or as Endymion, the public believes it is listening to Lord Beaconsfield. Even those who know that the late Lord Strangford sat for Coningsby persist that, in reading 'Coningsby,' they are reading Lord Beaconsfield's own views: Coningsby, in fact, is only Vivian Grey reared in wealth, and educated at a public school. The hands may be the hands of Strangford, but the voice is the voice of Disraeli.*

'Vivian Grey,' the first of the novels, was published in 1825-6, anonymously. 'I have been reading "Vivian Grey,"' so wrote the late Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill. 'It must be written by Theodore Hook. It is very much like "Sayings and Doings"—the same disgusting heartlessness and cant about principle. I never read a book which gave me so thoroughly the idea that the author was a clever ruffian.' We are not prepared to endorse this harsh criticism without some qualification. 'Books written by boys'—such were Lord Beaconsfield's own words—'which pretend to give a picture of manners and to deal in knowledge of human nature, must necessarily be founded on affectation.' We accept the apology and refrain from censure. But the public does something more than refrain from censure. It buys six copies of 'Vivian Grey' for every four which it buys of 'Lothair,' and for every three

* Lord Beaconsfield was probably unconscious of the exactness of the portrait. 'If you mean that Manstein is a picture of myself'—so he makes Contarini Fleming say—'I can assure you solemnly that I never less thought of myself than when I drew it. I thought it was an ideal character.' Perhaps Christiagga's answer is equally well worth quoting: 'It is that very circumstance that occasions the resemblance; for you, Contarini, whatever you may appear in this room, you are an ideal character.'

which it buys of 'Sybil.' Yet, as a work of art, 'Vivian Grey' is inferior to 'Lothair,' and immeasurably inferior to 'Sybil.' In the Hughenden edition the novel occupies 487 pages. The first 160 pages to the death of Cleveland are excellent; the next 100 pages to the death of Violet Fane are readable; the remaining 220 pages are absurd. 'Vivian Grey' owes its increasing popularity to the picture of the hero in the first 160 pages. 'Power!' says Vivian Grey, 'oh, what sleepless nights! what days of hot anxiety! what exertions of mind and body! what travel! what hatred! what fierce encounters! what dangers of all possible kinds would I not endure with a joyous spirit to gain it!' He persuades Lord Carabas to enter into an intrigue for the overthrow of the Ministry. Boy as he is, Vivian Grey is the soul of the intrigue—'a young adventurer,' as Mrs. Lorraine calls him, 'a being ruling all things by the power of his own genius, and reckless of all consequences save his own prosperity.' And this is the description of the hero whom Lord Beaconsfield's admirers persist in identifying with Lord Beaconsfield himself.

'Vivian Grey' was followed in 1829 by the 'Young Duke.' The second novel has none of the autobiographical interest which attaches to the first. The prototype of the Young Duke is George IV. He builds Hauteville House in London, rebuilds Hauteville Castle in the country, and erects an Alhambra in Regent's Park with a prodigality which was only emulated by his Sovereign in Buckingham Palace, at Windsor, and at Brighton. The King's favourite architect, Mr. Nash, was not more reckless than the Young Duke's architect, Sir Carte Blanche. The chief interest, however, which attaches to the Young Duke is connected with an article upon it in the 'Westminster Review.' This Review, which had been only lately established, declared that the author of 'Vivian Grey' ranked in the third degree in the lacquey school of literature. 'Let it not be said,' so it added, 'that, in exhibiting the absurdities and vulgar pretensions and blunders of this book, we are breaking a butterfly on the wheel. This is no butterfly: it is a bug—an unwholesome production.' We only quote this abuse, which is almost as extravagant as the novel which it condemns, because it explains a passage in 'Contarini Fleming.' The hero of the romance finds his novel reviewed in the great critical journal of Northern Europe. 'With what horror, with what blank despair, with what supreme, appalling astonishment, did I find myself, for the first time in my life, the subject of the

'most reckless, the most malignant, and the most odious ridicule. . . . I felt that sickness of heart that we experience in our first serious escapade. I was ridiculous. It was time to die.'

Lord Beaconsfield, however, was not to die. The review, on the contrary, exercised a salutary influence on his fortunes. A second edition of the 'Young Duke' was not required for years; but, when it did appear, some of the most extravagant passages were quietly struck out of it. In particular, the fulsome flattery of George IV.—'O George the magnificent and the great! for hast thou not rivalled the splendour of Lorenzo and the grandeur of Louis? Smile on the praises of one who is loyal, although not a poet laureate, and who is sincere though he sips no sack,'—was omitted from the novel. But we may infer from 'Contarini Fleming' that the attack of the 'Westminster Review' had also another effect on Lord Beaconsfield's fortunes. Contarini Fleming, like Vivian Grey, is Mr. Disraeli. Both heroes are equally reckless, unscrupulous, and ambitious. But, while Vivian Grey contemplates nothing but political distinction, Contarini Fleming is always hesitating between literature and affairs. We infer from 'Vivian Grey,' that in 1825-6 Mr. Disraeli was bent upon devoting himself to politics; we conclude from 'Contarini Fleming' that during the next five years Mr. Disraeli constantly hesitated between politics and literature.

While he was still hesitating, the 'Westminster Review' made him ridiculous. An author who thought it time to die had not much inclination to write. 'Contarini Fleming,' moreover, was even less successful than the 'Young Duke.' The one had been ridiculed; the other, worse fate, was hardly noticed. Mr. Disraeli, nettled by ridicule and failure, flung up novel-writing for the time and threw himself into politics. His father was residing at Bradenham in Buckinghamshire. A casual vacancy in the representation of the little borough of High Wycombe occurred in the summer of 1832. Mr. Disraeli offered himself to the electors. He was again a candidate for their votes at the general elections of 1832 and 1834. Mr. Kebbel has extracted from a local newspaper a short abstract of Mr. Disraeli's speech on the first of these occasions. He has given us a detailed report of his speeches at the two subsequent elections. These reports and numerous passages in his novels and writings enable us to understand exactly Mr. Disraeli's opinions at this period.

The leading idea which Mr. Disraeli had formed was that the Whigs had gradually modified the English Constitution.

Except during a few unimportant intervals, they held power for a hundred years after 1688; and, during the century, they turned the King of England into a Venetian Doge; and 'by the establishment of the Cabinet obtained in a great degree the executive power of the State.' Such had been the results of the Revolution which Mr. Disraeli (so lately as 1845) called 'the Dutch invasion of 1688.' During the period, indeed, three great men withstood the Whig or 'Venetian party.' The first, Bolingbroke, was impeached. The second, Shelburne, whom Mr. Disraeli regarded as 'the ablest and most accomplished minister of the eighteenth century,' was unable to effect much against the dominant faction. But at last, in 1787, 'encouraged by the example of a popular monarch in George III. and a democratic minister in Mr. Pitt, the nation elevated to power the Tory or National party of England.' Unfortunately, 'the unparalleled and confounding emergencies of his latter years' forced Mr. Pitt to relinquish Toryism. The 'arch-mediocrity' who succeeded to power in 1812 did not merely inherit, he exaggerated and caricatured, Mr. Pitt's errors. 'Like all weak men,' he and his colleagues 'had recourse to what they called strong measures. They determined to put down the multitude. They thought they were imitating Mr. Pitt because they mistook disorganisation for sedition.' At one time the reconstruction of the Cabinet promised to introduce a happier era. But the reconstructed Ministry failed to effect 'a complete settlement of Ireland,' to conclude 'a satisfactory reconstruction of the third estate,' and to adjust 'the rights and properties of our national industries.' Their failure to do so introduced 'a new principle and power into our Constitution—agitation.' The Tory Ministry fell; and the Whig, or Venetian party, after a long exclusion from office, resumed the government.

The Whigs adopted their former tactics. In the eighteenth century they had kept themselves in power by passing a Septennial Act; in the nineteenth century they passed a Reform Act. According to Mr. Disraeli's view of history, the House of Commons had previously consisted of the representatives of the squires, or smaller landlords. The Whigs transferred the power of the squires to 300,000 electors, whom they chose to call the people. Having thus secured their own authority, they threatened an attack on the Church (in Ireland); on the old municipalities; and on the Poor Law. Mr. Disraeli defended the Church because its plunder in Tudor times had enriched the great families who were the pride of the Venetian party—'a factitious aristocracy,' as he styled

them, 'ever fearful that they might be called upon to regorge 'their sacrilegious spoil.' He defended the old municipalities because they reflected the unreformed Parliament which the Whigs had destroyed. He upheld the Poor Laws as a relic of the old feudal system. Thus both for what they had done and for what they proposed to do, the Whigs were detestable to Mr. Disraeli.

We have endeavoured to give, as nearly as possible in Mr. Disraeli's own words, an exact account of his opinions. During the next forty-nine years his policy in other respects constantly varied, but he never altered his desire to increase the authority of the Crown, and to restore the power of the squires. Passage after passage could easily be quoted from his speeches in proof of his strange wish to confine the government of England to the owners of real estate. 'I take the only broad and only 'safe line'—so he said in 1843—'namely, that what we ought 'to uphold is, the preponderance of the landed interest.' 'I 'repeat'—so he said in 1846—'we should give a preponderance, for that is the proper and constitutional word, to the 'agricultural branch; and the reason is, because in England 'we have a territorial constitution;' and the land, which was to retain this preponderance, was to be held only by a small minority of great landlords. In objecting to the succession duties, in 1853, Mr. Disraeli said, 'They are unsound in principle as regards personal property, but they are much more 'unsound in principle as regards landed property, because 'they lead to partition, which, in my opinion, is a very great 'evil, and much to be deprecated.'

Unluckily for Mr. Disraeli, the Reform Act had destroyed the preponderance which he desired to secure. But Mr. Disraeli thought that it would be possible to restore to the land the power which had been taken from it by giving the franchise to the lower orders. The squires were the natural leaders of the people, who, as Mr. Disraeli put it, were 'proud 'of their old families, and fond of their old laws.' The fact was clear enough to other persons as well as to Mr. Disraeli. 'You, gentlemen of England,' said Mr. Cobden, in the House of Commons, 'the high aristocracy of England, your forefathers led my forefathers; you may lead us again if you 'choose.' But the gentlemen of England could never regain their natural position in the State till they reconsidered their old views of policy. 'Your power was never got'—such were Mr. Cobden's words—'and you will not keep it, by obstructing 'the spirit of the age in which you live.' 'Infatuated mortals,' said Mr. Carlyle to the landlords at the same time, 'into what

'questions are you driving every thinking man in England?' Your class 'will have to find duties, and do them, or else it 'must and will cease to be seen on the face of this planet, 'which is a Working one, not an Idle one.' Mr. Disraeli's teaching was similar: 'I believe that there are burdens, heavy 'burdens, on the land; but the land has great honours, and he 'who has great honours must have great burdens.' Mr. Disraeli desired to raise the landlords to a sense of their duties, and then appeal in their behalf from the ten-pound householders to the nation. 'I do not believe'—so he wrote in the 'Vindication of the Constitution'—'that the House of Commons is the 'House of the people, or that the members of the House of 'Commons are the representatives of the people.' 'My 'Lord'—so he wrote on a later page—'the Whigs invoke the 'people: let us appeal to the nation.'

It is remarkable that this policy, which proposed the combination of the landlords and the people against the middle classes and the Whigs, was first unfolded in the pages of a novel. Contarini Fleming tells the ambassadors of the Great Powers that, as they refuse to guarantee his master's throne, 'His Majesty must have recourse to a popular appeal. We 'have no fear about the result. We are prepared for it; His 'Majesty will acquire a new, and, if possible, a stronger title to 'the Crown. . . . You will be the direct cause of a decided 'democratic demonstration in the election of a king by the 'people alone.' The power of the landlords of England, like the throne of Scandinavia, was to be secured by popular support; and the adherence of the populace was to be obtained by a wholesale offer of Reform. Mr. Disraeli had no fear of reforms, provided they were not offered by the Whigs. 'The 'very name of tithes' in Ireland was to be 'abolished for 'ever;' 'that flagrant scandal' a Church rate 'must be removed;' economy must be rigidly enforced; the votes of the farmers must be secured by the reduction of the malt tax; and the votes of town householders by a repeal of the window tax; above all, the people must rid themselves of 'all that political 'jargon and factious slang of Whig and Tory, and unite in 'forming a great national party which can alone save the 'country from impending destruction.'

Even this programme, however, was not sufficient. The Whigs were supported by a large majority of ten-pound householders, and there was no apparent necessity for a dissolution for seven years. Mr. Disraeli recollected that the Septennial Act had been passed by the Whigs. He consequently advocated the restoration of triennial Parliaments.

He thought that the ten-pound householders dared not vote against the party which had given them the franchise: he consequently demanded the protection of the ballot.

Such were Mr. Disraeli's opinions when he stood for Wycombe. His support of economy and reform gained for him testimonials from Radicals like Mr. Hume, and Repealers like Mr. O'Connell. So soon, however, as they discovered that he was courting Tory support, the Radicals regarded him with suspicion. Mr. Hume withdrew his testimonial; the electors of Wycombe declared that he was an impostor; and Mr. Greville, hearing that he was wavering between Chandos, an extreme Tory, and Durham, the most Radical member of the Grey Ministry, declared that he must be 'a mighty impartial personage.' Mr. Disraeli suffered three defeats, but he was not daunted by his ill-success; on the contrary, he had the courage to compare himself to 'the famous Italian general' who, being asked in his old age why he was always victorious, replied it was because he had always been beaten in 'youth.' In the following April he became a candidate for Taunton, opposing Mr. Labouchere, who had just accepted office in Lord Melbourne's second Ministry. At Taunton he formally abandoned the demand for the ballot and triennial Parliaments. He boldly declared that he had only advocated them for the sake of breaking the strength of the Whigs. But 'the mighty Whig party' had already fallen to pieces, and the expedients of 1832 were no longer necessary. In other words, Mr. Disraeli had advocated the ballot and the triennial Parliaments, not because he thought these measures in themselves desirable, but because he wished to eject the Whigs from power.

This alteration was not the only change which Mr. Disraeli had made in his political opinions. At Wycombe, in December, 1834, he had declared that tithes should be abolished in Ireland; and that 'the Protestant Establishment' should be at once proportioned to the population which it 'serves.' At Taunton, in April, 1835, he professed that 'he could not understand the principle by which the Whigs would reform the Church of Ireland. It appears to me that they have offered a premium to the Whiteboys to destroy the Protestants.' At Wycombe, in June, 1832, he had placarded the town with a testimonial which he had received from O'Connell. At Taunton, in April, 1835, he proclaimed Mr. O'Connell a traitor and incendiary. In March, 1835, he had written a letter to the Secretary of the Westminster Reform Club, forwarding his subscription and requesting the with-

drawal of his name. At Taunton, in the following month, he had the assurance to declare that he had never heard of the club. Mr. Disraeli was never at a loss for an excuse of this kind. Perhaps, as he said of the newspapers in 'Lothair,' that is why he was popular—the taste of the age being so 'decidedly for fiction.'

A change of policy did not serve Mr Disraeli. The electors of Taunton, like the electors of Wycombe, would have nothing to do with him. In the same year in which he stood for Taunton, Mr. Disraeli addressed to Lord Lyndhurst the remarkable treatise which he called the 'Vindication of the Constitution;' he followed up the treatise in 1836 with a series of letters, signed 'Runnymede,' which were published in the 'Times.' It is difficult to conceive a greater contrast than is afforded between the treatise and the letters. The former, as befits a constitutional discussion addressed to an ex-Lord Chancellor, is grave in its manner, decent in its language, and tolerably free from personalities. The 'Runnymede' letters, on the contrary, are full of personal abuse. Mr. O'Connell, for instance, is a 'systematic liar and a beggarly cheat, a swindler, and a poltroon. He has committed every crime that does not 'require courage.' Mr. Spring Rice is told that he is to be entrusted with the care of beings who, 'in their accomplishments 'and indefatigableness, alike in their physical and moral qualities, 'not a little resemble you—the industrious fleas.' The three Secretaries of State are described as 'one odious, another contemptible, the third both.' Lord John Russell, the first of the three, is told, 'Your feeble intellect having failed in literature, 'your strong ambition took refuge in politics.' And again, 'Your aim is to reduce everything to your own mean level, to 'degrade everything to your malignant standard.' Lord Palmerston, the second of the three, is the Minister who maintains himself in power in spite of the contempt of a whole nation. Lord Glenelg, the third, is addressed in softer language: 'Slumber on without a pang, most vigilant of secretaries. I will 'stuff you a fresh pillow with your unanswered letters, and 'ensure you a certain lullaby by reading to you one of your 'own despatches.' We could easily multiply extracts of this character. We abstain from doing so because there is little pleasure in digging out of the files of an old newspaper the scurrilous personalities which Mr. Disraeli condescended to use in 1836.

In one respect the 'Runnymede' letters stood Mr. Disraeli in good stead. They introduced him to the 'Times,' and the 'Times' frequently defended its old contributor when its support

was of importance to him. The time was, in fact, arriving when the support of the leading newspaper of the day was essential to Mr. Disraeli. In 1837 he published 'Henrietta Temple' and 'Venetia,' and at the general election which followed the Queen's accession he became member for Maidstone. His colleague in the representation of the borough, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, died in March 1838. In the following year Mr. Disraeli married Mr. Lewis's relict. Mrs. Disraeli had not much resemblance to the Violet Fane of 'Vivian Grey' or the Alcestis of 'Contarini Fleming;' but she brought Mr. Disraeli means at a time when he was 'a little wearied of what Fakredeen called 'the choice excitement of pecuniary embarrassment;' and she clung to her husband throughout her life with a belief that was never shattered. In dedicating to her 'Sybil,' Mr. Disraeli called her 'the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife.' She might fairly have answered that he made her the best and most constant of husbands.

Mr. Disraeli sat for Maidstone for four years. Everyone has heard of his first speech. Anyone who cares to read the report of his failure will find it buried—by an odd arrangement—in the middle of Mr. Kebbel's second volume. Instead of repeating a story which has been told and retold till we are weary of it, we wish to dwell very shortly on one striking circumstance in Mr. Disraeli's early Parliamentary career. We have a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the twenty volumes of 'Hansard' which contain the history of the Parliament of 1837, and we have always regarded with astonishment the evidence which they afford that Mr. Disraeli paid little or no attention to his Parliamentary work. His name is constantly, perhaps usually, absent from division lists, and he seems to have come down to the House occasionally to make a speech, but generally to have neglected his ordinary duties. Mr. Kebbel's volumes give us no assistance in analysing his opinions during this period. Those who turn from Mr. Kebbel to 'Hansard' will probably be surprised at the early Parliamentary conduct of the late leader of the Tory party. In 1838 Mr. Disraeli was in minorities of 13 and 17—the majorities in each case exceeding 300—on motions to repeal the new Poor Law. In 1839, in the company, it is fair to add, of Mr. Gladstone, he resisted the introduction into prisons of religious ministers other than those of the Church of England. In the same year he was in a minority of only three against the proposal of the Government to establish a police force in Birmingham, which had been the scene of a memorable Chartist riot;* and he

* The late Lord Panmure, then Mr. Fox Maule, said of Mr.

even resisted a measure which the Government introduced for permitting the formation of a county constabulary. In 1840 he was in a minority of five on a motion for the free pardon of Frost, Williams, and Jones, who had been convicted of high treason after the Newport rising. In 1841 he moved the rejection of the Bill for continuing the Poor Law for ten years. In 1839, we ought to add, Mr. Disraeli spoke on the Chartist petition; but he omitted to express the 'immortal truths,' which he afterwards in 'Sybil' ascribed to Egremont on the same occasion. Poor Sybil, who wept over Egremont's speech, would, we fear, have been disappointed if she had read the genuine document in 'Hansard.'

Throughout the whole Parliament Mr. Disraeli retained his hatred of the Whig party, which had been the distinguishing feature of his earlier political career. 'The aristocracy and the labouring population formed the nation,' so he declared in 1841. 'It was only when gross misconception and factious misrepresentation prevailed that a miserable minority, under the specious designation of popular advocates, was able to pervert the nation's order.' He still regarded Peel as the only statesman capable of terminating Whig rule. He had called him, in the 'Runnymede' letters in 1836, 'the only hope of a suffering people.' He said of him in 1841: 'Placed in an age of rapid civilisation and rapid transition, he had adapted the character of his measures to the condition of the times. When in power he had never proposed a change which he did not carry; and when in opposition he never forgot that he was at the head of the Conservative party.'

At the general election in 1841 Mr. Disraeli was elected for Shrewsbury. The six years during which the Parliament of 1841 lasted formed, in one sense, the most brilliant period of his life. During these six years the Young England party was formed by his influence, and dissolved by his conduct. The principles by which the party was guided were explained in a 'trilogy'—'Coningsby,' 'Sybil,' and 'Tancred.' In 'Coningsby' the hero of the novel describes the dangers which beset the State. Two centuries of Parliamentary monarchy had made government detested; two centuries of Parliamentary Church had made religion disbelieved. 'The only way to terminate class legislation is not to entrust power to classes. . . . The only power that has no class sympathy is the Sovereign.' The public mind should be accustomed 'to the contemplation of an existing

Disraeli's vote on this occasion, that 'he seemed to be the advocate of riot and confusion.' ('Hansard,' xlix. 734.)

‘ though torpid power in the Constitution capable of removing our social grievances, were we to transfer to it those prerogatives which the Parliament has gradually usurped. . . . The proper leader of the people is the individual who sits upon the throne. . . . Let us propose to our consideration a free monarchy established on fundamental laws, itself the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local government, ruling an educated people represented by a free and intellectual press.’ The objects at which a new Government was to aim were elaborated a year afterwards in ‘ Sybil.’ In ‘ Sybil’ the whole social system is out of joint. Rich and poor are divided into two nations, ‘ between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy.’ ‘ As the power of the Crown has diminished, the privileges of the people have disappeared, till at length the sceptre has become a pageant, and its subject has degenerated into a serf.’ Thus the moral of ‘ Sybil’ is the same as the moral of ‘ Coningsby ;’ and the author of both novels plainly implies that national and social progress must be secured by the restoration of personal government to the Crown.

It was not likely that a politician animated by such views as these would prove a steady adherent of any political party. Throughout the whole of 1842 and a great part of 1843, however, Mr. Disraeli constantly supported Sir Robert Peel’s administration. But in August, 1843, he suddenly adopted different tactics. On two occasions he spoke against the Government; and, according to Lord Sandon, heaped ‘ the grossest terms of contumely and opprobrium upon it.’ In 1844 he adopted the same conduct, reproaching the Ministry for asking the House of Commons to reverse its deliberate vote. He said: ‘ It seems that the right honourable baronet’s horror of slavery extends to every place except the benches behind him. There the gang is still assembled, and there the thong of the whip still sounds.’ ‘ I shall not feel,’ so he concluded, ‘ that I have weakened my claims upon the confidence of my constituents by changing my vote within forty-eight hours at the menace of a Minister.’ The House, which recollected the flattering terms in which in other years Mr. Disraeli had spoken of the Prime Minister, was bewildered by this language; and a member declared that ‘ the Shrewsbury clock had certainly been disappointed at not being the clock at the Admiralty;’ and so it had become ‘ irregular, no longer chiming in with the right honourable baronet.’ *

* The ‘ Morning Herald’ had made a similar charge against Mr. Disraeli in 1843.

Mr. Disraeli found many opportunities in 1845 of renewing these attacks. Twice in February he denounced the Government for issuing warrants to open letters passing through the post-office. In the second of these speeches he used the famous expression, 'the right honourable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing and walked away with their clothes.' In March, on a proposal of Mr. Miles for relieving the agricultural interest, 'the beauty which everybody wooed, and one deluded,' he declared that

'Protection appears to be in about the same condition that Protestantism was in 1828. . . . For myself, I care not what may be the result. Dissolve, if you please, the Parliament you have betrayed, and appeal to the people, who, I believe, mistrust you. For me there remains this at least—the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organised hypocrisy.'

In April, on the motion of the Government for increasing the Maynooth grant, he said:—

'Something has risen up in this country as fatal in the political world as it has been in the landed world of Ireland—we have a great Parliamentary middleman. It is well known what a middleman is: he is a man who bamboozles one party, and plunders the other, till, having obtained a position to which he is not entitled, he cries out, "Let us have no party questions, but fixity of tenure."'

The attack upon the Maynooth grant was the first advance which Mr. Disraeli made towards the country gentlemen, who were clamouring against Peel. Extreme Protestants believed that a proposal to quadruple the grant to a Roman Catholic university was equivalent to endowing 'the priests of Baal at the altars of Jezebel.' It is impossible to suppose that Mr. Disraeli shared either their prejudices or their fears. Passage after passage could be quoted from his works to show that he was free from all sectarian feeling. There are reasons, moreover, for thinking that Rome exercised the fascination over him which it has for so many minds. In the 'Young Duke,' May Dacre is a Roman Catholic; Contarini Fleming becomes a convert to Rome; Ferdinand Armine is a Roman Catholic; Sybil is a Roman Catholic; and Lothair is only saved from being a Roman Catholic by the dying injunctions of Theodora. It is a fair deduction that Mr. Disraeli regarded Rome with no unreasoning suspicion. More than twenty years afterwards, moreover, as Prime Minister, he allowed Lord Mayo, as Irish Secretary, to propose a scheme for the establishment of a new Roman Catholic university, with officers and professors paid by Parliament. If he were sincere in

1845, what must be thought of this proposal in 1868? If, on the contrary, he were sincere in 1868, what must be thought of his arguments in 1845? There can be no doubt of the opinion of his immediate friends. Mr. Kebbel admits that Mr. Disraeli's speech on Maynooth broke up the Young England party.

The speeches of 1845, however, probably effected all that Mr. Disraeli intended. They raised him to the highest rank of Parliamentary debaters. The '*Times*' wrote: 'Philip lives in Demosthenes, Antony in Cicero, and Peel will alternately amuse and exasperate political tyros in the pages of Disraeli.' Sir Robert Peel, indeed, affected indifference to these attacks. It was impossible for him to be really indifferent to Mr. Disraeli's invective. It was evident that the country gentlemen, though they still shrank themselves from attacking the distinguished statesman to whom they paid a nominal allegiance, listened to Mr. Disraeli with pleasure. They cheered sentiments in his mouth which they would have themselves been ashamed to utter. As M. Guizot put it: 'Peu de Torys, même parmi les plus mécontents, auraient tenu, sur le plus illustre d'entre eux, un si insultant langage; mais beaucoup prenaient plaisir à l'écouter.'

The session of 1845 had made Mr. Disraeli eminent as a debater; the Session of 1846 made him the most powerful member of the Protectionist party. Country gentlemen, already discontented with Sir Robert Peel, broke into open mutiny when he announced his determination to repeal the Corn Laws. But the country gentlemen were sheep without a shepherd; an army without a leader. The chiefs of their party were the Ministers who were proposing a policy odious to themselves; and Protection, which had been the guiding principle of statesmen for two centuries, had apparently no advocate. The way was open for a new man, and Mr. Disraeli at once came forward. It might, indeed, have been thought that he was the last member of the Tory party who ought to have undertaken the defence of Protection. In 1827 he had ridiculed the Corn Laws in '*Popanilla*.' In *Vraibleusia* it was the common law of the land that the islanders should purchase their corn only of the Aboriginal; and when the *Vraibleusians*, who 'paid for their corn nearly its weight in gold,' complained, the Aboriginal satisfactorily proved to them that his income was the foundation of their profits. No one who reads '*Popanilla*' can doubt that Mr. Disraeli was opposed to Protection in 1827. But we are not dependent on 'books written by boys' for his views. In

1842 he defended the first Budget of Sir Robert Peel, and vindicated the right of the Tory party to deal with Free Trade, insisting that Sir Robert Peel was only giving effect, as Mr. Wallace and Mr. Huskisson had given effect before him, to 'principles which originated with Mr. Pitt.' It is true that in 1843 he altered his tone, defined Free Trade as Reciprocity, and defended the Corn Laws as an outwork to the landed interest. We may make some observations on his attitude in 1843 later on. But in 1845 he reverted to his original position, and described the Revolution as a 'memorable epoch, that had presented England at the same time with a 'Corn Law and a public debt.' The sneer is consistent enough with the account of the Aboriginal in 'Popanilla;' it is inconsistent with its author's conduct in 1846.

'The truth is, gentlemen,' said Mr. Disraeli in 1834, 'a statesman is the creature of his age, the child of circumstances.' Circumstances made it convenient for Mr. Disraeli to support the Budget of 1842, and circumstances made it convenient for him to oppose its corollary, the Budget of 1846. We readily admit the ability which he displayed throughout the contest which ensued. He sounded the original attack; he bore the brunt of the struggle; he planned the concluding catastrophe. Whatever merit may be due to a statesman who struggled to maintain a corn law in the midst of a famine, that—it cannot be denied—is due to Mr. Disraeli.

Great as were Mr. Disraeli's exertions during this memorable session, his position at the close of it was still doubtful. Some persons imagined that, as the defeat of the Ministry had been secured by a combination of Whigs and Protectionists, the victors should coalesce in a new administration. Mr. Disraeli had prepared the way for a coalition by a change in his language. His opinion of Lord John Russell was modified with every alteration in his feelings towards Sir Robert Peel. In 1834 Lord John had been turned from 'a tenth-rate author' into a first-rate politician, on the principle that 'bad wine produces good vinegar.*' In 1844 he is 'sagacious and bold' in council; as an administrator he is prompt and indefatigable. . . . He is experienced in debate, quick in reply, fertile in resource.' In 1845 he has 'a thoughtful mind and a noble spirit.' If compliments could have paved the way for a coalition, there was nothing to prevent a com-

* The simile was first used in one of the Wycombe speeches. Like many of Mr. Disraeli's sayings, it was required to do double duty, and was again employed in the Runnymede letters.

bination between Mr. Disraeli and Lord John Russell. The Whig Minister, however, declined to apply to the Protectionists for assistance; and Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli were, consequently, placed in a position of some embarrassment. During the remainder of the session of 1846 they sat below the gangway on the Ministerial side of the House. This arrangement, however, proved inconvenient. There was no room for both Protectionists and Whigs on the same side of the House of Commons. In consequence, in the beginning of 1847, the Protectionist leader crossed the floor and occupied the front Opposition bench. Lord George Bentinck thus became the leader of the Opposition, and Mr. Disraeli his principal lieutenant.

At the general election, which took place in 1847, Baron Rothschild was elected for the city of London. Lord John Russell, at the commencement of the session, proposed that the House should resolve itself into a Committee for the purpose of removing the disabilities of the Jews. To his infinite credit, Lord George Bentinck, who had voted for a similar motion on a previous occasion, supported the Minister. The Protectionists were, most unreasonably, dissatisfied with the course which he took; and Lord George, mortified at their disapprobation, withdrew from his prominent position as their leader. In common decency, Mr. Disraeli ought to have followed his example. He was a Jew by extraction, a Jew in feeling, a Jew—to use his own expression—who professed ‘the whole of the Jewish religion,’ and who believed ‘in Calvary as well as in Sinai.’ Like Lord George Bentinck, he had supported, both by his speech and his vote, Lord John Russell’s motion; unlike Lord George, however, he could not bring himself to sacrifice his position for the sake of his opinions. He continued on the front Opposition bench, where the absence of his friend gave him fresh importance. He did more: at the close of the session he reviewed the conduct of business in a speech of exceptional power. Mr. Keibel is authorised to state that Mr. Disraeli himself thought that this speech made him leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, and in it he stooped to win a cheer from his followers by blaming the Whig Ministers for attempting to legislate for the Jews.

‘Everything comes if a man will only wait,’ said Fakreddeen in ‘Tancred.’ ‘Be patient!’ was the advice of the Chevalier de Winter to Contarini Fleming. Mr. Disraeli had patiently waited for his opportunity; and his hour had, at last, come. The Conservatives had neither selected him, nor even openly

acknowledged him as their chief; yet thenceforward, to all intents and purposes, Mr. Disraeli was their leader.

This position, however, involved a serious difficulty. The country gentlemen still longed for the restoration of Protection; and it was obvious to Mr. Disraeli that there was no chance of inducing the Parliament of 1847 to abandon Free Trade. He had, consequently, to reconcile the country gentlemen to the inevitable. He could not consent—as he magniloquently declared in 1851—that ‘the laws regulating the ‘industry of a great nation should be made the shuttlecock of ‘party strife;’ and he set himself to bribe his party into this view. The land, which had lost Protection, might be afforded fiscal relief. ‘Reciprocity being impossible,’ as Mr. Keibel bluntly puts it, ‘the next best thing was to obtain compensation for the landed interest.’ There were two ways in which agriculturists thought they could be relieved. The Malt Tax might be repealed, or the direct burdens on land might be reduced. The farmers would have preferred the first of these alternatives, which, it so happened, Mr. Disraeli had himself advocated at Wycombe in 1834. Mr. Disraeli, believing that he could obtain more votes for the other, persuaded them to prefer the second. In 1849 he proposed that one-half of the whole of the local rates should be paid out of the Consolidated Fund. In 1850 he suggested in the same spirit that local charges, exceeding 2,000,000*l.* a year, should be borne by the Imperial revenue; and in 1851 he again drew attention to the unjust charges which weighed upon the landed interest. In 1852 he had himself the opportunity, as a Minister, of proving the sincerity of his advice and the consistency of his opinions. He had impressed on the agriculturists for three successive years, that, if Protection were not restored, they were at least entitled to relief from their rates. In introducing his first Budget in April 1852 he practically flung over one alternative by explaining in detail the successful results which had followed free trade in timber and sugar. In December 1852 he abandoned the other alternative, and, instead of relieving the land by reducing the rates, actually proposed to reduce the malt duty, and to double the house tax. His conduct in office seemed thus almost purposely designed to rebut all the recommendations which he had made in Opposition.

One explanation of his inconsistency was, indeed, possible at the time. It might have been said of him in 1852 that he had never been either a Protectionist or a Free Trader, but that he had always been in favour of Reciprocity. In 1843 he had ad-

vocated the conclusion of commercial treaties, and had even gone so far as to declare that 'the principle of commercial treaties was the only one that could be adopted in the complicated state of our relations.' In the same year he had used similar language in a speech to his constituents. 'My idea of Free Trade is this—that you cannot have Free Trade unless the person you deal with is as liberal as yourself.' He denied in 1846 that it was possible to 'fight hostile tariffs with free imports;' and he urged in 1849 the frank adoption of Reciprocity as 'the fundamental principle of a commercial code.' So far it was obvious that Mr. Disraeli was the consistent advocate of Reciprocity; and it was not then so plain as it is now that Reciprocity was a mere synonym for Protection. In December 1852, however, there was not even a reference to 'the fundamental principle;' and the reduction of import duties was defended on the ground that it had been attended with consequences salutary to the consumer. Twenty-seven years afterwards, a supporter of Lord Beaconsfield who had not been 'educated' beyond the opinions of 1849 did him the disservice of quoting his old arguments; and Lord Beaconsfield swept them away as 'rusty phrases' used 'forty years ago.' We are consequently precluded from believing that Mr. Disraeli had any enduring faith even in Reciprocity; and that Reciprocity was only advocated by him because it was convenient.

What, then, was Mr. Disraeli's real opinion on commercial matters? 'I acquit the Chancellor of the Exchequer,' said Mr. Sidney Herbert in 1852, 'of the charge of having ever been a Protectionist. I never for one moment thought he believed in the least degree in Protection.' Mr. Disraeli's earlier writings and his later speeches justify Mr. Sidney Herbert's allegation; and we are forced to conclude that Mr. Disraeli began and ended his career as a Free Trader; and that ambition only made him a Protectionist in 1846.

Such, in the course of a long life, were the contradictory opinions which Mr. Disraeli expressed on commercial matters. We must now revert, though happily we shall require less detail, to Mr. Disraeli's general policy. Little real interest attaches to his career from 1852 to 1867. He perhaps required the sharp antagonism of a rival or an opponent to bring out his greatest qualities; and after the death of Sir Robert Peel in 1850 he hardly displayed his full capacity as a debater till the rise of Mr. Gladstone to supremacy in 1866. During the whole period, moreover, he was the leader of a minority. A Government in a minority cannot always do what it desires. As Mr. Disraeli himself once said, 'The

'temper of one leader has to be watched; the indication of the opinion of another has to be observed; the disposition of a third has to be suited; so that a measure is so altered, re-moulded, re-modelled, patched, cobbled, painted, veneered, and varnished, that at last no trace is left of the original scope and scheme.' This passage, spoken in 1848, does not unfairly describe the difficulties of the Conservative administrations of 1852, of 1858, and of 1866. Mr. Disraeli himself said in 1862 that the Ministry of 1852 'was formed for the sole purpose of establishing a militia throughout this country, founded on a popular principle.' It was eminently characteristic of him that he should define the object of a Ministry by quoting its single successful achievement. In 1852, however, he was much more anxious to win a victory over the Whigs than to form a popular militia. He even condescended to apply to the Manchester party for assistance. 'He asked one of the leaders to call upon him. "Protection," he said to the illustrious Free Trader' (we are quoting Mr. Morley's *Life of Cobden*), "'is done with. That quarrel is at an end. If you turn us out, you will only have the Whigs in; and what have the Whigs done for you? They will never do anything for you.'" The curious application reminds us of the equally curious combination of Tories and Radicals which Mr. Disraeli had endeavoured to form at the commencement of his career. We own that we should like to know whether Lord Derby or any other member of the Cabinet was a party to this extraordinary overture.

Up to 1852 Mr. Disraeli's course was chiefly influenced by commercial questions. Organic or constitutional questions rose into importance afterwards. The leaders of the Conservative party approached the subject of Parliamentary Reform under great advantages. Lord Derby had been a member of the Government which had carried the first Reform Act. Mr. Disraeli had always declared that the settlement of 1832 had not gone far enough. 'I wish it' (the House of Commons) 'were even more Catholic, though certainly not more Papist,' was his decisive declaration in the *Vindication of the Constitution*. On Reform Mr. Disraeli had no 'rusty phrases' to explain away. Notwithstanding this advantage, however, he managed to involve himself in inconsistencies, which make his vibrations between Free Trade and Protection appear small. The principal objection which he had always raised to the settlement of 1832, was that it had confined the franchise to a faction—the ten-pound householders. He even talked of 'the dreary monotony of the settlement of 1832' as lately as 1867.

In 1858, the Reform Bill which he introduced was founded on the doctrine that the objectionable franchise hitherto confined to boroughs should be extended to counties, and England thenceforward was to be governed by ten-pounders. In 1865 he still clung to this idea. 'All that has occurred, all that I have observed, all the results of my reflections lead me to this more and more—that the principle upon which the constituencies of this country should be increased is one not of radical, but, I would say, of lateral Reform—the extension of the franchise, not its degradation;' and he went on to avow that his present opinion was opposed to any modification of the 10*l.* franchise. But in the beginning of 1867 he brought forward a measure, the leading feature of which was the institution of household suffrage in boroughs. It is true that this radical extension of the franchise was accompanied with securities which reconciled the Conservatives to it. But the securities and fancy franchises were flung away one after another; and household suffrage was left, almost alone, in its naked beauty. After all these changes of front, we are not surprised at finding the first Reform Act at last acknowledged as 'a statesmanlike measure.' If we could be surprised at anything, we should feel astonishment that the man who had first condemned the dreary monotony of a ten-pound franchise, who had afterwards proposed to extend the same franchise to counties, who in 1865 had declaimed against the degradation of the franchise, and who in 1867 had himself degraded the franchise, should have had the presumption to declare that he 'had to prepare the mind of the country and to educate' his party.

The passing of the Reform Act of 1867 prepared the way for fresh legislation. Mr. Gladstone commenced the attack, which was the distinguishing feature of his first administration, on the three branches of the Irish upas tree. Mr. Disraeli was forced into fresh inconsistencies in consequence. So long before as 1832 he had declared that the very name of tithes in Ireland must be abolished for ever; in 1843 he had included among Irish grievances 'the tenure of land,' and 'the claims of the rival churches.' In 1844 he had declared that in Ireland there was 'a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien Church;' and in a memorable chapter in 'Coningsby' he had made the Young England party eager for a dissolution of the alliance between Church and State. There can, therefore, be very little doubt that the policy which Mr. Gladstone pursued in 1869 would not have encountered Mr. Disraeli's opposition in 1844. But in 1869 Mr. Gladstone's measure was 'a recognition of the principles of Socialism;' and

his policy, 'rash in its conception, in its execution arrogant,' received the stout opposition of Mr. Disraeli.

We pass from his course on the Irish Church to the policy which he pursued on the Land Question. In 1843 he had distinctly indicated 'the tenure of land' as one of the grievances of the Irish people. In 1852, the Government of which he was a member introduced four Bills to deal with the Irish land question. Three of them were passed. The fourth, after many years, was ultimately passed, 'with the omission,' which we will describe in Mr. Disraeli's own words, 'of what I consider to be a vital clause in the Bill of 1852—namely, that 'which gave compensation to the tenant for improvements, and 'retrospective compensation.' The Minister who had made such proposals could not be a very formidable opponent to Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Act; and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Disraeli supported its second reading, though he naturally indicated several details in which he desired to see it amended in Committee. Ten years afterwards, in 1880, he put the case very fairly: 'Though there were many provisions in the Act of 1870 which we disapproved, the general policy of that Act 'was in harmony with the policy which we had always supported;' and again, 'I am not prepared to say at the present moment that there is any portion of the Act of 1870 which I 'would wish now to be altered.'

It is clear, then, that Mr. Disraeli approved the principle of the Irish Land Act, and that he did not wish any portion of it altered. Yet he made the passage of this Act, for which he had himself voted, and which he approved, a reason for denouncing Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. 'It is the first instance 'in my knowledge of a British administration being avowedly 'formed on a principle of violence.' 'You remember when you 'were informed that the policy to secure the prosperity of 'Ireland was a policy of sacrilege and confiscation.' The Ministry's 'specific was to despoil churches and plunder land-lords.' Plunder, with Mr. Disraeli, always suggested blunder. Years before he had described in 'Coningsby' a noble lord who 'plundered and blundered in the good old time.' In 1873 he recollected his old epigram, and in the Bath letter declared, that 'the country has, I think, made up its mind to 'close the career of plundering and blundering.'

Hard words of this kind are happily rare in political warfare; and public men have usually too much decency to accuse their opponents of the practices of highwaymen. We object, on our part, to the substitution of abuse for argument. But, if men will import hard words into political warfare, we would

venture to point out that the only distinction between the practices of the two parties is that, while the Whigs 'plunder' a class for the sake of the community, the Tories, from the days of Protection to the days of Sir R. Cross's Water Bill, plunder the community for the sake of a class.

Whether, however, Mr. Disraeli's accusation were just or not, his opinion was well founded. The country was tired of Mr. Gladstone's heroic legislation, and gave Mr. Disraeli a majority. In the new Parliament, Lords and Commons were both ready to register his decrees; but Mr. Disraeli attempted little or no legislation. We are not going to blame him for doing nothing. The country at the general election demanded rest; it had no right to blame the Minister who gave it repose. Before he had been two years in office, moreover, political quiet was disturbed by embarrassments abroad, and foreign policy became the question of the day.

Mr. Disraeli's foreign policy had one merit. He was a consistent supporter of the French alliance. In a singular passage in 'Sybil,' Lord Shelburne is said to have adopted 'the Bolingbroke system: a real royalty, in lieu of the chief magistracy; a permanent alliance with France, instead of the Whig scheme of viewing in that Power the natural enemy of England; and, above all, a plan of commercial freedom.' The passage is historically inaccurate, but it is interesting because Mr. Disraeli supported the French alliance throughout his career. No doubt the early acquaintance which he enjoyed with the third Napoleon greatly influenced his opinions on this point. Endymion could hardly be jealous of Florestan. But this circumstance ought not to detract from the merits of his policy. We do not forget that Mr. Disraeli in 1853 declared that 'a cordial understanding with the French nation should be the corner-stone of our diplomatic system and the key-note of our foreign policy;' and that in 1860 he did his best to allay the panic fear of France which Lord Palmerston had unfortunately stimulated.

A consistency in supporting the French alliance was, however, only one feature in Mr. Disraeli's foreign policy. Throughout his career he displayed the love of Imperialism which was the distinguishing feature of his last Ministry. 'The land of England, so he said in 1851, 'has achieved the union of those two qualities for combining which a Roman emperor was deified, Imperium et libertas.' 'One of the greatest of Romans,' he repeated in 1879, 'when asked what were his politics, replied, "Imperium et libertas." That would not

make a bad programme for a British Minister.'* A Minister in a minority, however, has few opportunities of displaying his true opinions, and in 1852 and in 1858 Mr. Disraeli was a Minister of peace. In 1867 the events which led to the Abyssinian War enabled Mr. Disraeli, for the first time, to use the language of a War Minister, and he showed his natural disposition by speaking of the successful campaign in language which might have been addressed to a Hannibal or a Napoleon. Lord Napier had 'led the elephants of Asia, bearing the 'artillery of Europe, over passes which might have startled 'the trapper and appalled the hunter of the Alps.' He had taken a fortress which 'would have been impregnable to the 'whole world had it been defended by the man by whom it 'was assailed.' 'The standard of St. George was hoisted on 'the mountains of Rasselas.' Men smiled at the time at this bombast. It derives a fresh interest now from the light which it throws on its author's character. The man who had talked of 'Imperium et libertas' in 1851, and whose champion had hoisted the standard of St. George on the mountains of Rasselas in 1867, was the very Minister to make the Queen an Empress in 1876.

Eastern empire, moreover, had a peculiar fascination for Mr. Disraeli. 'Let the Queen of the English,' so he made Fakredeen say in 'Tancred,' 'transfer the seat of the empire 'from London to Delhi. . . . We will acknowledge the 'Empress of India as our suzerain.' It is certainly remarkable that the man who wrote this sentence should have made the Queen Empress. We cannot wonder that the event should have drawn fresh attention to the novel, and that the sale of 'Tancred' should have been doubled, as we understand it was, during the Eastern complications of 1876 to 1878. But the visions of Eastern empire, in which Mr. Disraeli indulged, concentrated his attention on the road to India. 'The 'Eastern question,' to quote 'Tancred' again, 'is who shall 'govern the Mediterranean.' Lord Palmerston had settled the matter in his own way in 1840, and his policy, culminating in the fall of Acre, was 'an exploit beyond the happiest 'achievement of the elder Pitt.' Mr. Disraeli aimed at the same object in 1875 by his strange purchase of Suez Canal shares. He undoubtedly thought that, if England had an

* It may be doubted whether Lord Beaconsfield's Imperialism rested on a much firmer basis than an epigram. In 'Endymion' he has described the Eglinton tournament, and the two victors in it are two foreigners, the Count of Ferroll and Prince Florestan.

increased interest in Egypt, she would strengthen her hold on the Mediterranean, and on the road to her Eastern empire.

While, however, Mr. Disraeli was buying canal shares and irritating his supporters by bestowing a brand-new title on his sovereign, events were occurring in Eastern Europe which were disarranging his plans. The inhabitants of Herzegovina were rising against the Porte; Servia and Montenegro were actively supporting the insurgents: Russia was contributing both money and arms to the belligerents, and Bulgaria was agitated by distant prospects of freedom. There was apparently every reason for fearing that these events might lead to a fresh war between Russia and the Porte, and that Russia, in consequence, might make fresh advances towards the Bosphorus and the Mediterranean. Neither the Suez Canal shares nor the Queen's Imperial diadem proved adequate obstacles in the hour of danger to the Russian advance. But Mr. Disraeli could probably have obtained effectual means for resisting Russia from the people of this country. There was a general feeling in 1876 that the sacrifices which England had made during the Crimean War should not be rendered useless, and there was general irritation at the manner in which one of the conditions on which peace had been made in 1856 had been abandoned in 1870. The people of this country, therefore, required very little encouragement to induce them to support the Turk. The Porte, however, sacrificed the English alliance by the brutal outrages with which its officers anticipated a possible uprising in Bulgaria, and Mr. Disraeli offended the people by the light-hearted manner in which he spoke of brutalities which had shocked a nation. Sympathy with an oppressed nationality, indeed, could not be expected in Mr. Disraeli. 'When I hear of the infamous partition of Poland,' he said in 1847, 'although as an Englishman I regret a political event which, I think, was injurious to our country, I have no sympathy with the race which was partitioned.' German nationality he declared in 1848 to be 'dreamy and dangerous nonsense.' A statesman who could speak in this way of the rising cause of nationalities was not likely to feel much sympathy for the Christian subjects of the Porte. When, however, the news of the Bulgarian atrocities reached England, it was still open to him to utter a few words of horror; instead of doing so, Mr. Disraeli rejected the story, and, recollecting some of his old epigrams, chose to talk of it as 'coffee-house babble.*' The phrase was resented by the

* The phrase 'a coffee-house tale' is in 'Tancred'; the 'babble of clubs' is in 'Sybil.'

people, and had almost as much effect as Mr. Gladstone's eloquence in dissuading Englishmen from actively espousing the cause of Turkey.

We, of course, have no reason to be dissatisfied with a circumstance which compelled the Cabinet to preserve the neutrality which Lord Derby, as Foreign Minister, preferred. A Prime Minister, however, forced into a policy of neutrality against his will, was not likely to maintain his consistency. While the Cabinet was in favour of peace, Lord Beaconsfield—for Mr. Disraeli was now a peer—was talking about the capacity of England to enter on a second and a third campaign. His words were warlike, his action was pacific. At the commencement of 1878, however, this inconsistency was temporarily removed. The Cabinet, alarmed at the approach of Russia towards Constantinople, asked Parliament for a vote of 6,000,000*l.* This, the first step towards war, caused the resignation of Lord Carnarvon. A fortnight afterwards a second step towards war was taken, and the British fleet steamed up the Dardanelles. Three weeks later the Treaty of San Stefano was signed, and the Government insisted that all the articles should be referred to the consideration of Europe. The refusal of Russia to consent to this arrangement led, at the beginning of April, to two fresh decisions. An order for calling out the reserves was issued on April 1; and on April 17 the Indian Government received orders to despatch troops to Malta. These decisions led to the resignation of Lord Derby.

It is necessary to restate these facts because our judgment of Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy partly depends on them. The reserves were called out, and the Indian troops were despatched to Malta, after the Treaty of San Stefano was signed, and war was risked to enforce the demand, which the Government had made, that every article in the San Stefano Treaty should be referred to a European Congress. From Lord Beaconsfield's point of view much, no doubt, could be said in favour of this demand. It was a perfectly intelligible policy to declare that arrangements made by Europe should only be altered with the consent of Europe. The determination of the Government ultimately prevailed, and on June 3 Russia accepted the Conference on the conditions on which Lord Beaconsfield had insisted. On the very next day the convention was signed at Constantinople between England and the Porte which placed Asia Minor under the protection of this country, and which surrendered Cyprus as a place of arms for British occupation. It is not now our intention to dwell on

the reckless folly of a guarantee which, if it had proved operative, would have been certainly intolerable, or on the extravagance of an arrangement which placed an island under our rule which we did not require, and which has proved an inconvenient burden. Perhaps its occupation, like that of the barren rock in 'Popanilla,' illustrated the 'Colonial System.' We are endeavouring to examine the policy from Lord Beaconsfield's own standpoint, and from this point of view we can see no excuse for it. The very statesmen who had risked war for the sake of asserting a great principle—that arrangements concluded by Europe should be altered by Europe alone—were busily making similar arrangements themselves, which Europe was not asked to endorse, and which were studiously kept secret.

History, we feel satisfied, will condemn the conclusion of the Anglo-Turkish Convention. History, perhaps, may also notice the strange alteration in Lord Beaconsfield's opinions which was effected in exactly one hundred days in 1878. There is perhaps nothing more characteristic in Lord Beaconsfield's career than the contrast between his language on April 8 and on July 18, 1878. In April he complained that the Treaty of San Stefano made 'the Black Sea as much a Russian lake as the Caspian;' that 'the harbour of Batoum is seized by Russia;' that 'all the strongholds of Armenia are seized by Russia;' and that Bessarabia, the cession of which was regarded in 1856 of the utmost importance, as 'it involved the emancipation of the Danube,' was restored to Russia. At Berlin these arrangements were confirmed. Bessarabia was restored to Russia; Batoum and the Armenian strongholds were ceded to it. It was obviously necessary in July to minimise the importance of the points on which Lord Beaconsfield had descanted so eloquently in April. The Prime Minister was equal to the occasion. Bessarabia, which in April involved the emancipation of the Danube, was in July 'a very small portion of territory occupied by 130,000 inhabitants.' As for the Armenian fortresses, it was ludicrous to go to war for Kars. Why, Russia had conquered it three times already; if we obtained its restoration, Russia in the next war would take it again. As for 'the harbour of Batoum,' on which such stress had been laid in April, 'let us see what is this Batoum of which you have heard so much. It will hold three considerable ships, and, if it were packed like the London Docks, it might hold six; but in that case the danger, if the wind blew from the north, would be immense.' But we need hardly pursue the analysis any further. If Lord Beaconsfield were

sincere in April, what must be thought of his surrender in July? If he were insincere in April, what must be thought of his conduct in risking war?

Peace, with or without honour, was, however, obtained; and a nation harassed with a sensational foreign policy anxiously expected quiet. Unfortunately, while war had been imminent, Russia had despatched a mission to Kabul; and the Ameer of Afghanistan, who had declined to receive a British envoy at his capital, 'welcomed with every appearance of ostentation' the embassy from the Czar. In consequence, the British Government insisted on the Ameer's receiving a British envoy, and on his refusal to do so commenced the Afghan War. Most people now think the Ameer's refusal to receive a mission an inadequate reason for the war. We are, however, solely anxious to point out that it was the only cause alleged for it. Suddenly, however, in an after-dinner speech at the Mansion House, Lord Beaconsfield solemnly announced a new reason for it. In the opinion of the Government, the frontier of the Indian Empire was 'a haphazard and not a scientific one.' An aphorism in an after-dinner speech became thenceforward the basis of a policy, and the acquisition of a scientific frontier the first object of our arms.

It is, of course, impossible for us to decide whether a policy thus formulated after dinner had been deliberately adopted by the Government; but there is no evidence that a scientific frontier had occurred to the Cabinet before the Prime Minister uttered his aphorism. Curiously enough, moreover, the policy which was initiated after dinner was opposed to the Prime Minister's original opinions. He had condemned the first Afghan War in unmeasured language; he had condemned the Government which commenced it — 'those fortunate gentlemen,' as he called them, 'who proclaimed war without reason, and prosecuted it without responsibility.' He had condemned, above all, the absurdity of a policy which aimed at the rectification of frontiers.

'What was our situation? On the west and east we had 2,000 miles of neutral territory; on the north impassable mountains; and on the south 10,000 miles of unfathomable ocean. Was it possible to conceive a more perfect barrier than that which he had described? Could a boundary be possibly desired more perfect and safe than the boundary our empire possessed before the invasion of Afghanistan?' ('Hansard,' vol. lxxvii., p. 170.)

Accustomed as we are to the extraordinary discrepancies between Lord Beaconsfield's utterances, we know nothing more remarkable than the contrast which is thus afforded between

his Afghan speeches. It may, however, be thought that, in the phrase which he first used in 'Lothair,' and which he afterwards employed in Parliament to justify an inconsistency, 'a great deal had happened' since the first Afghan War. It may, therefore, be fair to compare Lord Beaconsfield's scientific frontier speech with his views on scientific frontiers, not in 1842, but in the previous July. The great feat which he accomplished at Berlin was the provision of a scientific frontier for Turkey. But the line of the Balkans had always hitherto been defended on the northern slope, and military men had regarded Varna and Shumla and Sofia as essential to its defence. Even an ordinary layman can see that the last of these three places occupies the same position before the Balkans which Kandahar fills with reference to the Suleiman Range. But 'nothing could be more erroneous'—so Lord Beaconsfield explained in July—'than the idea that Sofia was a strong 'strategic position.' We have no desire to resist this conclusion. We only wish to point out that the scientific frontier for Turkey and the scientific frontier for India were selected on contrary principles, both of which could not be right. In short, if Lord Beaconsfield was right in July, there was nothing to justify his epigram at the Mansion House in November; and if he were right in November, he made a very bad bargain for the Porte in July.

The whole structure, however, which Lord Beaconsfield had erected was already tottering. More than twenty years before he had himself said of Lord Palmerston :

'With no domestic policy he is obliged to divert the attention of the people from the consideration of their own affairs to the distraction of foreign politics. His external system is turbulent and aggressive that his rule at home may be tranquil and unassailed. Hence arise excessive expenditure, heavy taxation, and the stoppage of all social improvement. His scheme of conduct is so devoid of all political principle, that when forced to appeal to the people his only claim to their confidence is his name.'

The words which Lord Beaconsfield thus applied to Lord Palmerston in 1857 form the best description of his own position in 1880: While Lord Palmerston, however, achieved success, Lord Beaconsfield encountered humiliation. We have often wondered whether, after his fall, he remembered the decisive judgment which he had recorded more than half a century before: 'Mark what I say: it is truth. No Minister ever yet fell but from his own inefficiency.'

We have traced in the preceding pages the development of Lord Beaconsfield's opinions. We have still one

portion of our task to accomplish, and to pronounce a general opinion on his character and career. Whatever judgment may be formed of his political conduct, no one will deny the brilliancy of his genius, or the completeness of his success. With the solitary exception of Mr. Canning he is, perhaps, the only man of genius who has been Prime Minister of this country since the death of Mr. Pitt. If his information had been as large as his genius was eminent, he would have been almost irresistible in debate. Lord Beaconsfield, however, had rather the accomplishments of a man of letters than the knowledge of a statesman, and his ignorance of political and economic science was a constant impediment to him. This deficiency, however, did not detract from the completeness of his success. Since the days of Thomas Cromwell there is nothing with which his career can be compared in this country; since the days of Alberoni there is nothing with which it can be compared on the Continent. But the most remarkable circumstance connected with Mr. Disraeli's career is that he distinctly foresaw the success which he achieved. 'I have brought myself by long meditation,' so he wrote in 'Endymion,' 'to the conviction that a human being 'with a settled purpose must accomplish it, and that nothing 'can resist a will that will stake even existence for its fulfilment.' But the opinion which he thus deliberately expressed at the conclusion of his career was certainly formed half a century before. Mr. Torrens tells us that Mr. Disraeli said to Lord Melbourne in 1832, 'I want to be Prime Minister.' He would have expressed his real meaning more accurately if he had said, 'I intend to be Prime Minister.' In the 'Young Duke' he put the matter much more clearly :—

'One thing is clear, that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite: I intend, in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both.'

While in another novel the future is predicted even more plainly. 'My son,' says Baron Fleming to Contarini, 'you 'will be Prime Minister.'

Most young men of parts are ambitious; but they usually sacrifice their ambition to their comforts or their necessities. Mr. Disraeli, on the contrary, was prepared to abandon everything for the sake of his career. Friendship should be no obstacle. 'He has no friends,' said Coningsby of Sidonia; 'no wise man has. What are friends? Traitors.' Feeling should be no obstacle. 'Grief is the agony of an instant; the 'indulgence of grief the blunder of a life,' is Beckendorff's cynical conclusion in 'Vivian Grey;' and, in strict accordance

with Beckendorff's precept, Contarini Fleming looks for solace, in the 'great bereavement of his life, to the love of nations 'and the admiration of ages.' Men who are thus able to blunt their sensibilities are not, perhaps, agreeable examples of their race; but they display a firmness which deserves the success on which their heart is set. Yet more than forty years of Mr. Disraeli's life passed before the goal, which was ever before his eyes, seemed attainable. His youth had been a blunder, and remained a blunder with him to the last; his manhood was a struggle; he evidently feared that his old age would be a regret. He lived long enough to confess that the struggle of manhood had ended in triumph, and that old age had brought fresh successes. Thus instructed by experience, he rewrote his epigram. Yet, amidst the triumphs and successes of his age, he looked back with regret on the time when he had been 'young and committed many follies.' 'The 'blunders of youth,' he says in 'Lothair,' 'are preferable to 'the triumphs of manhood or the successes of old age.'

And perhaps, if Lord Beaconsfield thought over the struggles and triumphs of his own career, he may have doubted whether even his great success was worth the sacrifice which he made for it. 'My conception of a great statesman is of one who 'represents a great idea'—such were his words early in 1846. It is bare justice to say that, up to that time, Mr. Disraeli's conduct had on the whole been animated by some such conception. He had formed at the commencement of his career the idea of an alliance between the people and the Crown, and he had clung to it with a consistency which was creditable to his character. But, from the time at which he was brought into collision with Sir Robert Peel, he flung away his 'great 'idea.' Instead of endeavouring to promote his principle, he seized the opportunity of gratifying his ambition by assuming the lead of Protectionists and Conservatives. For the sake of obtaining this post he broke from his old friends; he sacrificed his old convictions; and he thenceforward became the chameleon of politics, changing his colours with the changing circumstances of each hour.

It may possibly be objected that in changing his opinions Mr. Disraeli only followed the example of other statesmen. What is there—so it may be asked—more inconsistent in Mr. Disraeli than in Mr. Gladstone, or in Sir Robert Peel? The answer seems to us plain. The change which took place in the opinions of these Ministers was quite as great as that which occurred in the case of Mr. Disraeli; but the development of their opinions was gradual and constant, while the changes in

Mr. Disraeli's opinions were various and inconstant. We can easily understand that a Protectionist might be converted to the principles of Free Trade, or even that a Free Trader might honestly become a Protectionist; but we cannot believe that any man could have been a Free Trader in 1842, a Protectionist in 1846, and a Free Trader again in 1852. Again, we can believe that a man might be converted either to the benefits or the inconveniences of Parliamentary Reform; but we cannot believe that a man who began his career in favour of the degradation of the franchise should have been honestly opposed to any such degradation in 1865, and honestly in favour of it in 1867. Statesmen must doubtless sometimes change their opinions; but those statesmen who change their opinions much and often lie open to the charge that their political conduct is not governed by strict or sound principles, and they sink into Opportunism.

In the previous pages we have only alluded to the chief inconsistencies in Mr. Disraeli's career: it would have been easy to increase the number of these examples. The only explanation which we can suggest for them is that Lord Beaconsfield condescended to support from time to time the policy which seemed convenient, instead of maintaining the principles which he approved. His inconsistencies, however, are not the only circumstances which detract from his political character. Statesmen will be judged hereafter by posterity in connexion with the measures which they have framed and the measures which they have opposed. It will probably be then recollected that Mr. Disraeli opposed most of the measures which have conferred special benefits on this generation. He opposed the new Poor Law; he opposed the formation of a county police; he opposed the Education grant of 1839; he opposed the repeal of the Corn Laws; he opposed the French Treaty of 1860; he opposed the abolition of Church Rates; and he opposed the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Against this long category—which it would be easy to extend—of measures which Lord Beaconsfield opposed, it is difficult to discover any which he framed. The chief monuments of his constructive statesmanship seem to be the Reform Bill of 1867, and the penny stamp on bankers' cheques. Good authorities, however, we believe, allege that Mr. Disraeli's share in devising the household suffrage which was the chief feature of the Reform Bill of 1867 might be described in the language which he himself used of Sir Robert Peel's Corn Bill:—

‘After the day that the right honourable gentleman made his first

exposition of his schemes, a gentleman well known to the House, and learned in all the political secrets behind the scenes, met me and said, "Well, what do you think of your chief's plan?" Not knowing exactly what to say, but taking up a phrase which has been much used in the House, I observed, "Well, I suppose it is a great and comprehensive plan." "Oh!" he replied, "we know all about it: it was offered to us. It is not his plan: it is Popkins's plan."

If it be true that such words as these could have been applied to Mr. Disraeli's share in the Reform Act of 1867, his legislative achievements may be summed up in two sentences: he made the Queen an Empress; and he imposed a stamp duty on cheques.

Thus Lord Beaconsfield's name will not be recollected hereafter for many feats of constructive statesmanship. It will then be thought a still graver blot on his character that he lowered the tone of political morality. Statesmen cannot make two such speeches as Lord Beaconsfield made in April and July 1878—the one condemning, the other defending, the same arrangements respecting Bessarabia, Armenia, and Batoum—without lowering their own character for honesty. Prime Ministers cannot make such speeches without lowering the character of their country. People, indeed, occasionally excused some of Lord Beaconsfield's utterances on the extraordinary ground that they were only Lord Beaconsfield's. They thought that, as he had been saying things for fifty years without meaning them, it was very hard to construe his sentences strictly in his old age. They forgot the distinction between the speeches of an individual and a Minister. The individual who prevaricates only damages his own character: the Minister who prevaricates damages the character of his country.

Such was Lord Beaconsfield. We admire his genius, we respect his courage, and we do not grudge him his triumph. But in the presence of all his successes we cannot overlook the inconsistencies of his conduct. His career, we admit, was a personal success; but his rule, we conclude, was a political misfortune.



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